

# The Vision Freestyle

Conway the Machine

Look, they don't wanna see me winnin' at all  
They don't wanna see my crooked smile grinnin' at all  
They don't want me in Bal Harbour spendin' ten in the mall  
Got hit with a few shells but they ain't finish me off  
Paralyzed a nigga face up and twisted my jaw  
I'm still the illest, still killin', still spittin' the raw  
Write about the shit I did or the shit that I saw  
I was really in the streets, you ain't live it at all  
You ain't never come to the hood, you ain't visit at all  
You ain't have to say rest in peace 'cause your nigga was gone  
Only time you bust your gun is when you get on a song  
I got the scope on the rifle I can hit 'em from long  
Yeah, Westside said, "keep killin' 'em, I employ you  
Kill everything and make it hard for them to ignore you"  
Listen to New York radio, bet the shit bore you  
They playin' all the corny niggas like the shit normal  
It's crazy, niggas can paint they nails  
Niggas dress like bitches and the shit still sells  
Beads in they dreads and dyin they hair colours  
I hit you with this gauge, you fly in the air, fucker  
I'm from a city where you die if you stare, fucker  
I'ma be rider until I get the chair, fuck it  
Wrist watches glisten  
I learn from OGs, instead of runnin' my mouth  
I would just sit watch and listen  
I quick pop the clip in  
And we get the shit poppin'  
And get to clippin' niggas like Chris, Doc and Griffin  
You get hit in your top 'til your shit drop in liquid, uhh  
A straight hollow hit your bitch top and lift it  
Griselda by Fashion Rebels, bitch I'm a misfit  
The streets say I remind 'em of Chris Wallace mix with  
Sean Price and Sigel, my shit popped just listen  
The jewels in every bar you just gotta listen  
My family never had shit, I switched our condition  
I'm 'bout to get my momma a big pot to piss in  
Used to get the yay' and use the big pot to whip it  
Ziplock it, then I use my bitch pot to pitch it, haha