

Grateful

Phora

Yeah, one, two
One, two
It's for all my people
All my people
That never had much, but always appreciated what they had
Sometimes we just gotta take what we got, and smile
This life is just way to short, homie
Sometimes these lows feel much lower than our highs
But don't let that stop you from aiming for the sky, you know
Yeah, I like the sound of that
So whether you want to buzz in your mom's ride
Just be glad you're alive, you know
This is not about what you got
It's about what kind of person that shit makes you

Though you may not have a great big Cadillac
Just be thankful, for what you got
Though you may not have a golden road
Just be thankful
(Yeah, just be thankful)
For what you got
(One two, for what you got)
(Look, yours truly)

I might be in a Coop
But my feelings still cooped up inside
Who's gonna turn they back and who's gonna ride
They never had a heart or the drive
But I ain't got no brakes, stay in my lane
Hit the clutch when it's time
These niggas shifting on me
I gotta watch my back, I gotta feeling homie
Someone's trying get me whacked, they acting different homie
They talk behind my back, my girl trippin' on me
She asking where I'm at
But see, I'm trying to make this bread
Never had enough to spoil her
Used to take care, started having a boy with her
I trip every time she got a boy with her
Any time I fail to text her back
She just assumes I'm avoidin' her
Huh, damn, where did we go wrong
Losing my faith, but I'm trying to hold on
I'm trying to keep a smile on my face and be grateful
But I ain't been happy in so long
But it's kinda funny when I think
Back to the days I had no money in the bank
So I took my mom's whip without permission
Hit the road and I put my last twenty in the tank
Riding through the city in my mom's whip
In red light heard somebody talk shit
But I just thought to myself
One day I'll have that Benz on twenties
Flossed out on some ball shit
All my niggas like aw shit
Pops so much, stay away from the block, man
Because everybody wanna know what's it like in your shoes

But they don't wanna feel them shots, man
It's not all glamorous
Shout to my homies lighting the cannabis
Shout my people waiting in the bus stops
Trying to get to work for their family, fighting for the happiness
Real talk, don't be ashamed of it
We was probably pushing the same bucket
No AC, bad breaks
Plus my headlights out when the cop passed
But he ain't coming
Man, I'm so thankful
That bucket made me so grateful
Because it's not about what you got
It's about what type of person it makes you

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