

# Wyclef Jean, Grateful

[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

