

Ten / Rya Interlude

Conway the Machine

Yeah, we turnt all the way to the max right now, nigga
Bitch, I'm T'd right now, nigga
Yeah (Cannon, Cannon went crazy)
Your bitch know it
I swear
Ah

Lately I been fucking bitches by the twos (Twos)
Getting millions by the twos (Twos)
Black Cully, black seats, hop out in Chicago 2s (Ah)
Black forty, green beam punching like it's Rocky 2
They told me I wouldn't make it out, okay, I'm confused (What?)
Yeah, that mission was impossible, but bitch, I'm Tommy Cruise
Street nigga, yeah, my father never dropped me off at school (Never)
Kutter counted up a million on FaceTime, I got enthused (Talk to 'em)
Flew a ratchet out the Cabo, had her top me by the pool
Yeah, judging by the jewels, you'd think we sold a lot of food
Yeah, they said they gon' do somethin' to me, okay, I'm amused
'Cause they ain't got a clue, them niggas must don't watch the news (Brrt)
Niggas know just how we move, yeah

I'm on ten (Yeah, yeah, uh, woah)
I'm on ten (Woah, woah, woah, woah)
Bitch, I'm T'd, I'm on ten
Turnt to the max, I'm on ten (Yeah)
I'm on ten
I'm on ten (Yeah)
Bitch, I'm T'd, I'm on ten (Uh, ah)
Turnt to the max, I'm on ten (Ayy, ayy, yeah, yeah)

Fifty racks in both pockets, bitch, I'm T'd (Bitch, I'm T'd)
I re'd up with all the profit, bitch, I'm T'd (I re'd up)
I shot straight up to the top 'cause, bitch, I'm T'd
It ain't shit that they could do to stop me, bitch, I'm T'd
Fuck you mean, nigga?

I'm on ten, my bitch is a ten
Nickname Glock, the FN my best friend
Got a bulletproof Maybach, president Benz
Just push that lil' button, them boys gon' spin (Yeah)
Just push that lil' button, send them boys to God
I jump out the Porsche, but didn't go to the park
You know I'm a king, cannot pull my card
We push up on niggas like a broke garage
Yeah, yeah, long as I got me, I don't need your help
Yeah, ten toes down, do this shit myself
I'ma hustle, I'ma get it 'til my last breath
Yeah, get back gang, put his brains on the steps
I be swimming through the money like Michael Phelps
I ran up the bag, still ain't caught cramps
Everybody got sticks like we finna camp (Baow)

I'm on ten (I'm on T)
I'm on ten (Woah, woah, woah, woah)
Bitch, I'm T'd, I'm on ten (Yeah)
Turnt to the max, I'm on ten (I'm on ten)
I'm on ten

I'm on ten (Yeah, uh)
Bitch, I'm T'd, I'm on ten (Ayy)
Turnt to the max, I'm on ten (Yeah, yeah, brrt, baow, Glizock, I'm on, pow,
pow, pow, yeah, God, yeah, uh-uh)
I'm on ten (Yeah, yeah, uh)
I'm on ten (Woah, woah, woah, woah)
Bitch, I'm T'd, I'm on ten (Yeah)
Turnt to the max, I'm on ten (I'm on ten, yeah)
I'm on ten
I'm on ten (Yeah)
Bitch, I'm T'd, I'm on ten (Ah, ah, ay)
Turnt to the max, I'm on ten, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

I cannot be in no gang (No gang) even if I'm on my own (On my own)
And I be gettin' real lit (Gettin' real lit) even if I stay at home (At home)
I really don't know who you think you are
All you wanna do is doubt me from the start
All you wanna do is hate on me and post about me even if I really give heart
You really need to change
You need to change your ways
No, you cannot stay the same
No, this is not a game
I'm going stupid, I'm going through it
I'm 'bout to shoot you like Cupid
I'm going crazy, I'm 'bout to lose it
They tryna solve me like Rubix
You was real dumb, you was real goofy
You had the chance and you blew it
You was real numb, you was real lucid
You had a bag and you threw it
Now you was never included
You was excluded
You got some beef, we'll conclude it
You got some beef, we'll dispute it
The streets is polluted
With dead bodies and ran that through it
You argue online for clout
You're nothing without
And I do not know how
You even get around
When you wear all these masks, then you still get around
And you're scared someone will catch you and put the lights out
Did someone catch you off guard? Ooh
Now they shoot you from afar, ooh
They shooting at you and they shoot at your heart
And they making sure it do not restart
And now you was nothing but part of the charts
They driving by and they shoot you from the car
If you get lucky, you get another chance, you better rethink and you better
think hard
You better end that beef
Better stack up your money
You better go get clean
You better go get green (Yeah, yeah)
You better act right, ooh
'Fore someone shoot you in the back or two
I'm 'bout to start a tycoon
And I'm 'bout to get my stacks right too
Stay going crazy, we go with the guys
Ooh, we 'bout to stack up supplies (What? What?)
We 'bout to go and shoot right to the sky
Like a nimbus cloud, I'm 'bout to take flight

You don't put no effort, you never tried
You staying together, I promise you'll die
And I am forever in, dead or alive
I'm married, but all you do is deny