

So Appalled

Conway the Machine

Yeah, nigga
I'm 'bout to murder this shit, nigga
Conway, bitch
Who fucking with me, man!?
Huh?

I ain't heard one nigga that's fucking with the boy yet
I'm the Ferrari Skagietti, you a Corvette
See my man shot bleeding on his doorstep
Had me running
.22 on me like Tony Dorset
Nigga, I forever been raw
Better than y'all
And I'm rapping with a shell in my jaw
The doctor said i damaged my nerves its Bal's Palsy
They tried to morgue me
I just shook the shells off me
I told them I'm the Machine thats what they call me
Half my face paralyzed
Shit record me! (Griselda)
Huh? I mean how you gonna ignore me
All the bitches applaud me
The city should award me
Your song need help I would tell you call me
But I don't do features with niggas
They can't afford me
The 2013 Camaro's on Forgies
Stack in the stash I ain't sending till I'm forty
I go and get em then I send them over
Adrian Peterson with a brick I'm Minnesota
My money getting long so my women colder
Big chain get me wild cat, Villanova
Weed from Cali a couple of em melt
Pause raps for the H like the buckle in my belt
I'm like fuck a nigga help
Cause I learned niggas ain't gon' do shit for you
Less they getting something for their self. Right?
American greed
White boy swag
American T-shirt with a pair of fatigues
A wig shot turn a nigga to a parapleg
Or laying dead in the shortcut
Buried in leaves
Listen, I'm back nigga
Its the son of the Son of Sam
Mad they ain't put me on the Buffalo Summerjam
This for my niggas locked up for the summer jam
I mean them techs is good but some will jam
Don't compare me to these niggas
Im more advanced
Money Imma blow tonight in the club
That's your advance
Don't talk my ears off with your boring plans
Robin jeans too long, bum
You can't afford the pants