Grateful

Submantra

This is as real as it gets y'all
And it don't get no realer than this
This is as real as it gets y'all, huh
Maybe my mother, coulda been my father
Perhaps it was my sister, probably my brother
Maybe the church, coulda been the street
Perhaps it was the guitar, or Jerry Wonder beats
Maybe the money when I didn't have a dime
Maybe a way out before committin' crimes
Coulda been Lauryn, perhaps it was Pras
Probably the mirror lookin' dead in my eyes
Coulda been reggae, or the love of hip-hop
Maybe my fans at the show sayin' don't stop
Probably the struggle of all refugees
Maybe the sign how the diamonds bling-bling, ching-ching
Ring ring, there's a call from my wifey
Perhaps I gotta make it home but music keep callin' me
And maybe it's all I know,
Whatever it is I'm grateful for being
A man with a guitar, a dude from the streets
A cat with a song, a Refugee MC
Wyclef Jean, a Fugee for life
A preacher's son, first one on the run
I'm grateful that I haven't been shot
Stopped by the cops and they didn't find a glock
W Y C L E F, I'm grateful
Coulda been a crack fiend with no place to go
Lord, oh mighty God, have mercy on my soul
Coulda been Pablo, king of Yayo
Or a pimp with a limp screamin' we don't love them hoes
Oh no, God knows, perhaps I was chosen
A source of inspiration for the next generation
And maybe it's all I know
Whatever it is I'm grateful for being
A man with a guitar, a dude from the streets
A cat with a song, a Refugee MC
Wyclef Jean, a Fugee for life
A preacher's son, first one on the run
I'm grateful that I haven't been shot

Stopped by the cops and they didn't find a glock
W Y C L E F, I'm grateful
Everybody sing along now you can make it like I made it
Don't let anyone tell you different
When doors close another door will open
Many have called but my people are chosen
You can make it if I made it
Don't let anyone tell you different
When doors close another door will open, yeah
Many have called but my people are chosen, yeah
A man with a guitar, a dude from the streets
A cat with a song, a Refugee MC
Wyclef Jean, a Fugee for life
A preacher's son, first one on the run
I'm grateful that I haven't been shot
Stopped by the cops and they didn't find a glock
W Y C L E F, I'm grateful

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