

## 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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