We Outside

Conway the Machine

Look
They prayin' on my downfall, they wish they could stop me
I got hit with three shots and the shit didn't drop me
The neck and the wrist is as rocky
I got positions on the top
Now you niggas gotta sit and just watch me
Lobster tail and shrimp with the broccoli
My trench is Versace, all cheetah print so the bitches can spot me
Shit that I dropped, I should be listed as top three
Thirty clip in this Glock, I hit your bitch in the top

I got rich fast, they wanna know how I feel
Other rappers whose career been goin' downhill
Niggas who had a lil' buzz and even signed deals
They back broke and the jects drinkin' brown still
I pulled the 2020 Benz off the lot
Draco and 4lb, 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 spittin' in the pot
I ain't had no workers then, I had to push it myself
Bought it hard till 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
Every night my block action packed
I listen to the nigga rap and that was cap
Pink strings and a cactus jack
Steph Curry, MVP shit, I'm winnin' back to back

Although they pray on my downfall
I stay workin' just to prove them wrong
From the 716 all the way down to the Southside
We outside, we outside, we outside, we outside

Can't leave my prints so I wore hand gloves
Took a penny from my thoughts, put it in a poor man's cup
These words are riddling verses
Was inspired by visions of fiends' veins
I thought it looked like scribbles and cursive
My struggle's never made sense, until I cashed a check
I always wanted more but couldn't get it
Till I masked the less, was mad and stressed
Cause I rapped the best and slashed a rapper's neck
Cause everyone is a bullet like my trigger finger had to rest
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 pains left me chewing 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 gonna 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 till it started eating 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 won't bother to turn rappers to a statistic, for real

Although they pray on my downfall
I stay workin' just to prove them wrong
From the 716 all the way down to the Southside
We outside, we outside, we outside, we outside

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!