

Tween Cross Tween

Conway the Machine

Uh

Here we go again, right

Look, look

Record label try handing me a contract, I spit on it
It ain't at least thirty million, then I ain't signing shit on it
I push the AMG G-Wagon, a kid on it
The black and gold Maybach truck, the mirror tint on it
Any collaborations you know what Machine did on it
I only got on them niggas songs so I can shit on it
You the type nigga taking your baby mama' stimulus
And lose it all at the dice game, you 'posed to be flippin' it
The young boys on demon time, they gremlins
And you know I'ma be the one that's sendin' 'em
Machine back bitch, nobody ill as him with syllables and synonyms
My women friends rock Prada boots, don't fuck with Timberlands
The instrumental get hit with Mach truck when I go in on it
These internet niggas act tough 'til you run into them
Push up on niggas, big strap, what, they actin' innocent
They tremblin', the flow is like Kyrie dribblin'
Tween cross tween step back, the shot I drill again
Oh, there he go again, showin' off on a beat
Without a pen again, showin' you nobody fuckin' with him again

'Scuse me if I rake a couple million
And I'm tryna see what that's 'bout
'Scuse me if I rake a couple million
And I'm tryna see what that's 'bout
You could play all you want I'ma grind
Trust me I got money on my mind
'Scuse me if I rake a couple million
And I'm tryna see what that's 'bout

Uh-huh

Told you we really killin'

Squeeze at your cap then really peel it

Then pee on your hat like a Phillie's fitted

In Miami with the heat in the bucket I'm Jimmy with it

But I shoot it in your face like Curry done shimmy with it, nigga

Ayo, I don't think these fuck niggas listenin' properly

Got so much cash out to deal they considered it robbery

I don't wanna hear you broke niggas ifs and your problems

Ain't postin' drip on the 'gram no more 'cause them niggas just watch me

And put emojis in my comments that niggas 'gon copy

That's why my style switch up soon as they figure they got me

Look where this vision done got me (Talk to 'em, king)

Flew my bitch from Buffalo to Vegas, she lickin' me sloppy

About a million worth of chips when we hit the Bellagi'

Plus I know she never ever been in a Ferrari

No pizza and wings, baby, we gonna get Calamari

You ain't Nicki Minaj then you isn't a barbie

Eighty pointers my jeweller tryna fit on my Carti's

My young bitches like to fuck me and listen to Carti

Know an old-head that had a brick since Nintendo Atari

Wearin' goggles while he cookin', I call that nigga Amari

Never played the NBA game but I'm richin' than Barkley

Goose, why these niggas gon' start me, shit

'Scuse me if I rake a couple million
And I'm tryna see what that's 'bout
'Scuse me if I rake a couple million
And I'm tryna see what that's 'bout
You could play all you want I'ma grind
Trust me I got money on my mind
'Scuse me if I rake a couple million
And I'm tryna see what that's 'bout