

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

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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 knifes 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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