

Sigel In State Prop

Conway the Machine

Look, my shooter going for his eighth body
Half a cake on the table, clean your plate buddy
Keep a K by me, back seat of the grey Mazi
Shot in my head and lived, I'm the nigga you can't body
My dawg went upstate for a robbery
They gave him 15, been down 4
He'll be home in another 8 probably
Nigga we had beef with
Was in the same jail thinking he safe probably
Left the meat hanging off his face sloppy
Yeah, a yam of white go for a handsome price
Whip them grams 'til night
Turn on that cold water, hand me ice
Dip my hands in ice, bitches see how my wrist is dancing, yikes
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Them racks I ran I stack my bands up tight since Chandler Heights
Snatched the phantom white
Your bitch said I'm that nigga, damn you right
My safe look like I pulled off the Lufthansa Heist
Ratchet, blam, goodnight
I'm The Machine bitch, don't hand me mics
God flow, I slap one of these rappers with the hands of Christ
On Grammy night, look, don't talk to me 'bout how you trapping
either
You can't afford it or I don't fuck with you, so don't ask for
features
I'm back in Neimans spending racks on sneakers
Copped the Balenciagas rocking Raf Adidas
Dawg was selling dog food, I thought all he had was reefer
This nigga had his hands on boy like a catholic preacher
This that animal rough shit
I'm with the same shooters that I ran through the cut with
Griselda motherfuckers, we don't stand for no fuck shit
I'm Sigel in State property, what hand you roll up with?
This for them niggas still selling base
Married to the streets, smoking wedding cake
MAC-11 by the waist, the felons can relate
Even Warren G respect the way I Regulate
My youngin shooting like he Lillard he don't hesitate
And every time we score on the opps we got to celebrate
Machine