

God Bless the Child (feat. Wyclef)

[Jim Jones](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Featuring: Wyclef Jean]god bless the child that can hold his own
god bless the child that can hold his own
god bless the child that can hold his own
god bless the child that can hold his ownive been left here one
in the slum
i used to hunt for my food like wolves hunt sheeps
from the whole to the project learned to slap box cause i couldnt take the disrespect
monalisa for a date on friday, she hears i was . and she said go away, go away
but god blessed the child, i could have been a juvenile
yeap, but thats my cousin crack,
and thats me with the black and white wraps
and the words became rare, and i gotta
and i went from last to first, i bought 80 on thegod bless the child that can hold his own
god bless the child that can hold his own
god bless the child that can hold his own
god bless the child that can hold his ownwould god bless cause the streets is hard
pray for, living in the world we only see the sours
smoking mirrors, the statue wont
so who make it out or who sees the bars, the slum
only a few make it out to see the cars
a whole recruit make it out dont see the bars
then wyclef is on tour with the fugees
i was boys in the hood you cant force the movies
thought i was hard shit when bought the coop
i was down in the tunnel when i water goof
i was the ice broke on the sweater
this loving bitch wait before manner
just spending all my chips on the softest leathers
i told my niggers meet them at the crossroads
ima see our best sports go
more money more phones
shit i aint scared of you mofos

you funny niggers like i do something till you say nigger turn around
god bless the child that can hold his own
god bless the child that can hold his own
god bless the child that can hold his own
its much deeper than a rap song
think its sweet until this beef is getting clapped on
ive seen sweet dreams turn in nightmares, freddie cooper
i watch street dreams turn in life years
you can hear the last screams when they cry tears
now i take my whole team and we fly less
if its new york then were up town
california sport touchdown
im getting money with the call of fame
it was right before call my name
backing out the telly wheels in reverse
she had the telly slip his own heels in the purse
i put it in the cab and deal it with a
its the least that caught a mill
this shit they follow me like im
they must have got fat ...like
forget it erase your profile my block appearance
and i always ran the streets i had absent parents
and every night we pray to the sky
in the hood where is 9 million waste of
god bless the child that can hold his own
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