Blessings

Tom MacDonald

My mama always told me, "You do what you gotta do"
And there's nothing in this world that I love as much as you
I just wanna see you smile, and I hate to see you stressing
You should probably count your blessings
My mama always told me, "You do what you gotta do"
Boy, there ain't no shame in losing, just don't ever break the rules
Don't be following no trends, just do what you think is cool
Take a bullet for your friends if they'd do the same for you, I said, "Hell yeah, mama"
Daddy always told me that one day I'd be a star
Make the money and don't let the money make who you are
Well, keep your enemies close and then attack from afar
Don't put the knife in they back while you stab 'em right in the heart
I turned my lessons to blessings, I never switch
I don't shoot unless I'm ready to fully empty the clip
I see my sister in my mind every time that I start to trip
And I remember it ain't worth it to die over petty shit, that shit is blessings
I ain't stressing getting rich
I'll be flexing when I'm running 'round the crib with my kids
Don't need a million-dollar drip or the fanciest whip
I need my family and my friends, the rest is what it is

This shit is blessings, dawg
Everything that you hate, that got in your way
That shit was lessons, dawg
There's gonna be pain, but you'll be okay
'Cause this shit is blessings, life full of lessons
Should've had dead ends in every direction
This shit is blessings, dawg
You ain't in the grave, you woke up today

Feel like I'm losing my religion, I've been losing myself
Drink another fifth of whiskey, only thing that'll help
Yeah, I'm tryna count my blessings, but I'm drowning in doubt
With a couple bucks in my pocket, I can figure this out
But oh no, the rents do and the car note too
Sitting here, drinking, thinking with blue-collar blues
And it's, uh, amazing that I made it this far
When I'm pissed, get to tripping and look up at the stars, like
I'm really just a speckle of dust
Spinning on a blue marble, man, that's blessings enough, but
It's hard to know who you can trust
When the snakes and the roaches look the same when they dressed up
Ayy, I never claimed to be a saint
I envision what I'm living to let the universe paint
Like wait, let me say it while I'm here
If I focus on my blessings, the problems, they disappear

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Everybody's saying they're blessed, right?
Like they're out there living their best lives
Leave out the bit about the bad nights
Choose to forget all the hard fights
What you know about being blessed?
Never lost it all in the middle of a mess, like
Ain't about having money for the flex
It's being happy with whatever you can get

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