

# The Painter

Conway the Machine

Uh, uh

It's the man the tall supermodels and all the petite bitches lust (What up, baby?)

Got twenty M's, we on the brinks, on the cusp (Ah)

I keep somethin' tucked if niggas try breachin' my trust

Stabbed in my back so much and they poured bleach in my cuts (I remember)

Don't make me reach in my trunk

I will squeeze, there'll be at least three niggas struck (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah)

The street niggas up (Bah, bah, bah, bah)

Niggas livin' in the house Machine built, but now they leases is up

When it comes to game-

winners, I'm Tyrese in the clutch (Talk to them niggas, king)

We already smokin' your mans in this leaf I lit up (Hahaha)

Uh, I built the catalog, you have to respect, stacked an immaculate check (Huh?)

I fucked your favorite actress after The Met (Come here)

This the RM camo band (Uh-huh)

Used to do shootouts wearin' camo pants (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah)

Rambo man, machine gun ammo man, yeah (Brrt)

The desert storm Lambo' tan ('Kay)

Scramblin' like Arch Manning can, but still a family man (Talk to 'em)

Yeah, gotta be careful what you speak, knock out his top row of fronts, his grill was still on his teeth (Hahaha)

I'm resilient in the streets, I don't think none of you niggas hard (Uh-uh)

Your name don't ring bells on the prison yard (Not at all)

Five hundred million on my vision board (Bag)

That's somethin' you don't have the vision for, pussy (Pussy)

Oh, I, oh, I, I (Brrt)

Oh, I, oh, I, I

Oh, I, oh, I, I (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah)

Oh, I, oh, I, I (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah)

Oh, I, I, oh, I (Brrt)

Oh, I (Brrt)

Ayo, these be the problems you don't need

We don't give a fuck, we don't hesitate to squeeze (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah)

Shorty back pocket got his rag

Knockin' niggas down, boy, we on it like that

He got a Glock with a drum, Glock with a drum (Brrt, brrt, brrt, brrt)

Glock with a drum, uh

He got his Glock with a drum, Glock with a drum (Drum)

His Glock with a drum (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah)

I bet they know what's up (Huh?), Machine don't give a fuck (Never)

That Glock be on me tucked, that yop be in the trunk

If violence is a must, I'll get a nigga touched before the weekend up

Let's just say I'm in a rush (Hahaha)

These niggas is my sons, you see the way they rap

I'll tell you like your pops, "I gave you life, I'll take it back" (Boy)

Ridin', pistol on my lap in case I gotta clap (Yeah)

In Buffalo, New York, sometimes it be like that (Yeah)

I hate when I get mad 'cause I overreact

I guess this what they want, so the bipolar nigga back (I'm back, nigga)  
This episode is manic (Yeah), why play with me like that?  
I try my best to manage, they tryna make me snap (Yeah)  
Let's keep it all respect 'fore shit really go left (Huh?)  
'Cause if we was to fight, you know I'd break your fuckin' neck (Facts)  
I hear 'bout all the threats, we ain't really impressed (Nope)  
You pillow-talk to bitches, you don't say it with your chest (Pussy)  
These pussy niggas cowards (Huh?), 'cause if it's really problems  
You won't do shit yourself, no, you just gon' put up your dollars (Hahaha)  
They do more for these bitches than they do for they mamas (Yeah)  
You was dirty in the hood, boy, you just started takin' showers (Bum)  
Let's put this shit on front street, I never been no flunky (Never)  
I told you once before never to fuck me, little monkey (I thought I told you  
)  
You see the way they scream my name in all these different countries (Machin  
e)  
My bitch is thick as fuck (Huh?) and all my jewelry chunky (Talk to 'em)

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Oh, I