

Surf & Turf

Conway the Machine

Check it out (Con-Con-Conductor)
Yeah, Con, you know I got you
My brother, for real
This family right here, yeah

Like a Vietnam vet, I'm still trying to get my dick wet
I'ma get high, yeah, let her suck me like Skip said
That might went over your head, drinkin downers, no Sudafed
Dressed in red, no valentine, but funk love instead
Foolish bread, the type that come in off of what we said
Rapper shit, I was still young when I was brackin, kid
The Lexo, bubble eye edition, had that bitch on Fig'
Reminisce to Smokey while I smoke on Biggs
In my bed like peas, this the life I live
Talk it 'cause I lived it like Blood, this the life I lived
Made it out of pimpin, some still in it, shit I dodged a bid
Fuck is this? My fee a hunnid thousand since I dropped with Wiz
Holy water, Bangkok sippin, I retired this
World wide Worthy got them singing like they from the set
Dead Prez Vol. 2 CD in my red Benz
Never hung with hookers for the look unless she lookin rich
Now look at this, the AP plain Jane, the Prezi look gold as piss
(I'ma keep going)
Niggas don't feel the Piru in your voice, it don't come off vulture
I'm a west boy 2L rider, Gonzalez, real funkster
Oh, he from Canada, Indian tour make you still wonder
How he stack better than Blood? Bitch I'm a real soldier
Wars with across towns, wake up, serve a opp like a cup of Folgers
If B-Rule mama don't know you, then I don't know you
Four-deuce, hopping out of Bentleys but it's Bei Ru
Stay true, I don't switch up, bitch I stay on
Roll down the windows, do you got Grey Poupon?
Doot doot, stain you like ketchup, the white we wet up

Ayo, they straight mobbin', the boys around my way, they goblins
But Machine, I'm the apex monster
You writing sixteens, I'm like JK Rowling's
Four-hundred eighty-eight page novel
It may not even take eight hours (Woo)
We drink half and leave the rest on the table, shit, we waste Spade bottles
My pay way larger
I stay plugged in like the PlayStation console
And if any dismay may follow, we spray throttle
I nicknamed the yay Latto (Hahaha)
I ripped it out the plastic
Know some dudes in Cali that'll rip you out your jacket
Shootins and two possessions of pistols on my jacket
The shit I'm on is classic
See they need me on they records, I'm assisting all they magic
Bitch I'm Scott Skiles, the AP been cropped out
I see a bunch of little me's that want my spot now, that's my style
Opened up the lane and you hot now
I'm in the trenches, holding choppers made in Moscow
Yeah, we was generous to these degenerates
They keep pretending it's love so they can reap the benefits
I get you touched in any city, boy, my reach is limitless
A bunch of goons come and breach your premises, nigga (Blrrt)

Machine, bitch

Uh, three man weave with the mean stitch
How I remember bitches hustlin, sellin clean piss
I'm forced the ball alone 'cause how my team dipped
Feelin like Ace Boogie how I need Mitch
He still a nigga, he tryna insurance up a lean lick
These days, bitches too friendly, I need a mean bitch
One had to witness that all but still ain't seen shit or heard nothin'
How you do biz and still ain't learn nothin'?
All I know is fast money, that's how I learned to budget
Red lights slipping, can't believe it's not butter
Hit his gut then his chin like the Stone Cold Stunner
Uh, Gucci North Face puffer, easy to tuck it
I told you I feel like Ace Boogie, "Don't call me Lucky"
I was made for it, yeah, I'm on Bunk, might throw the shades on
They slept on me, nightmares, that's where I came for 'em
Shooting out the Eddie Bauer Explorer
All my shooters who ain't dead, alive, we 'bout to hit tour
Uh, came a long way from bottlin pours
Never did Neosporin, yeah, I'm proud of my scars
Look, Blame Kansas, yeah, I'm proud of my dawgs
Hit Neiman's like Petco, uh, Prada my dawgs, Killa!

Profit enlarged, I'm a chemist, I turn powder to hard
Kept it Skanless through the war like I'm Oliver North
Slide with a torch, if niggas green, we robbing the source
Already on my next lick, ain't no time to remorse
Ay, what's brackin, five? Politics, Illuminati, don't get sacrificed
Switch on the back of the stick, yeah, that's rapid fire
About my chili and chicken, I'm big trippin
S-Corps and LLCs, it's big business
Yeah, I'm an icon, jumping out a drop don
Top me off 'til she get lockjaw then she gettin dropped off
Louis, Tom Ford, countin pounds out in London, I'm a top boy
This lifestyle, gotta be willing to die for

Ay, man, raging against the machine
With assistance from the Machine
Del Amo, aiming at your enamel, say cheese
Imagine the Bible recited by the Elohim
Then wake up and say hello to me
Different gold commode, same shit, smell the potpourri
Nah'mean? Uh
The best thing since sliced bread, save a loaf for me
And two fish, who is you, bitch?
Jesus wept and doves cry, say it with hubris
Leggo my ego, I do it for the people
Drop a ice cube in my glass, half full, then squabble with Deebo
I'm not what you need bro, I'm stopping with the mob against evil
Applyin knowledge off the top of the noggin then scribing in Hebrew
Somebody stop me, I left the mask off, I'm gettin too cocky
Lil' mama beside me is gettin way too sloppy
I'm finna take her to Nassau County
Drop a bounty on her then mash off
Skrtrt, skrtrt, skrtrt, howdy do, ho?
I can't even drive, I'll still slide on you though
From here to your turf, from Earth to Pluto
With this superfluous service, I deserve a kudos
But fuck all this verbiage, long as you know
That I know what you know, the sentiment is mutual
The dude you know who's quick to drop a stack on your cap
Like we playing Jenga and I'm wack

Don't be hard headed protecting that
Soulo