

# Fortunate

Pete Rock

A água mais pura da fonte  
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I'm fortunate to be alive  
Can't explain how I got here, but we've arrived  
The deliverance of diligence from which we strive  
It's the feelin'-it's no ceilin', is when we rise  
Fortunate to have friends who don't synthesize  
I keep good company—we enterprize  
Had a strong gaze since infant eyes  
I guess I can see the power in the prize  
It's innervized by the streets identified  
Other people's struggles, I don't minimize  
Fortunate to be born and raised in the Chi  
Salt-of-the-earth people with the bravest eye  
They say, "Your guy is the truth"—I wasn't raised to lie  
Fortunate to be so que sera  
Every day that I get up, I trace the sky  
And draw with the most high on the place that I am  
And that's fortunate

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Fortunate for the breath of life  
And the breath of the Lord through Reverend Wright  
Fortunate in my house ain't a desperate wife  
I study life so I can test the mic  
The laboratory of a rapper's story from the alley to the allegory  
I pour a rhyme into time, let it travel for me  
The one with self is the biggest battle for me  
Fortunate when I was twelve, I let rap allure me  
Fortunate through the wilderness, I see the trees  
In the forest, there's a lotta fallen MCs  
Fortunate that the God shared the lessons  
He returned to the essence—I still feel his presence  
Most of my bretherin are from '87  
Childhood friends—I'm glad that I kept 'em  
Fortunate for the wisdom of the elders  
And my grandmother and mother's love that never failed us  
I'm fortunate

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Fortunate I was raised 'round my uncle Steve  
And my uncle Charles—they both told me, "Believe"  
The seeds of a revolutionary; evolutions vary  
Necessary to become fruits and berries of our labor  
Told ya, "Search for a savior"  
Fortunate I had a chance to raise her

In the days on the unknown  
I'm fortunate to come home to blocks we fought, we swung on  
Fortunate the Lord put me on a path  
To use the microphone for a rod and a staff  
Fortunate that my heart and the beat knocks  
The Windy City street bop; I'm fortunate for Pete Rock (Ayy)  
I'm fortunate

A água mais pura da fonte (Ow!) (Come on)  
Fortunate  
A água mais pura da fonte (Ayy) (Come on) (Say what?)  
Fortunate  
A água mais pura da fonte (Ah) (Ow!)  
Fortunate  
A água mais pura da fonte (Woo-wee!) (Yeah)  
Fortunate  
A água mais pura da fonte (Ah)  
Fortunate  
-da fonte (Come on) (Yes)  
I'm fortunate  
-pura da fonte (Uh) (Let's go)  
I'm fortunate  
-da fonte (Uh) (Ow!) (Say what?)  
Fortunate  
A água mais pura da fonte (Ow!) (Yeah) (Woo-wee!)  
Fortunate  
A água mais pura da fonte (We fortunate) (Uh-huh)  
Fortunate  
A água mais pura da fonte (What?) (Let's get it)  
Fortunate  
A água mais pura da fonte (Uh-huh)  
I'm fortunate  
A água mais pura da fonte (Ah)  
Fortunate  
-da fonte (Yeah) (Yeah) (What?)  
Fortunate  
-da fonte  
I'm fortunate  
-pura da fonte (Uh) (Yeah) (Come on)  
Fortunate  
A água-