Shoot Sideways

Conway the Machine

Uh, yo
Brrah
Uh, yo

Please pick a side or run from your boy, boy
Who wanna die? My gun kill for joy, joy
Come take a dive, my demons deploy, 'ploy (Uh, yo)
Bum-diggy-bum, bum-diggy-bum-bay
Hands in the air, or I'll shoot it sideways
Bum-diggy-bum, bum-diggy-bum-bay
How many times I did it my way?

Uh, hide the cookware in the kitchen cabinet (Ha)
Comin' at me, you better get your ratchet (Go get your gun, nigga)
My lil' shooter like A.I., but he been missin' practice (Rappin')
But he still scorin' on the opps and he still hittin' baskets (Doot, doot, d
oot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot)
He with the action, still ridin' with a stick in traffic (Cap)
So if it's smoke, he 'bout to have your mama pickin' caskets (Ha)
I came a long way from flippin' on a pissy mattress (Ha)
Now I smell the piss on the bricks when I rip the plastic (Woo)
I move the powder on the side, it ain't talcum (Talk to 'em)
Try to slide, you gon' die, you know the outcome (You know what's up, nigga)
Before I even got signed, or dropped an album
I was in the trap, Draco by the blinds like Malcolm (Uh-huh)
Diss me, I don't respond, I ain't gon' give you the exposure (Ah)
But the semi in the holster if the enemy approaches (Ah)
Body shit every time Alchemist sendin' me a folder
It's a wrap for these rap niggas, literally, it's over, ah (Talk to 'em)

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Yeah, I'm from where you gotta fire your biscuit (Ha)
Listen, I told Vanessa let me cook this brick up inside of your kitchen (Let
 me whip this right here)
Nigga, my environment different
Still sellin' china, it's fine and terrific, come and buy it and sniff it (C
ap)
Uh, my mind scientific, I'm rhymin' prolific (Ha)
Uh, I'm 'bout to kill 'em this summer, God as my witness (Facts)
Hit the back of your head with this iron and lift it
'Cause in my city, niggas get shot mindin' their business
Yeah, I'm in position niggas dyin' to get in
You wouldn't know what to do with it if I let you get it (Hahahaha)
Every time I drop a project, I just increase the violence with it
Talkin' funeral homes, hospital visits (Talk to 'em)
Yeah, I got the killers on the loose
Not stoppin' 'til the opps blood spillin' on my boots (Boom, boom, boom)
In the streets or on a beat, I can kill 'em in the booth
Shooter lock 'em in the scope, he 'bout to drill 'em from the roof, ah (Brr)

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Like, I ain't in this shit to just be-
I'm just happy to be here, like
I need to be-, I need my-
I need my motherfuckin' twisted face to be on the Mount Rushmore of hip hop
Carve my shit in, chisel me in, nigga

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