

**Grateful**

**Wyclef Jean**

[Intro]

**C#**                    **H**                    **Am**  
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

[Verse 1]

**C#**                    **H**  
Maybe my mother, coulda been my father  
**A**                    **H**  
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

[Chorus]

**C#**                    **H**  
A man with a guitar, a dude from the streets  
**A**                    **H**  
A cat with a song, a ReFugee MC  
**C#**                    **H**  
Wyclef Jean, a Fugee for life  
**C#**                    **H**  
A preacher s son, first one on the run  
**A**                    **H**  
I m grateful that I haven t been shot  
**C#**                    **H**  
Stopped by the cops and they didn t find a glock  
**C#**    **H**                    **A**                    **H**  
W-Y-C-L-E-F, I m grateful

[Verse 2]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 3]

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

[Chorus]

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