

It's gon' all work out sooner than later
You don't have to worry 'bout tomorrow
It's gon' work out in your favor
Just keep your head to the sky
Keep your eyes on the prize
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Keep your eyes on the prize

Man, I'm insecure and I'm so unsure
My motives don't be the purest seed of my little sister
Proolly need me, I ain't been around, and I ain't tried to lead her, ugh!
Help me, Lord, I ain't ever have no daddy
Feel like a failin' father tryna raise my family
I've seen cancer take my lady's pops and he fought so hard
And we cried so hard, but sometimes life's so dark
But he told me, "Boy, you keep yo' head up, never let up, and never give up,
and don't cry for me 'cause I'ma live up in the sky"
Let it all work out, that pain gon' make you stronger
That hurt gon' make you a leader, don't make that make you a monster
In the middle of the darkest heart is heartless tarnished carnage
The Master Artist makes your mess a masterpiece regardless

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Yeah, I've seen pretty girls feel so ugly that they hate livin'
I've seen rich men have everything but have no friends
I've seen baby mommas put restrainin' orders on good fathers
I've seen single mothers work three jobs but they still in college
Eight year, gettin' two degrees, slaved away for a bachelor's
Then eight more payin' huge fees, still a slave to her master's
Feelin' a way, makin' a minnum wage
But at the end of the day
Feelin' so grateful
Bills still paid, so no room to complain
We all got deep wounds, ugly scars, black marks
Just left rehab, still got track marks
Let it all work out and let the light shine through
'Cause you can't be them and they can't be you

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Keep your eyes on the prize
Just keep your head to the sky
Keep your eyes on the prize, yeah, oh

Oh

Oh-oh

Tištěno z písničky-akordy.cz
Oh, oh, oh, hey