

## Th3rd F

### Conway the Machine

Whippin' yay at the fiend house  
Tuck the yopper in the fiend couch  
'07, light Dutches, nigga  
My gun game, you can't fuck with, nigga  
Break both shins, put you on crutches, nigga  
Po-po at the door you better flush it, nigga  
He sold 19, only a bird left

D's kicked his door and found it, that's his third F  
D's kicked his door and found it, that's his third F  
D's kicked his door and found it, hold up

Look, since 15 been a TEC shooter  
Did a stretch, came home big as Lex Luger  
Grilled lobster with the conch fritters  
Griselda, bitch, who can fuck with us?  
I'm from the city niggas get smoked for a half a ki  
Versace specs, silk shirt on, bitch, I'm Master P (hahahaha)  
Master kush, I done smoked about a half a P  
'Bout to lock the game up and bury the master key  
Had the foreign parked at my crime spot  
Stick on the back seat if the dram' pop  
40 dollar ace, lyin' around block  
I know I ain't shit, I even sold my mom rocks  
Free the gangstas in Clinton Max and Comstock  
Attica and Wyoming, Albion, the guys know me  
Might go see my jeweller, buy 5 Rollies  
Just to remind myself, it's my time homie  
Bodies on the blicky, hit his body with the .50  
Shot shotty 'til it flippy  
Catch a body then I'm probably in the Masi doin' 60  
In Atlanta smokin' sour, ain't nobody fuckin' with me  
I'm a legend in the flesh, respect me like your father  
Fuck them pussy niggas, I will hit 'em with the carbon  
Put you on the front of a t-shirt, we merk whoever, nigga

Yeah man, little niggas better be careful, man  
Them little niggas out there man, playin', man  
Playin' them big drums, nigga  
Be careful, man, for real, man  
It's Griselda life, nigga, Wu-Tang, nigga  
That's right, for real  
Hold the fort gradually, nigga  
Keep nothin' but Uzis  
With motherfuckin' big potato skin on the top of it, nigga  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
This real life, nigga  
Don't get caught up, nigga  
This is not a game nigga, this is not a game  
We will take your sneakers  
Take all that bread and everything, nigga  
For real, man, word up, man, word to mother, man  
You know the voice, nigga  
You know who it is, man, call your boss in

Egg shell S's, Guess jeans on, I blow finesseness  
Caught me in Texas with Nexus cards and stolen Lexuses

Me and my guest list of gun holders who blow pedestrians  
Half a boat load of coke inside my jets and shit  
Off like a Mexican, my best friend dip  
We run together, fuck all your next man shit  
Fuck your captain, he overreacted, I'll slowly blow your back in  
Catch you in traffic, the nozzle spit sporadic  
We runs frenetic, I runs the cabinet, that gun's Ben Affleck  
I drag flips, get caught in the cross like Catholics  
I hold a black slips, I slap tricks, I mack slick  
You dap dicks, clowns get found naked in black whips  
And sign him off, he wasn't mine, he wasn't slime in Rolf's  
Then this rich niggas' Drink Champs, can't buy me off  
Niggas is homos and bozos and logos, ridin' Volvos  
Your clothes on, your hoes is sold, you lost ya soul