

## 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