

Spurs

Conway the Machine

These niggas still tryin' to amount to us
Puffin' the sour dutch while I'm countin' up
I was down on my luck, now I'm clouded up
Jumpin' out of trucks in Giuseppe kicks that's a thousand plus
My city wild as fuck, bodies pilin' up
Now we dealin' with Donald Trump, they gotta count on us
I'm in the kitchen whippin' powder up to get my momma up
Out of the slums and my medallion bust
Pound for pound, the best around is us
I never argue or get loud with a nigga I can't reach out and touch
Got the plug number and I dialed it up, about month, later
I showed up to my town servin' 'em out the trunk
Rock hard, but we gon' pound 'em up, ground 'em to dust
All about a buck, douse with cut so the powder could fluff, uhh
You ever been found in your house with the stuff
Nosey neighbors watchin'
While the D's walk you out in them cuffs?
Lobster tail for me, quarter pounder for her
And I'm cheap, so that's all she allowed 'til I fuck
Before we dip, Camino said, "bring the pound or the pump?"
He brought 'em both and a quarter stuffed down in his dunks
Ahhh

(Griselda....)

Hollow tips inside my cartridge
Griselda like the Spurs, and addin' Benny is like we signin' Aldridge
That brick of white I'm tryin' to buy and off it
Designer shit inside my closet, the bitches say I'm fly and gorgeous
We down in Miami flyin' Porsches
My shooter got the stick, he gon' fire off it, have you lyin' awkward
It's that new God flow, the most high exalted
They love me like Dame Lillard when I fly to Portland
With my project bitch, I told her try the swordfish
After we eat, I'm tryin' to fuck her until I'm exhausted
Break the squares down, I divide in portion
Tryin' to flip, stack enough that I could buy the Dolphins
I'm beefin' with a nigga, I ain't tryin' to squash it
That sniper rifle high powered like the Giants offense
His head is flyin' over his shoulders, I fire torches
I'm paintin' pictures so vivid, they wanna buy the portrait
Look, even right now the shooter's out
No back and forth on a record, I'm tryin' to shoot it out
I was 15, skippin' school tryin' to move a ounce
Bagged it all in 20's, it was gone before school let out
You couldn't walk a mile in my shoes, you can't afford 'em
I got the cheapest bricks in the city 'cause I import 'em
Niggas tryin' to trap in my hood, then I extort 'em
Keep the blicky close and I promise you I will torch 'em
Motherfucker