

# Salutations

Conway the Machine

Come on, let's pray, homie  
Dear Lord  
Please forgive us for all the sins we have brought upon us  
And look down upon us with forgiveness  
For all the sins we will have in the future  
I know you understand that niggas ain't perfect  
But we try, Lord  
We try to keep our heads up in bad times  
This is a bad time, show us the way  
And if you can't show us the way, then forgive us for bein' lost  
Brr, brr  
Yeah, fire (Talk to these niggas, king, talk to these niggas)  
Yeah, uh-huh (Woo)  
Look, yeah

Big ass drum on the bottom of the strap (Fah, fah)  
Somebody gettin' whacked, DrumWork, bitch (Brr)  
Got that D.W. stamped on every slab  
DrumWork, bitch (Talk to 'em)  
Big ass drum on the bottom of the strap  
Somebody gettin' whacked, DrumWork, bitch (Brr)  
Got that D.W. stamped on all the slabs  
DrumWork, bitch (Boom boom boom boom boom boom)  
DrumWork, bitch  
DrumWork, bitch (Ayy), DrumWork, bitch  
DrumWork, bitch, DrumWork, bitch  
DrumWork, bitch, it's DrumWork bitch (Yeah)

We livin' in an unfortunate time (Uh-huh)  
Before I recorded a line, I snorted a line (Sniff)  
Bitch on the internet tryna say her daughter was mine (Woo)  
That's like me goin' to a restaurant orderin' swine (Hahaha)  
Niggas that pocket watch never offered a dime (Not at all)  
My grass is greener on this side 'cause I'm waterin' mine  
I'm God in my bitch's eyes, I'm sort of divine  
Ayo, Big Ghost, send me a batch, bro, it's slaughterin' time  
I spit it for the real niggas if you solid, salutations (For real, nigga)  
In my city, niggas'll clip you for a violation (Boom boom boom boom boom)  
I was waitin' for my turn to come, yeah, I was patient (Uh-huh)  
That's when I just said "Fuck it", and I decided to take it (Talk to these niggas)  
A product of my environment, the bottom, the basement (Uh-huh)  
Some conditions I grew up with was highly hellacious  
Apartment not even spacious, I jump out of the spaceship  
One hundred thousand my bracelet (Talk to 'em)  
That bitch said she don't suck no dick, oh, you wylin', you basic  
Now I don't answer back her texts and I got a replacement (Hah)  
A hunnid thou' to see me rock on them stages  
People line up 'cause they gotta see greatness  
Multimillionaire from the shit that I jot on these pages (Uh-huh)  
Most of these niggas just replicatin' the operation (Woo)  
So that mean these new rappers merely just my creation  
It's safe to say that I exceeded all my calculations  
So tell me "Congratulations", bitch (Ha)

Big ass drum on the bottom of the strap (Fah, fah)

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Yeah, haha  
You know you niggas still can't fuck with me, nigga  
I'ma let off the gas a lil' bit, haha  
And they still can't catch up to this shit, nigga