

## 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 outtrap 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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