

Tear Gas

Conway the Machine

Yeah, niggas
I'm a legend
Look

I'm just tryna keep my head above the water, my feet on soild ground
Post traumatic stress disorder got me smokin' out a pound
Heard a niggas say he gon' do something to me, how that sound?
Anybody get out of bounds, shots gon' come and knock him down
Probably gon' get my flowers while I can smell 'em
It's gon' take my untimely demise before they realize I was a legend
I can see this shit now, everybody postin' they pictures
With a caption to make people think you really was my niggas
Told my mama don't let them fuck niggas in my funeral
Bury me in my jewels so niggas know my life was beautiful
Illest to write it, all challengers are invited
They all was inspired by that feeling that I provided
Book of Conway, I'm far from my final chapter
Retired trapper, my idols wasn't no rappers
Uh, race to the top and I'm drivin' faster
Yeah, run the bag up, then retire after
From kilograms to an astute businessman
Gave my niggas life, I know it hit him on that prison van
You don't know the feeling of never seein' your kid again
And it's a Russell Wilson type niggas raisin' your lil' man
Real shit, I know the feeling, ain't seen my son in a minute
BM don't answer for me, so fuck her, I'm in my feelings
I talk it 'cause I live it, don't give a fuck 'bout no image
And I'm just gettin' started, my story is far from finished
My lil' brother just came home from doin' time
Put a bankroll in his pocket 'cause I love to see him fly
VS on his neck even if I gotta give him mine
And my bro don't owe me shit 'cause I just wanna see him shine
Real shit

There for me
When I got shot, them niggas wasn't there for me, uh (They wasn't there)
They wasn't there for me (Uh)
When I needed you most, you wasn't there for me (Where you was at then?)
I feel like they scared of me
(Yeah, they scared)
And I just got a bag and another bag (Bag)
I just got a bag and another bag (Big bag)
Now I'm in my bag and I think they probably scared of me

Yeah, yeah
And I just got a bag and another bag, yeah (Yeah)
I just got a bag and another bag, yeah (Yeah)
Now I'm in my bag and I bet them niggas
Petrified, too terrified to testify, you get terrorized
That's death-defyin', dissect the guy, body parts can't be specified
Set on fire, by his dental work, he get identified
His bitch gotta come and verify, the revolution will be televised
I'm 'bout to binge watch, fuck her on Zoom and let her friends watch
That's that free dope, no cap, no syringe top
Killin' pussy, the dick need tear drops
Tell the opps send a pin drop, I'll be there in ten tops
Clip full like an inbox, shoot you in your AirPods

I'd like to thank my plug at this time, I cannot forget slime
It's a thin line, it's Weezy and Con, catch us on the incline
Up, up in thin air, so high, sometimes my throne feel like a wheelchair
I'm half dead as it is, flag red as it is
Bad breaks or a temper don't add weight to my temple
Them bad bitches follow me like a drag race, start your engine
Say you're in your bag, niggas, your bag's too small fit in'
Niggas scared of me, I'ma cook 'em, who wants some chicken?
War

M-M-M-Maybach Music

I'm on the balcony, I listen to the birds chirp
Two hundred acres, lemme show you what my word's worth
My women vintage incentives come with the service
Regurgitate all the bitches who really worthless
My bitch position come with the pensions and purses
I'm talkin' benz's, Balmain and all of the Birkins
Young niggas beefin', we bustin' down in their verses
Contact the killers when shooters begin to surface
You niggas slaughtered your daughters attendin' sermons
I'm in the Cullinan callin' shots, I'm the colonel
My diamonds sparkle, models caught up in the turmoil
I keep the drugs and the guns just for the paranoia