

## 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