

## Spurs 3

### Conway the Machine

Doot, doot  
, doot, doot, doot, doot  
Griselda

Look, detectives combin' through the hood lookin' for a corpse  
Draco hittin', I don't think your body can endure the force (Doot, doot, doo  
t, doot, doot)  
I whip the fish up with a fuckin' hanger or a fork (Whip up)  
Told that bitch go ahead, sniff what you want, it's plenty more to snort (Sn  
iff)  
I had an outstandin' warrant for a short  
Turned myself in rockin' Louis and all my jewelry, I wore to court (Hahaha  
haha)  
Cop pulled me over in my imported Porsche  
He said, "This car must be a hundred-  
K", I said, "You forty short" (I said you short)  
My nigga droppin' bodies for the sport  
Violate us, got tragedy written all over it like the war report (Ha)  
Most of you rap niggas, I pistol whip you or extort  
I'm the Machine, I fuck bitches you can't afford to court  
Y'all clout chasin', every verse, you name droppin'  
Taggin' niggas in your post, hopin' that they comment back and at you in it  
I don't wanna rap, don't wanna dap you niggas  
I honestly don't give no fucks about bein' friends with a rapper nigga (Not  
at all)  
Griselda, bitch, we the inspiration (Huh)  
You can see me and Gunn influencin' all the music these niggas makin'  
Ask B Dot and Elliot, they will tell you yes (Go and ask 'em, nigga)  
Ask my nigga Mal and Joe Budden, they can tell you best (Uh huh)  
Ask the homie Wayno and 'em, they'll confess  
Lotta albums are suddenly startin' to feel a lil' more Griselda-esque (Ha)  
Talk to Ebro, ask Sway in the Morning  
About the impact of this movement, sure they'll say it's enormous  
'Member I used to sell the yag with the AK on the corner (Huh)  
Now reality TV bitches keep sayin' I'm gorgeous (What up, baby?)  
I got the flooded AP, my jeweller sayin' it's flawless  
That's probably cap, but what he askin', I'ma pay it regardless (Hahaha)  
Every other day it's menages, racin' garages  
Made the bitch suck this dick until she say she exhausted (I didn't say you  
finished)  
Keep a shooter with me that don't mind takin' the charges  
Basically, May Street made me this heartless (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,  
boom)  
Machine, bitch

Ayo, don't ever try to play me (Don't ever try to play me, boom, boom, boom,  
boom, boom, boom, boom)  
You know what time it is, baguette AP (Ah)  
I go to sleep with the MAC (Brr), wake up, brush my teeth with the MAC (Brr,  
brr, brr, brr)  
Ayo, Ferragamo goggles, in the day room eatin' nachos  
First nigga touch the TV gettin' stabbed, word to Michael, pick one (Ah)  
Tyson, Jordan, Jackson, MAC-10 (Brr, brr, brr)  
Droppin' niggas broad day like (Brr, droppin' niggas broad day like)  
Ayo, you know I'm the GOAT (Ah)  
Hit at least five niggas, wash the MAC with the soap (Brr, brr)  
I ain't never goin' back, free Cease, free Soaks (Free my niggas)

Anybody you see out there, just shoot, let 'em know (Doot, doot, doot, doot,  
doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot)  
My side bitch bout me a TEC-9 with a boat (Ah)  
Tucked it in the Chrome Heart in case a nigga want war (In case a nigga want  
war)  
I took the tablets down to 'Bama, had the best for the low (Ah)  
Bianmars, snow boots on with no snow (Uh)  
Four-  
four long, we on, he gotta go, he gotta go (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)

Yo, for pots with powder 'round the edges, this the grind that I perfected (  
Uh huh)  
I had to dodge a lot of questions from crooked homicide detectives  
In a raid, white boys with vest-es, powder 'round the exits (Remember that)  
Sawed-off shotgun, double barrel, I filed it down symmetric (Nigga, uh)  
Yeah, I snap a finger, Scram clap the nina (Clap the nina)  
You lost your bitch, I haven't seen her, the cash I bring in attractin' sing  
ers (Hahahaha)  
A bag of heaters in the back of Bimmers (Skrirt)  
Cocaine, there go Chain like DMC in them black Adidas  
I remember when it was dirt cheap (Uh hu)  
I don't know what you gon' name this, but it's soundin' like "Spurs 3" (Soun  
d like "Spurs 3")  
I earned keep now everybody tryna get a verse free (Damn)  
Jewels like we do Travis Scott numbers the first week, keep up  
I don't mention y'all niggas' names, pillow talkin', playin' lil' games (I d  
on't do that)  
This a man's world, you at your best when you middle aged (A man's world)  
Streets waitin', if I don't drop, all the hustlers gon' get enraged (They wa  
itin')

Room full of bitches, first we gon' fuck 'em, then get on stage (Ah)  
Who knew, I up and married the game (Yo), ain't get engaged (Uh-uh)  
On the prison yard, next to a jack like a ten of spades (Nigga)  
Griselda, we applyin' the pressure into the game (Uh huh)  
These rap niggas talk greasy on tracks and then explain, pussy