

Sky Joint 2

Conway the Machine

Yeah, it got a vibe where it's like
It's celebratory, you know it's
It's the fly side of this and, the fly side of that and
It just makes sense all across the board
And it start out like, and said

Money gave us the ambition they wan' to put on us
Tryin' to show us through a sermon, we learn off the corner
Show and prove say it best, you see how it run us
Admirin' krill money from summer to summer
It get deeper than bottle service bills
Or bein' Bishop and thinkin' you gotta murder still
Or tryin' to work a mil, like tryin' to flip 250 4 times
Or gettin' shorty to mirror your rhymes
Huh, all for the goal or the applause, gimme mine in bags
I'm low like schemin' cards, I don't need that love
I celebrate all the highs, and still respect all the lows
Know I was made outside like 'fore you step on the dough
Spit on a conduit, I'm curlin' around the cars
My wiz look like Lynn from Girlfriends with a 'yard
Gold bottles and commodores hell bent on sticks
Just took a take, FGR and Griselda in this bitch, one time

Uhh, feel good, right?

Hahaha

Look, the Remy XO got me right in my zone
Uh, the Off-White is Vlone
They gave my dog life, it's alright 'cause we on
Even behind the wall he still a boss like he was home
Starin' out the window on this long flight to get home
I'm just clearin' my mind as I write in my phone
I mean, I mean that drum ain't gon' write on it's own
Flight attendant talkin' to me, said she like my cologne
Don't bother me, miss
You see this Rollie that I rock on my wrist
To you it's a Rollie, to me it's just a watch on the wrist
The shit I'm jottin' has gotten me rich
We ain't have a pot to piss, now we on property shoppin' at KIT
H
Haha, all the Chanel shit I got for my bitch
But I could've got me a brick
And got the whole hood poppin' like Rich