

XXXtras

Conway the Machine

Yeah, nigga's got one choice, niggas
Matter of fact, I ain't got no choice, niggas
It's Machine, bitch

Look, this for them niggas cuttin' up a bird, baggin' a brick
Ratchet on hip, that'll put a shit bag on you quick
You fuck niggas get your door kicked, mattresses flip
Savages snatch you up, smack you with the back of the fifth
My dog started out 12-12in'
Know he whippin' a split in a mayo jar, Hellmann's
Extendo in the MAC, 30 shells in
No leg shots, bitch, I'm aimin' for your helmet
Whip a whole one and sell it overnight
Niggas actin' like I became a legend overnight
11 for the Nikes
18 for my jeans, Rollie bezel full of ice
Pop the metal out of spite
I dominated the game on a level that of Mike's
I don't fight, my shot accurate as Stephon from the stripe (wooo!)
Shot ejected from the pipe
Of the AR, shot him in his chest and said goodnight
Then I catch another flight (hahaha)
Look, don't come around me lookin' for some handouts
I'ma spit in your fuckin' palm, you stick your hand out
Go in my Off-White pockets and pull bands out
I ain't tryin' to fit in with these rappers, so I stand out
Tell them pussy niggas The Machine is back
Camel Valentino off the Neiman rack (wooo!)
My shooter squeeze the MAC, hit ya spleen and back
Then he come stand over you and it's gon' be a wrap, brrap!

Scrap inside the pot get the extras
Two shooters ridin' with the Heckler
They just tryin' to prove that they loyal
I send the goons out lookin' for you
Drive-bys out the Tesla
Wig shot, nigga, put that vest up
They just tryin' to prove that they loyal
I sent the goons out lookin' for you
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Yeah, huh
Niggas got the drop on you, pussy nigga
Oh, you thought you was low?
The fuck you been hidin' at, nigga?
Ain't no hidin', we on ya ass, nigga
They comin' nigga, that's my word, I told you
We ain't lettin' that shit slide, pussy nigga
That little bitch you was fuckin' gave me the drop on you, homie
I'ma keep it a hundred
You gotta be more careful, nigga, haha, yeah
They on their way, nigga

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