

# Grace

## Conway the Machine

Uh, yeah

And eternally, we rise like we live in the skies (Uh-huh, uh-huh)  
You see me, homie, we don't live in disguise (Uh-huh, uh-huh)  
To get your blessings, I advise, just a word from the wise  
To say your grace (Say your grace), say your grace, say your grace (Woo-ooh)  
And eternally, we rise like we live in the skies (Uh-huh, uh-huh)  
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Look, I'm locked in so I ain't have to find a zone (Uh-huh)  
Ever since me and Con had connected like a spinal bone (What?)  
Things have aligned properly (What?), with no need for chiropractic practice  
See, we back in this bitch, I'm in survival mode (Let's go)  
The heat was on before shit was clickin' like I was lightin' stoves (What?)  
At times, I turned deaf to my craft, I had my sight withdrawn  
Struggled like climbin' Everest, never quit it, I'm hikin' on (Let's get it)  
Emphatic when pen and paddin', like books and matches I be strikin' on (What?)  
Unabomber shit, I can type a bomb and cause a mass evacuation (Come on)  
Of weak rappers up out the building, I know they couldn't surpass my greatness (What?)  
Shit was foul, never technically got my shot until now and so I'm here to take it (Let's get it)  
My levels ISS, I'm near the spaceships  
Some had loved it, some had judged it, some had feared and hate this  
I always kept my pace so my spirit can never break (Talk that talk)  
When opportunity comes knockin' right at your door  
You can't answer it with no hesitation (Nah)  
I'm on my toes, I'm movin' gracious like a featherweight, and (Let's go)  
I know precisely that it's my time, I don't do no estimations, nigga  
I ain't got no time for no shakiness (Nah)  
If you know someone that's down and out, then you should play 'em this  
And tell 'em keep they patience (Keep it)  
And I promise God'll bring him everything they pray for, I'm an example of it (What?)  
When you know it's your time, you gotta take it  
At some point, you gotta mask and glove it, let's get it

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You see me, homie, we don't live in disguise (Uh-huh, uh-huh)  
To get your blessings, I advise, just a word from the wise (Yeah, look)  
To say your grace (Say your grace), say your grace, say your grace (Woo-ooh)

From the trenches where they let the Draco dump out  
Young niggas wettin' shit broad day while the sun out (Brr)  
Police jump out on us, they guns out  
I just hide my bomb on the side of the bando, go hand-in-hand until I run out  
Get in any cypher and let a drum out  
And dumb out, had to show DMCs I run house (Hahahaha)  
Shot three times, was in that driver's seat slumped out

'Member the doctor sayin', "Your rappin' career is done now"  
I was depressed, livin' at unc' house  
Sleepin' on his front couch, tryna beat this game of life  
It's hard as beatin' Tyson on Tyson's Punch-Out (Hah)  
But I'm still clocked in, I'm not gon' punch out, look all the classics I pu  
mp out (Talk to 'em)  
When me and Gunn recorded Hall N Nash at Monk house  
Bell's Palsy my face, so obviously, I had some doubts  
But I wanted to make history, nigga, I ain't want clout  
So I kept spittin' like missin' teeth in a drunk's mouth (Hah)  
Yeah, I was tryna recover from my shootin' (Hah)  
I wasn't really fuckin' with this music  
Then my brother hit me too, and said, "Fuck it, bro, let's do this  
Me and you killin' shit that Monk and Daringer producin'"  
Had my injuries, but I ain't want no sympathy from it  
Just wanna tell my story, hope the world remember me from it  
And every since, I been killin' beats like it's my enemy  
Literally, I'm the nigga you can't lyrically fuck with, nigga