Tito's Back

Conway the Machine

Griselda
Yeah, nigga
By Fashion Rebels
We take the blicks when we go to Quad, nigga
You seen what happened to Pac, right?
We ain't fuckin' with these niggas, nigga
Yeah

Two bodies on the broken 40 (Uh huh), tuh
Your favorite rappers is broke and 40 (Ah)
Ain't gotta lift a fuckin' finger, Tony smokin' for me (Get 'em, Tone)
Not only got the illest bars, we got the dopest stories (We got the stories, yeah, look)

I went from playin' with ninas and click-clackin' them llamas (Llamas)
To walkin' out of Neiman's, mix-matchin' designer (Uh)
I whip crack, I brought a brick back to my mama's (Yeah)
On a crash course, I wore a chin strap in the Honda (Skrrt)

Push your shit back, got a big MAC, I'ma be honest (Brrr)
I go hard in the paint, big facts, I'ma be honest (Be honest)
Like my chips stacked, gettin' big racks, I'm seein' commas
We on islands, I bring a bitch back, might be Rihanna (Ah, hahahaha)

I'm really with that, my clique packed full of Piranhas (Yeah)
My shit clap, you'd get flipped back into the August (Doot doot doot doot)
Left with money and dope like this pack was consignment
I tripled up my flip from pimp-slappin' the product (Look)

Used to flush the toilet with water in the bucket
Now my neck lookin' like some frozen water in the bucket (You see me, bitch)
Your bitch on a plane with a forty-pound order in her luggage
Machine, the illest to ever record it, motherfucker (Machine, bitch)

Don't get extorted, motherfucker, diamonds flawless, motherfucker (The Butcher comin')
Diamond chains attract bitches, that's why I bought this motherfucker
Continental Sport, I can barely park the motherfucker (Hahaha)
I got a app on my phone, that's how I start the motherfucker (Uh)

Gun on my hip, got aim like an archer, motherfucker (Brrr)
I be swingin' through New York like Peter Parker, motherfucker (Yeah, nigga)
A lot of niggas rap, but they don't come as thorough (Uh huh)
We the hardest niggas out and we ain't from a borough (Yo, East Side)

I'm from the town where they carry.30s
And marry birdies, and all the young niggas gettin' buried early
I went to war, held that cannon firmly
I got that tight wrist and a white bitch you only compare to Fergie

She half Dominican, her hair was curly (Ha)
And she very curvy, my number retired, you can't wear my jersey (Hahahaha)
And that blicky that I carry dirty
Free Ab, free Mula, my Philly niggas is very sturdy (Free the akhs)
And the bitches see me dressin' flyer
I got a check, so I can get what I desire, I be the pressure applier (Ha)
Border patrol, checkin' all the tires

Sold bricks and bust your gun (Ha), then I was definitely inspired, look

Most of my niggas gettin' rich (Gettin' rich)
The rest of my niggas, they'll smoke you (Brrr)
My lil' homie put me on the lick (On the lick)
Got a flip phone, then I made dope moves (Ha, what you need?)
One time for my niggas totin' sticks (Totin' sticks, ah)
You won't know it's lit 'til we approach you (What's poppin', uh?)
Circle 'round your block to do a hit (Do a hit)
Four hammers deep, ridin' in the old school (Let's go)

Brrr
Doot doot doot doot doot doot doot doot doot
Doot doot doot doot doot doot doot doot doot
Doot doot doot doot doot doot doot doot doot
It's the fuckin' king of New York, nigga
(Fuckin' king of New York, nigga)
I don't even gotta rap, ah, fuck y'all niggas
I'm gettin' too much money, I'm Hollywood now, nigga
(Give a fuck about none of y'all niggas)
La la la la la la, Flygod, nigga
I don't even know what the fuck water taste like anymore, it's all champagne (Ah)
Shout out to Sarah (Ah), la, y'all niggas pussy
You ever ate Ruth's Chris and House in the same day, nigga?
La la la la la la
I got the Lamborghini two-door and four-door, nigga (Skrrt)
La, praise both
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom
I'm tellin' y'all niggas this for the next two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nigga, thirteen years, nigga (Ah)
2050, nigga, y'all niggas still can't fuck with me (Can't fuck with me, nigga)
This shit forever, nigga (The Almighty)
Rest in peace Machine Gun Black (SE Gang)

Ayy, look, most of my niggas gettin' rich (Gettin' rich)
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Four hammers deep, ridin' in the old school (Let's go, la la la la la la, la)

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