

Scatter Brain

Conway the Machine

I got reasons, million reasons (Yeah)
Why you gonna die
I got reasons, million reasons
Time to take a life (Cannon)
I got reasons, million reasons (Yeah)
Please stop asking why
I got reasons, my own reasons
Reasons in my mind (Yeah)

Packs in the mail, packs on the road
Connect FaceTime, said he just hit the last of my load
The shit on my neck, that come from the packs that I sold
I never went Platinum or Gold (Hah)
You still fuck with him and you know he a rat and he told (Huh?)
Love when a nigga talk stupid
'Cause that's when Shots run him down and he clappin' his pole (Brrt)
Trust me, that doesn't bode well for a nigga, it's gon' be victims (Boom)
I'm a street nigga, boy, you know the difference
Hand around the throat of the rap game
And I'm boa constrictin' (Choke), my soul is missin' (Choke)
In the top spot, I got sole position, man, this ho was trippin' (Woo)
She think I wanna taste her pussy (Woo, woo)
I ain't tastin' shit like a COVID symptom
I'ma social distance, bitch (Hah, look)

I got no resistance with a Colt .45 gold edition
I'm a dope magician
Niggas disappearin' if I hear 'em dissin'
Kill the engineer and kill the nigga mixin'
In the 6, niggas still flippin' Nixon
Second strike, they finna Billy Clint' 'em
Red and white, he got the blues
Turn him into food, everybody grip a biscuit
Runnin' lights inside of city limits
I'm excited, my lil' shawty, she the shit
And we inside of somethin' simple with suicidal—
Finish the sentence
Door close, chop the head off a chicken
Morse code, if I'm talkin', I'm clickin'
Lights flickin', tell 'em, "Hold your position"
Money-motivated, mind on a mission
Straps in the lap and the pack, got a lock
On the back of the cabinet doors
I lit a match for the torch in the game
For the real niggas only, the fake get exposed
Scrapin' the plate, breakin' the bowl
Makin' it shake, takin' it home
I'm in the A with a 'K, so come on if you crazy
Cold-ass world, goin' out, guns blazin'
Fuck is you niggas sayin'?

Goin' out, guns blazin'
Cold-ass world, niggas get done flagrant
World gone mad, even my son bathing
I'm in my bag, nigga, I'm done playin' with you
Gettin' rich off za like it's base in the '80s
Spot jumpin' like Tracy McGrady (Huh?)

Ten chains on, nigga's face lookin' crazy
I still get a paycheck from Shady, ah

I got reasons, million reasons (Yeah, I got my reasons, yeah)
Why you gonna die (My lil' niggas is demons, yeah)
I got reasons, million reasons (They pull up and shoot for no reason, yeah)
Time to take a life (Brrt, I got my reasons, yeah)
I got reasons, million reasons (I got my reasons, nigga)
Please stop asking why (I got my reasons, I got my reasons, yeah-yeah)
I got reasons, my own reasons (I got my reasons, yeah-
yeah, I got my reasons, yeah-yeah)
Reasons in my mind (I got my reasons, yeah, I got my reasons, yeah)

Luda, hah
You so thirsty, you drinkin' poison, nigga
You ain't gangsta
Stop kiddin' around, bring the toys in, nigga
Luda's your daddy
You should be happy I'm givin' you playtime
But none of you rappers could see me
Not even if I was to pick up on FaceTime
You're wastin' time hatin' on another nigga
When you could be makin' money yourself, ho
Featherweights, I make 'em levitate
Get spanked with the heavyweight belt, ho
Oh, and the crowd goes wild
Creed II, tell 'em, "Throw in the towel"
Cocaine is a hell of a drug
Like Rick James, have a coke and a smile
Fuck your couch and your whole existence
You leavin' your family and the kids defenseless
Headed to a early grave, now you dead and broke
Life beat 'em senseless, get it?
Bow down to rap's dignitary
'Cause Luda always been a visionary
I always knew you was a bitch
So I just read your obituary, nigga

I got reasons, million reasons (Yeah, I got my reasons, yeah)
Please stop asking why (My lil' niggas is demons, yeah, uh-huh)
I got reasons, my own reasons (They pull up and shoot for no reason, yeah)
Reasons in my mind (Brrt, I got my reasons, yeah)