S.D.L.N.

Conway the Machine

Yeah
Streets don't love nobody, nigga

Extendo and a MAC, facts, I'ma air it out (Brr)
Nigga walk in like he tough, he gettin' carried out
Never cared for clout, the money is all I care about (That's all)
You can keep the fame, to me, the money is paramount
Used to put a bowl on the digiscale, then tear it out (Weigh up)
Put a twenty piece on your head, that's a fair amount (Hah)
Gold on me like I'm a Pharaoh, pull the Camaro out (Vroom)
Gun on my seat that'll bust faster than Eric Crouch (Hahaha)
We got rich off sellin' work, I was there, I could tell you (I was there, ni
gga)
My homie didn't stack his paper and there was his failure (He fucked up)
Police raid the spot, barely find paraphernalia (They ain't find shit)
Used to get the bricks from a Arabic tailor
He sell suits, but if you wanted a square, he can sell you (Cap)
Young niggas sellin' dope 'cause America failed us (Facts)
I know it's wrong, but a hundred thousand can make it right (Uh huh)
I'm serious about this bag, I ain't gon' take your life, Machine
Yeah, this shit is real in the field, nigga

The streets don't love nobody (Yeah, that's a fact, nigga)
The streets don't love nobody (It don't matter who you is, nigga)
It don't matter what you sellin' (Uh), it don't matter what you do (Nah)
It don't matter how much bread (Uh), it don't matter who you shoot
The streets don't love nobody (Yeah, talk to 'em, yeah, uh)
The streets don't love nobody (Uh)

Two thousand for my kicks, you can't afford 'em (Not at all)
You niggas be talkin' money, but I'm makin' more (Bum ass nigga)
In the hood, the love ain't genuine, but the hate is pure
We put more than six shots in you, that mean he makin' sure (Facts)
Uh, makin' sure the job is complete (Uh huh)
I'm at the top of the totem pole, I'm out of your reach (Cap)
Pocket rocket in my pocket for beef
Your reputation is obsolete, I will pop anybody to sleep (Fuck who you is, n
igga)
Fuck who you is, nigga, I was outside, I was there in the trenches (Cap)
One of the homies locked, fifteen years was the sentence (Free the brodie)
He was a good kid, but somewhere it went different (Uh huh)
Probably after they shot his cousin like Harold in Menace (Damn)
Shit, this shit is real in the field, nigga

The streets don't love nobody (Yeah, that's a fact, nigga)
The streets don't love nobody (It don't matter who you is, nigga)
It don't matter what you sellin' (Uh), it don't matter what you do (Nah)
It don't matter how much bread (Uh), it don't matter who you shoot
The streets don't love nobody (Yeah, talk to 'em, yeah, uh)
The streets don't love nobody

This shit fucked up
I had to tell the homie though
The streets don't love nobody, nigga
For real, Machine, bitch

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