Stab Out

Conway the Machine

Yeah, ah
Ah (Hahah), hmm, yeah

I wear the sombrero to see the plug, that Chad Ocho shit (Migo)
Cojo bitch sippin' añejo, he throw more bricks (Ha)
Yo, oh, shit, make a toast, we 'bout to go home rich
One more flip, we ain't gon' have to sell no more bricks (I'm done)
I be havin' them niggas socks soon as I throw on drip (Ha)
That thirty-K you tryna save, I'm 'bout to blow on kicks (Ha)
Poke out your chest all you want, but don't you throw no fists
That'll only get you some broke bones quick, I'm Bones Jones swift
And bro gon' flip, get on your ass, and bro don't quit
I drop some shit and niggas be like, "Bro don't miss" (This nigga don't miss)
I'm as consistent a coke nose-
drip, I sent my young ho' on those roadtrips (Huh?)
That's why I got her the rose gold kit ('Kay)
And those stones hit, I bet she had a broke ho' sick (Ooh)
I tell her, "Be still," that ho gon' sit (Be still, bitch)
Ayo, reposado with lime, playin' baccarat in the talent club
I took 1.5 to the cashier to tally up, ayo (Talk to 'em)
I don't know why these niggas mad at us (Huh?)
I guess they didn't want this shit bad enough
Y'all ain't get in y'all bag enough (Get in your bag)
We stand on business, any issue niggas had with us
We scorin' 'til they wave the white flag and sayin' "That's enough" (No mas)

We gon' smoke them niggas and stab out (Brr, yeah, brr)
We gon' smoke them niggas and stab out (Brr, fool)
We gon' smoke them niggas and stab out (Haha, fool)
We gon' smoke them niggas and stab out (Ayo, smoke them niggas and let's stab out)

We swingin' hammers as hard as Thor
My shooters'll spin your block like revolvin' doors (Doot, doot, doot, doot)
Involve the law, I send some carnivores from out of Baltimore (Ah)
Furthermore, I see that it's art and whores that your heart adores (Hahaha)
But we ain't into arts and crafts, we craftin' the art of war (Woo)
Keep askin' to call 'em off (Come on)
Extended his hand and I almost tore it off
Expense for the grams, we gotta explore the cost (Uh-huh)
You in decent hands, like a Hail Mary that's tossed to Moss (Touchdown)
Cross the boss, when pigs don't fly straight, they get often lost (We gone)
You niggas'll talk the talk (Yeah)
We bat up your legs so you can't walk the walk
And splatter your head, so they can't chalk the corpse (Ah)
Con, go and destroy the East (Yeah), I'm gonna extort the North
Of course you soft, if never got off the porch, and I'ma toss the torch (Nah)
Nah, I think I found somethin' (Where?)
Out of town, huntin' on this corner
Niggas call Zion, 'cause three hundred pounds jumpin' (Hahaha)
Niggas always claimin' king (Yeah), until they get they crown sunken (Blatt)
Rounds dumpin' (Brrah), how you gon' score when you third down, puntin'? (Hell)
Yeah, now niggas know the repertoire, I was cookin' and cheffin' raw
Now I'm flyin' my chef abroad (Let's go)

Ten-acre village, chillin' in extra spots (Yes)
Came a long way from them weapons drawn
But still I'll put you six feet in dirt, niggas best be warned (Doot, doot)

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