

## 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 Vlane  
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