

State Greens

Conway the Machine

Yeah, nigga
Machine, nigga
You talk it, but I live it nigga
Fresh off that plane nigga
State to state nigga
You know what I mean?

Look, my shooter be on his young shit
Runnin' through the shortcut, 100 round drum shit
Look, where I'm from I run shit
Don't talk my ear off with all that bust your gun shit
If you ain't never done shit
Nigga I ain't bite my tongue, bitch, I said it I meant it
Your head'll gets splitted
The lead to your melon, we predicate felons
100 mil' in the stash feel better than heaven
got three and a half and dunn's got seven
All I got is my son and this MAC-11
I put you in a box laid up in front of a reverend
A few people saw me, but didn't snitch, that was a blessin' (wo
o!)

These niggas still in my way
I wrote the book and niggas tryin' to steal a page
In VIP blowin' what you tryin' to save
Look at me wrong I'll bust your head with a spade
Uh, I'm '06 D-Wade
.40 on the hip I hope that nigga feel brave
Yeah, Aventadors on Melrose
The Devil's Reject, when I was born hell froze
The L's rolled, you can smell it in my clothes
I used to sell O's in this East Buffalo hell hole
Westbrook on a fast break
The streetsweeper make your house shake
Pistol whip that fuck nigga
How that blood in your mouth taste?
My dawg wacked a nigga for an 18, and he ain't even 18
I let you fuck niggas try to chase dreams
My nigga I'm just tryin' to stay out them state greens
Man, I'm just tryin' to stay up out them state greens