

The Gospel

Alicia Keys

I said we're all God's children, products of the ghetto
Momma cooked the soup, daddy did the yelling
Uncle was a drunk, cousin was a felon
When he got pinched, he told them he wasn't tellin'
Auntie was a cook, her husband was a crook
Cause every job he had they be payin' him off the books
Ghetto University, knowledge is all it took
In the tenement I was listenin' to the hook
Change gon' come, the spirit of Sam Cooke
When the Feds coming, everybody be shook
Now we doing life like Eddie Murphy and Martin
On the chain gang, I was singing into the coffin
The roaches and the rats, heroin and the crasp
Couldn't blame me, I'm just giving the facts
Tryna hit the top, the bottom ain't where it's at
Everybody got a path but you could never go back
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I'm telling you like it is, how we ever gon' live?
If we ain't gettin' money, how we feedin' the kids?
It's a revolving door, when brothers be doing bids
I know it sound wrong but the dope'll be what it is
Survival of the fittest, this poor girl the illest
Broke mirrors and black cats give me heebie-geebies
Life seems hard, nothing ever comes easy
Whatever's in the dark, won't always become the light
If you ain't in a battle, how you gon' win the fight?
Gotta speak the truth when I'm up in the booth
The streets be flyin' birds but they don't be on the roof
Poverty is a pain like you pulling a tooth
Told the streets don't let me go like I'm bishop and juice
The roaches and the rats, heroin and the cracks
Couldn't blame me, I'm just giving the facts
Tryna hit the top, the bottom ain't where it's at
Everybody got a path but you could never go back
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh

(Sing)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Sing)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Gotta sing)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(She's a king)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (yeah)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (yeah)

And they sing New York City

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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