

Sicarios

Conway the Machine

Brr, boom, boom, boom
Machine, what's good?
Lord, Lord

Feast your eyes on the awesome and the real (Real)
Puck hit him on the side, he got tossed in the ear (Brr)
Fleeigo Delgado, this is gladiator school (Gladiator school)
Hot pipe in my hand, this a radiator tube (Boom)
Them shenanigans you play, now them hammers finna spray
Had him lackin' in the lobby, but his moms got in the way (Get the fuck out the way)
Drummin' with some iron sticks, coke dryin', fryin' fish (Whip)
Jungle Lord, got gorilla lungs and a lion wrist
Pots burnin', kids playin', block earnin', shit sprayin' (Brr)
Took it on consignment, knocked it off on his fifth payment
Lord, for Fred Fresh, leave your sofa bed stretched
How you told the bros, "No", went and told the feds, "Yes"? (Pussy)
I told Con, "Relax, I'ma hold down the MAC" (I got you)
I'm in the slums with the goons, where they flippin' hella packs, Lord (Brr)
Yup, I'm in the slums with the goons, where they flippin' hella packs (What you need, auntie?)

Bars like central booking, Flee and Con, know we cookin' (Whip it)
Nosy motherfucker, catch a leg wound just for lookin' (Ah)
Gettin' to the mozzarella, ricotta plus a lot of cheddar
Went from Gs to the Ms, bro, we runnin' out of letters, Lord (Huh)
We went from thousands to millions, nigga (Fuck out of here, brrrrrrrrrr, boom, boom, boom)

Hahaha, you niggas still broke, nigga
Look, we want smoke, pussy

My doctor was mad that I wouldn't let him operate (Get off me)
I bounced back, I just make more money than my doctor make (Hah)
Violate and you gettin' a surgeon and a doctor date (Uh huh)
Sound like a helicopter landin', all that noise my chopper make (Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot)
Ask if it's a problem, they won't answer me back (What you heard, nigga?)
I'm court side in Portland, Carmelo Anthony back (Hahahaha)
Really just came to see my plug, I go hand him the sack
I'm smilin' like Anderson.Paak when he hand me the packs, yeah (Gracias, ami go)

Hold on, let me hit this weed, nigga
Yeah, I got it

Gray spaceship, hop out, fake Asics (Talk to 'em)
Told Flee, "You gon' be rich", you just gotta stay patient (You gon' be rich, nigga)
My bitch lookin' like a young Sanaa Lathan
Sittin' ringside watchin' Tank Davis, Johnny Dang chain bracelet (Hah)
Pussy niggas mad 'cause I'm eatin' and they can't take it (They mad)
'Bout to drop my album and the impact gon' shake pavement (Cap)
If it's smoke, four goons pull up with Ks wavin' (Brr)
A lot of bullets thrown like when Brady played Peyton (Woo)
Yeah, rockin' designer to my drawers
Niggas slidin' to the mall, but they ain't findin' this Dior, nigga (Hahaha)

We was in the trenches sellin' China by the store
Window-watchin' in the trap, MAC-90 by the door (Talk to 'em)
In Houston, ridin' down West in the car
That cost more than what you signed for, admire from afar
'Cause if a nigga run up on me, I'm firin' this rod
Chopper set you fuck niggas on fire, I'm the God, nigga (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)

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Griselda