

## Wild Chapters

### Conway the Machine

In the Rolls truck, waitin' for the light change  
Thinking damn, I came from the bottom, look how my life changed  
And all I did was write pain  
But I'm still runnin' the streets, line the hope one day I might change  
My road through the trenches wasn't the cleanest  
I know I ain't perfect, I lied and I cheated  
I know some of the shit I was doin' was too egregious  
Told my girl, "I apologize", this time, I mean it  
You know I got a good heart, yo, you seen it  
Look at all the niggas I look out for, people I'm feedin'  
Yeah, I had a son a lil' while after  
And when he died, know it was hard for you to smile after  
While all that was goin' on, I had a child after  
So how the fuck I'm 'posed to be a proud rapper?  
Story of my life, shit got wild chapters

I'm so fried all day  
On my grind always  
Seen some foul, foul times  
In this wild, wild life  
And I ain't even trippin', no  
Since the world we live in is so cold

Uh, been dealing and sinning from the beginning  
Do whatever it take to make double profit percentage  
From the stoops and the benches to 'partment project with fences  
Shit, we out just tryna get up out the trenches  
Elevate your comprehension, consolidate your vision  
If you were born to stand out, you wasn't meant to fit in  
Remember car too clean to let a sucka sit in  
This trap music shit mad, show you how it began  
In every loss, you find a lesson, make a life investment  
But at the end man live a trap life, the shit these rap niggas act like  
See, I know how it feel to be behind the wheel  
With a trunk full of dope, blue lights in the mirror  
License and insurance, give it to 'em chill  
You either play this shit perfect or you go to jail  
From hopin' I ain't got no warrants to Florence, Italy tourin'  
Machine and the King, from Bankhead beyond  
God damn

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Put it all on the line, just a sign of the times  
Try to keep peace of mind, it's a flaw by design  
Pray to God to keep my sister alive  
Down the Hennessy to keep the memories from fallin' out of my eyes  
I seen some wild chapters, dealt with grief in all stages  
Turnin' all the pages, deeper than Neil Gaiman  
The world is in a hurry, it's hard to instill patience

We due for reparations and niggas is still waitin'  
I sit in silence, lookin' for silver linings  
I feel like Robin Williams, laughin' to keep from cryin'  
You'd understand too, if you only stood where I am  
On the hills of Jerusalem, in the city of Zion

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On my grind always  
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In this wild, wild life  
And I ain't even trippin', no  
Since the world we live in is so cold  
(Cold, so cold, so cold)