

Spurs 2

Conway the Machine

Look, my brother ain't gotta rap no more, I got it covered
You see we bringin' these streets back, you gotta love it
Niggas clap me, that's why the ratchet I gotta lugg' it
Told Camino bring a lot of dutches while I jot a fuckin' classic
I got me a badder Rollie, I got it flooded
Bitches love me like LL when I rock the bucket
Don't think it's sweet, I'll have this chopper bustin' out in public
Empty the stick, broad day, niggas said I was buggin'
We got this shit poppin' without a budget
When you speak the best in the game, my name you gotta discuss it
rushin', you said it's a problem, let's get to the bottom of it
Then shots erupted, fuck it
Tesla X with the doors lifted
More Steroids, that's more sickness
More her-on and more bricks in
More AK's with 30 shots or more clips in (talk to 'em)
The Lord is my witness
Heard the homie was snitchin', but shit that ain't my man
Sometimes you gotta cut off a finger to save your hand
Damn, hate to see his face or even shake his hand
Sometimes I wanna have him clapped, it only take a gram
Look, I'll embarrass you on your block
Stomp you bloody in my Baleicaga low tops
I whip a whole block, then momma owe pops
Uhh, cocaine resi' on momma stove top, Machine bitch

Yo, ay look
Where I'm from nobody drug free, but the drugs cheap
We sell 'caine at NFL games, we sit in club seats
The hate strong, but the love weak
That's why we buy a lot of guns, say fuck Donald Trump, but we love Meech
Nigga, I treat the trap like I'm in a office
Stack and pray they come ask for H like it's Wheel of Fortune
I can't trust niggas, I'm feelin' cautious
This life only fit for bosses, I'm pennin' thoughts while I fill a cartridge
Ain't nothin' Hollywood, I'm still in the trenches
MAC extended like the John Wall deal with the Wizards
I burn you, I'm like the Colonel, I got a meal with a biscuit
The raw is clean, I'm Paula Deen, I got a feel for the kitchen
Yeah, I terminate rappers, so I think it's ironic
I'm with the Machine, I'm feelin' like John Connor
Out in Miami in the high rises, I seen prices sky rocket
Numbers goin' up like hydraulics
We strapped, so we ain't askin' if a ratchet round
Shooters graduate to killers, then they get a cap and gown
When I'm back in town, niggas know the pack in town
If you open, then I toss it, I'm Joe Flacco now
I was on the upstate bus, feet shackled down
Took it like a man when the judge slammed the gavel down
Crumpled money from the fiends, we was up late
Nigga, I really cut a brick out of duct tape
They don't call me the Butcher for nothin'
In my bitch kitchen, whippin' tryin' to cook up a onion
Real gang shit, everybody with us a hunnid
I'm the dopest, I'm the poet with the look of a hustler, Butcher