

Wraith - Ful

Conway the Machine

So wassup?
Help yourself
No thanks
You heard what the man said, motherfucker
Clean your plate, now

Blow a nigga face off
I never hesitate to let it spray off
My bitch sniffing straight raw
Sniff an eighth till her face fall
I tell her to clean the plate off
You new niggas I hate ya'll
You fuck niggas still workin with an 8 ball?
I had ya corner yellow taped off
Let pull the Wraith off

Told shorty order the lobster
Never been in a movie, front row at the Oscar's
You can tell I'm gangster by my posture
Hit a nigga 10 times with the chopper
Hustlin out this lil bitch house, Tasha
300 racks stashed in the washer
My bitch looking like a goddess
She find solace in Birkin's and blood bottoms
She do whatever I say, she ain't gon break a promise
I say I'm that nigga
Really I'm being modest
The kinda nigga you should praise more
Everything I put out, the bar raise more
I needed to save more, so I made more
Kush trap in Atlanta jumping like Bazemore
I show them niggas what the K's for
I knew he was dead
But I put one more in his head, I made sure

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I been thru it, all my scars are the proof
I sold rocks on the stoop
Now it's BET awards in a suit
Cracking cigars underneath the stars in the roof
But I'm still thanking God for all that he do
Got shot, Bell's palsy so my jaw wouldn't move
Now I, can outrap your whole squad and ya crew
Or whatever you wanna call it, ya'll garbage is true
I'm that nigga when it come to this, I thought that you knew
It don't matter, old nigga or an artist is new
He ain't a target, but I promise I will slaughter him too
I had a lot of dreams

Now it's like all of them true
Designer shit I'm closet, baby, all of em new
Half a block on the table, she put her nose in it
She pop the chopper, I show the bitch how to hold that shit
Fire out the nozzle
Smoking sour sippin PJ out the bottle

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