

# God Don't Make Mistakes

Conway the Machine

Sometimes I wonder  
Be havin' shit on my mind, nigga ya know  
Got questions  
Some of these questions, I know the answer to  
Some of these shits, I don't know the answer to  
But look

What if I was still on Doat Street sellin' crack?  
What if I was in that car with Lavar when Doe Boy got clapped?  
What if that was me, shot in my back?  
When feds ran in Dom house and found a brick, what if that was my pack?  
What if I was stuck in the prison with numbers  
Knowin' these niggas wouldn't answer even if they did give me they number  
Would I go to my moms and give her a hundred?  
And put some money on my commissary, sometimes I sit and I wonder  
What if I went with Rocko that night?  
He had a show in Carolina, he like, "Bro, fuck with me, let's do it right"  
What if I went? That shit would've changed a lot of events  
But instead of goin', I flew back to Buff' to record with French  
Song never happened, so what? Fuck it, I called a bitch  
My niggas hit me like, "Let's go out tonight, shit gon' be lit"  
I said, "I'm good", but I wonder what made me change my mind  
'Cause it was foggy as a bitch that night, I felt a bad vibe

But fuck it, nigga, let's ride, I'm with the homies, we got blicks  
Niggas already know what's up 'cause all my niggas with the shit  
Left the club, I don't know how I ended up in the whip  
I had a bitch I should've had at the telly suckin' my dick  
Was in the driveway with my niggas and Lulu when I got hit  
Everything happens for a reason, but I'm just sayin' what if  
What if I never got shot in the head?  
I couldn't get sleep that night, might drop a tear in that hospital bed  
Thinkin' it's over with a rock and a mic  
They told me I'd be paralyzed neck down, what if the doctor was right?  
Nigga, I walked out that hospital twice  
My mother said I died both times, guess I did the impossible twice  
Sometimes I wonder, if this Bells Palsy didn't paralyze my grill in  
Would there still be murals of my face painted on sides of buildings?  
I mean, would I still be rhymin' brilliant?  
They say I provide the feeling but would my story still inspire millions?  
Would Alchemist ever find us? Would DJ Clark Kent co-sign us?  
Would Paul and Eminem have signed us? Huh?  
I mean, we went from whippin' shit on the stove to pictures with HOV  
The vision was bro's  
In basketball terms, I pick and I roll  
I give and I go, I get to the hole  
Get the assist with my bros, I'm the one liftin' the load  
I do the scorin', my nigga, I'm bringin' the chip to my home  
Machine, bitch

Sometimes I wonder  
Sometimes I wonder  
Will I make it in these streets or will these streets take me?  
Sometimes I wonder  
Sometimes I wonder  
Will I make it in these streets or will these streets take me under?  
Or will these streets take me under?

Will I make it in these streets or will these streets take me under?  
Or will these streets take me under?  
Will I make it in these streets or will these streets take me under?

You know God don't make mistakes baby  
All them raps and stuff that you wrote it's cool  
All the paper that I used to buy and I thought you was doing your lessons  
You was writing raps  
God don't make mistakes  
This is for you baby, you come on back to me  
Lord, please give me my son back, Lord