

We Outside

Conway the Machine

Look

They praying on my downfall, they wish they could stop me
I got hit with three shots and the shit didn't drop me (I ate those)
The neck and the wrists-es is rocky (No cap)
I got positioned on the top, now you niggas gotta sit and just watch me (You gotta watch, nigga)
Lobster tail and shrimp with the broccoli (Hah?), my trench is Versace
All cheetah print, so the bitches can spot me (Whoo)
Shit that I jot, I should be listed as top three (No cap)
Thirty-clip in this Glock, I'll hit your bitch in the top piece (Boom boom boom)
I got rich fast, they wanna know how it feel
Other rappers whose career been going downhill (Hah?)
Niggas who had a lil' buzz and even signed deals
They back broke in the 'jects, drinkin' brown still (Ahahaha)
I pulled the 2020 Benz off the lot
Draco and four-pound the only friends that I got
You can look at my scars, see I been through a lot
Before this rap shit, I had a fork spinnin' in a pot (Whip)
I ain't have no workers then, I had to push it myself
Bought it hard 'til I learned how to cook it myself
I made myself a boss, I wasn't lookin' for help
In the mirror, I see a G when I look at myself, nigga (Talk to 'em)
Yeah, every night my block action-packed (No cap)
I listened to the nigga rap and that was cap (Haa)
Pink strings in the Cactus Jack
Steph Curry MVP shit, I'm winnin' back to back, back

Can't leave my prints, so I wore hand gloves
Took a penny from my thoughts, put in a poor man's cup
These words I riddle in verses was inspired by visions of fiends' veins
I thought it looked like scribbles and cursive
My struggles never made sense until I cashed a check
I always wanted more, but couldn't get it 'til I mastered less
Was mad and stressed 'cause I rapped the best
Could slash a rapper's neck, 'cause every bar is a bullet like my trigger finger had Tourette's
Being underrated? Shit ruined my patience
Guess I'm due for vacation; set back, kept losing the basics
I was due for embracing, but still, I knew I would make it
The shit I drew was amazing
Don't fit the mold from them rules they created
Hunger pangs left me chewin' a razor
Racists threw us in cages, and ate the food in our faces
I'm motivating to the ones in the crew that I hang with
They got rap sheets long enough they can use as a blanket
Fans asking, "How long it's gon' take to know she's the best?"
At what point does paying your dues leave you in debt?
Used to freeze where I slept so I could see every breath
Wore my heart on my sleeve 'til it started to eat my flesh
Tried to spit that introspective shit, but niggas missed it
So I flipped it, a misfit that put wack rappers into a hit list
This rap shit made me sadistic; message was cryptic
And just one bar could turn rappers to a statistic, for real