

Shark Guts

Conway the Machine

Brr, yeah

Uh, Machine, nigga

Bust a brick out the plastic
Whip it, stretch it like elastic (Whip up)
Let it dry and then you bag it
Cut your phone on and get in traffic (We outside)
Keep a shooter, that's a habit (Hah)
He gon' empty out his ratchet (Brr)
Pop got killed when he was sixteen
Turned that nigga to a savage (That nigga bugged out)
Mom smokin', she an addict (Smokin')
Brother doin' time in Dallas (Free the brodie)
Dropped out of all his classes (Hah)
Fuck school, he just wanna whack shit (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
Reject 2, that's a classic
Hall N Nash, that's a classic
Hitler 1 through 7, all classic (What else?)
Griselda Ghost, that's a classic (What else?)
FLYGOD, that's a classic (Talk to 'em)
Awesome God, that's a classic (What else?)
Tana Talk 3, that's a classic (Hah)
Blientele, that's a classic (Talk to 'em)
Plugs I Met, that's a classic (Hah)
F.O.O.D 1 through 4, all classic
Look What I Became, that's a classic (Woo)
What Would ChineGun Do, that's a classic (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)

Hahaha, yeah (Brr, brr)

You know, the bitches be on my body lately

Hahahaha

She said I smell like a meal ticket

She said I taste like a million bucks (Like a million)

Said I probably knew her baby daddy (I don't know that nigga, b
itch)

She told me I probably still could fuck (Hah, hmm, hahahaha)

What more is left for me to do, uh? (I done did it all, nigga)

What more is left for me to do, uh? (I mean you see the bag I'm
gettin' off this shit, haha)

What more is left for me to do? (You see history I made, you see
the bitches I'm fuckin', nigga, and the cars I'm drivin')

What more is left for me to do?