

# Scared II Death

Conway the Machine

Sigh

Let's get back into it nigga

Uh, y'all ready?

Machine, the one and only, Plain Jane Patek, I ain't wear the Rollie

Nigga my tux is custom Brioni

You know me, see my success killing these niggas slowly

Go fuck around, turn me back to the old me

It's lonely at the top nigga, I'm the top nigga

Headliner: I'm the top biller, stop playing with my top nigga

You know how we rock nigga, we got mops nigga

We sit ringside at fights but we don't box nigga

This is classic material, shout my nigga Carlos

I'm in the lab making fire like lighter fluid and charcoal

Ice on my neck, even in the dark that shit really sparkle

Diddy pool party, eyeing Winnie Harlow

They starting to notice how hard the bars go

They saying shit like "Aye C, you are a legend" but not the car though

These bum ass rap niggas can't even pay they car note

But rap 'bout moving so much cargo, you would think they was rich as Pablo

The training getting intense

Waiting for my release date, I've been killing em with suspense

I ain't opening for niggas no more, I'm the main event

'Cause the way a nigga been flowing lately ain't making sense

Spray the blick, use my T-shirt to wipe away the prints

Then throw that motherfucker over that old lady fence

Got that bitch, fuck her good, ate her pussy and pay the rent

And that bitch been texting me "What's up stranger?" ever since

Still ain't replied to the messages there

I just left her on read to mess with her head

I don't give a fuck what the next nigga said

When I could have em clipped while I'm resting in bed

And he definitely dead, I got a check so the bread is there

For when a nigga from your hood come collect what I left on your head

Nigga, you know we coming right?

Hehe, yeah

All y'all brand new niggas just scared to death

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I took the life of anybody tryna change what's left

Uh, yeah

This the quiet before the storm and let this be a warning

If you don't make it through the evening, there will be no morning

They sleeping on him, heard 'em snoring but the pen maturing

Before I die, I'ma find a word that can rhyme with orange

I been scoring back when your favorites was bench warming

Since Jordan, I'm the total package, I'm important

Weed coughing, we need coffins, emcees talking

They be tossing stones but I'm stoned colder than Steve Austin

A straight stunter, let's get it straightened, I'm straight number

Straight Gutta, flow is tsunami, put on your wave runners

Game flooded with lame buzzers that can't cut it like they knives buttered

Don't play with life on a tight budget

Now easy does it or get the Man and Machine

Not a cyborg but trust ain't another man in my league

Since Lemon Squeeze, I got honey tugging my tee  
I remind her of a Tesla, she want a plug in her B

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