

God Is Gracious

B.o.B

God is gracious, God is good
I thank God I made it out the hood
Misguided, misunderstood
Eyes red like riding hood
Tho around my hood, I prolly don't get the hoorah I should
Cause I don't sound as Atlanta, I don't sound as hood
I don't sound as gutter, I wasn't around the crooks
I should write a book, call it anti-social
Circle so small that the shit's a oval
I don't know I guess I'm not as soulful
I don't know I guess I'm not as local
I don't know I guess I'm way too boastful
All these shows, man I'm way too global
Trusting these hoes man, I'm way to hopeful
Speaking my mind man I'm way to vocal
And I'm way too local
And it's crazy how niggas could see their self
When they look at you and believe their self
In the ring you the people's champ
So they see them rings
And they see them belts
Now you done bossed up
But ya'll could see it your self
Changed up, you need to be your self
Whatever the fuck that is
And fuck this rap shit
Whatever the fuck that is
It's more to Atlanta than just being a dumb black nigga
And a slum black kid
It's more to Atlanta than just being a conscious rapper
With some content on a compact disc, in a backpack
With some nappy ass hair
Just so you could feel more black
Fuck it I'm back [?]

See I was just the average Jo
I coulda have a average job
Was hungry and I wanted more
But back then I had it all
Before I drove the fancy cars
Before I smoked with all the stars
Was hungry and I wanted more
Back then I had it all
Back then I had it all
Back then I had it all
My family ain't gon never starve
Tho back then I had it all

Back then they didn't want me
Now I'm on they still phony
Fake cool, fake dudes, fake beefing
They still cloning
And I'm still lonely, they be taking shots at the big homey
You still lonely up top
And the only friend that I got
They say they sleeping on me
It's a bunch of undercovers, undercover cops

Undercover brothers ummm
I ain't one to judged ya, I'm just saying it's a lot
Of niggas covered up behind the color and the choppa
True colors represent the [?]
Niggas know that are not a mobster
Only rich you see is the center block boy
Writing fiction but you not a Author
Looking left stiffing up your posture
Wait, I'm getting off of topic
Got a label we don't claim a genre bitch
Cause It ain't a genre
Whole roster chalk full of rastas
I been medicating so much lately
Every day I got a different doctor, God damn

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