

Silly Rabbitt

Conway the Machine

Yeah nigga (yeah)

Glad you did this fuck boy

Look, I don't usually entertain fuckery
But I don't know what got this nigga
Thinkin' he could fuck with me
The homie told me to murder you in a song
But that bullshit verse wasn't worthy of a response
Nobody never heard of you, am I wrong?
But I got somethin' that'll certainly give him surgery in my palm
Pussy, I'll do you dirty front of your mom
In front of them same dirty niggas that's all
In your video, tell them niggas, watch, get ready
I kill 'em in a few minutes, get your watches ready
You not hot, if you was you would've popped already
Wig shot, SIG pop 'til it drop spaghetti
Your top confetti, man why I even got this petty?
Cause I kill people for fun, I'm Ox in "Belly"
To be the best you gotta beat the best, you said it yourself
So basically, you admittin' I was better yourself
So I ain't even gotta do it, shit, you deaded yourself
Put your neck in the guillotine and be headed yourself
Fuck rap, read a book or somethin', better yourself
Diss me and you pay homage, you just credit yourself
Said he wanted to spar, so I'm settlin' it quick
I don't think this nigga know how deadly it could get
I ain't talkin' 'bout a chain or the bezel on my wrist
He wanted bars, I'ma show him that there's levels to this shit
You better do your research
'Fore niggas see you in kings city in front of rest in peace t-shirt
Nigga this the S.E. Gang, you know how we work
Chopper go off, niggas run, check how his feet work
This is chess, not checkers, nigga it's my move
But how could I lose? Been killin' niggas since high school
Mentionin' my name that ain't a wise move
Cause in the booth, I'm a tsunami and a typhoon
Puttin' words together, somethin' that I'm better at
He wanna get in the ring with me, I Mayweather that
You should've picked you another lane instead of rap
Wish it was you that got killed instead of Black
Nigga, I'm the machine, I tried to tell him that
Smack with him the back of the shotgun, his head'll crack
You ain't know this the shit that I like doin'
I like chewin' niggas, the shit that I write ruin
A nigga career, I'm right here in my white Ewings
And you'll never get you a ring, you like Ewing
I seen your video, talkin all that faggot shit
Word to West Philly, I'll give this nigga the clip
Chopper make a nigga disappear, that's the magic stick
I'll snatch the rabbit out his hat like a magic trick
For real homie, you ain't ready for how bad it get
I get money and fuck bitches, don't do the battle shit
I hang with the savages that aim at your cabbages
And rain somethin' , but'll splatter shit
You ain't in my lane, you a lame and you average
Chopper aim at you and them lames that you rappin' with
Chase money, I don't know what you boys do

Til in my driveway it's new toys, WOOO, two toys blue
You are not a thug, you a schoolboy duke
In the club, I do the buckets like ScHoolboy Q, nigga
I'm talkin' bottles after bottles, nigga
All I got for you is these hollows, nigga
And lately I been travelin', nigga
In that foreign big boy
I got shot, nigga and my done
I'm RG3 of the shit, ready for week one
If you don't got a gun, you better keep one
Told you I'ma finish you nigga before the week done
The Machine, nigga, that's it, that's all