

Gratitude

Mike Posner

I love you back

Could be worse, huh?
Look where you are
Reading the calendar today it said Park City
We thought we were going to like a dive bar
Could be worse, right?

This piece is called 'Gratitude'
My band teacher told me quote
"Mike, you ain't shit"
But it wasn't until I heard that that I quit
And bought that Motif, made them dope beats
Turned that old car to this window seat
Where it all makes sense
Now God gives me hints every time I burn incense
Don't that make you so incense? Mr. Z
Whoo! I blew up and ain't visit your class since
But wait.. I didn't write this to say I told you so
Because without you I'd never sold out shows
I thought that was worth a page or two
Dear Mr. Z, this is dedicated to you
Gratitude, thank you

My dad called when Uncle Fred died
I didn't want my mom to see me cry
So I got 'em all out on the flight back
People looking at me funny but it's like that
See Uncle Freddie was a good guy
He was proud when I started to win
My aunt told me he loved me
And I swear to God she gave me one of his pens
And the same pen that I wrote this song with
The same pen that I'm about to put my team on with
Cuz he keeps giving me dope shit
People keep on telling me
"Mike you're so sick"

I hope that's enough to change your mood
Change a Utah sky from grey to blue
I thought that was worth a page or two
Dear Uncle Fred, this is dedicated to you
Gratitude, thank you

This verse can never pay you back
Shit
A lot of my friends never had no dads
And before we knew I had a six-style
Used to drive me to the studio to rap on the six mile
Showed me that a real man ain't afraid because he hugs, kisses, and cries
April to April stays faithful
Loves, listens, and tries
So when I do find Mrs. Right
Best believe my game gonna be zipper tight
Like you're still making Mom breakfast every morning
You start her car up in the winter when it's snowing
Remember when you broke it down in New Orleans?

I didn't tell you I had my phone out recording it
Said, "Why'd you marry Mom?"
Said, "Well, Michael, in my heart, I knew I loved your mother"
And I said, "Is your heart more important than your head?"
Said, "I don't know, you're 28, you've got to figure some things out on your
own"
Now that, ladies and gentlemen, is some g-shit
When my son's 28 I'm gonna show him this poem
He's gonna need this

I'm sorry, but I thought that was worth a page or two
Dear Dad, this is dedicated to you
Gratitude, thank you