

# Grateful

## Snubnose

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

Lyrics provided by

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