

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