

## 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