

Grateful (feat. Marsha Ambrosius)

Dave East

Two of the closest niggas there for me
They no longer here with me
I'm wide awake, I'm scared to sleep
Afraid, though I ain't never been, Grandma said ain't no fear in me
Criminal, I prepared to be, in your feelings? Won't hear from me
I talk to God, the devil on the other line stressin'
Keep a weapon there, 'cause slippin' ain't how I'm gon' learn no lesson
Ain't no actors here, I told Bully, "I wish that Stack was here"
Mugga too, my hoody blue, so much ice, they gon' have to stare
Used to hate my building smell, half for the homies still in jail
Harlem different, either kill a cell or pray to lift your bail
White rice and tuna fish, way before Ruth Chris
We was broke, I ain't care who was rich, stick up kids do exist
Hard news, just listen, the dog food was clickin'
They moved bitch, long before I heard of Ludacris
I watched it with my own eyes, dirty kitchen for home fries
Hajji's if ain't nothin' open, just make sure they toast mine
I'm thankful for them steak and cheese, I love the hood, I'd hate to leave
How the fuck was we trappin' outside when it was eight degrees?
I still have a hard time tryna understand why Ma\$e would leave
Gave niggas the reason, plus the truth, I could relate to Beans
Free Meek, I'm just tryna chase a dream
They'd rather us upstate and grainy, you never had to chase a fiend
Passed them off the 'Gram, and then they ran before they paid you
Plus you gotta pay yo' connect and at your crib, it ain't no cable
You can't watch your favorite TV show
Your jacket and your sneakers old
Summertime, you make it through, but you ain't tryna see the cold
Niggas turn to strippers when they see the pole
Plant the seed, the seed'll grow, my daughter need three million 'fore she three years old
Loyalty and love over everything
Flowers over stones and the choir sings
How many of them do we know though?
Lost so many loved ones and now they're gone
Gone too soon, streets raising kings
And queens, we gotta fight to believe again
Still loyalty and love over everything
Still flowers over stones and the choir sings
Thank you, I'm grateful
And the choir sings
Thank you Lord, I'm grateful
Ooh, thank you Lord, I'm grateful

(Just thankful to be here been through a lot)
Thank you, I'm grateful
Uh, every time it rain, I feel that bullet
Hood insane, wish I could change it, but I couldn't
I'm just grateful for them whoopings
My pops used to give us to keep us out the street
In the projects, the water cold at least three days out the week
This real talk, I done seen some shit wake you out your sleep
Lit the crib up with candles, felt like the lights was out for weeks
I ain't had the drive, wanted to survive until I found the keys
220 on the dash and yes, we taxin', we got mouths to feed
Thank you Lord, I'm grateful Lord, if I got it, I blame you Lord
My life, it been dangerous Lord
My faith in you could change it Lord
Wasn't tryna scare niggas, foreheads was what we was aimin' for
I lived on the 6, they raid the crib, might have to change the door
Let's figure out a way to make 'em hate some more
Fuck the way the system set up, every day I break the law
Spend some money, make some more, never thought I'd make it poor
Imagine we was takin' score, militant, I relate to war
Thankful for my only child
Sellin' out these shows that make my homies smile
Wake up in Miami to hear the ocean sound
Grateful I seen 18, grateful I seen 21
Grateful that my pops ain't throw me out, he found my nigga gun
Of course I said it wasn't mine
Runnin' to the park told my father, let's talk another time
'Cause he know I want to rhyme
A .38, I kept it on me, I blow it like a runny nose
In the projects with like three bitches to diddy crib with like a hundred hoes
Stomach growlin', I don't take it for granted
I come from housin' (projects), I need some shit come with a water fountain
My daughter smilin', I'm thankful Freaky told me to rap
Thankful Jungle paid attention, the streets could never hold me back
Loyalty and love over everything
(The streets could never hold me back, thankful Jungle paid attention)
Flowers over stones and the choir sings
(The streets could never hold me back, thankful Freaky told me to rap)
How many of them do we know though?
(Thankful Jungle paid attention, the streets could never hold me back)
Lost so many loved ones and now they're gone
Gone too soon, streets raising kings
And queens, we gotta fight to believe again
Still loyalty and love over everything
Still flowers over stones and the choir sings
Ooh, pray, thank you, I'm grateful
Grateful, ooh yeah
Thank you Lord, I'm grateful
Grateful, ooh yeah

Ooh, thank you Lord, I'm grateful, ooh
Thank you, I'm grateful
Thank you God, I'm, thank you, I'm grateful
Everything you do for me
Let us bow
Thank you, I'm grateful
Ooh, thank you Lord, I'm grateful
Thank you, I'm grateful

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