

Some Free

Conway the Machine

(Talk to 'em)

Look, a G call and the savages came
With automatics to aim tryin' to splatter your brain
Clappin' your frame, bullets shatterin' the glass of your Range
Catch you backstage at your show, and we yappin' your chain
I fishtail the Lamb' drove that in the rain
Uhh, fishscale the yams when the packages came
Uhh, your bitch can tell that I'm stackin' my change
I was in the Street Fam sellin' Fabolous 'caine
Not rappin' but these niggas not rather the same
I been actually tryin' to reframe from smackin' a lame
When you hear me on the track you hear the passion and pain
You can tell the way I craft it that I mastered the game
This kind of shit you ain't built for, get back in your lane
Niggas get stabbed in the face for attackin' my name
Nigga, breakin' news shit, another rapper is slain
Told my goon after the kill bring back your remains, my nigga
Some niggas Bloods, and some niggas is Crips
Some niggas official, but most of you niggas bitch
I ain't here to make friends, you niggas can eat a dick
My youngin blood thirsty, he eager to squeeze a clip
You sneak a diss, hope we don't peep it cause we a flip
Let the heater lift you off of feet and we leave you stiff
See me in with a Rican bitch and she'll stick
Keep a razor in her bag, she givin' your cheek a kiss
Cubans weighin' at least a brick
Plug like Tony, he bust open a ki to sniff
Every other day my trigger finger itch
And that's the same hand I write with, Machine is sick
I'll bust down a band
Who let you niggas in the studio? You should be banned
I can have you whack for like maybe two or three bands
I'ma get us rich, won't no nigga ruin these plans, La Machina...
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Yo, you know what's up nigga
Machine bitch (La Machina...)