

Wyclef Jean "Grateful"

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[Wyclef Jean]

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

[Wyclef Jean]

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 committing crimes
Coulda been Lauryn, perhaps it was Pras
Probably the mirror looking dead in my eyes
Coulda been reggae, or the love of hip-hop
Maybe my fans at the show saying 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, whoo
Perhaps I gotta make it home but music keep calling
me
And maybe it's all I know, whatever it is I'm grateful for
being

[Wyclef Jean]

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

[Wyclef Jean]

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 screaming 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

[Wyclef Jean]

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 (shot)
Stopped by the cops and they didn't find a glock
(glock)
W-Y-C-L-E-F, I'm grateful

[Wyclef Jean]

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

[Wyclef Jean]

A man with a guitar, a dude from the streets
A cat with a song, a ReFugee MC (yeah)
Wyclef Jean, a Fugee for life
A preacher's son, first one on the run
I'm grateful that I haven't been shot (shot)
Stopped by the cops and they didn't find a glock
(glock)
W-Y-C-L-E-F, I'm grateful

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