

# The Gospel

## Alicia Keys

I said we're all God's children, products of the ghetto  
Momma cooked the soup, daddy did the yelling  
Uncle was a drunk, cousin was a felon  
When he got pinched, he told them he wasn't tellin'  
Auntie was a cook, her husband was a crook  
Cause every job he had they be payin' him off the books  
Ghetto University, knowledge is all it took  
In the tenement I was listenin' to the hook  
Change gon' come, the spirit of Sam Cooke  
When the Feds coming, everybody be shook  
Now we doing life like Eddie Murphy and Martin  
On the chain gang, I was singing into the coffin  
The roaches and the rats, heroin and the crasp  
Couldn't blame me, I'm just giving the facts  
Tryna hit the top, the bottom ain't where it's at  
Everybody got a path but you could never go back  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I'm telling you like it is, how we ever gon' live?  
If we ain't gettin' money, how we feedin' the kids?  
It's a revolving door, when brothers be doing bids  
I know it sound wrong but the dope'll be what it is  
Survival of the fittest, this poor girl the illest  
Broke mirrors and black cats give me heebie-geebs  
Life seems hard, nothing ever comes easy  
Whatever's in the dark, won't always become the light  
If you ain't in a battle, how you gon' win the fight?  
Gotta speak the truth when I'm up in the booth  
The streets be flyin' birds but they don't be on the roof  
Poverty is a pain like you pulling a tooth  
Told the streets don't let me go like I'm bishop and juice  
The roaches and the rats, heroin and the cracks  
Couldn't blame me, I'm just giving the facts  
Tryna hit the top, the bottom ain't where it's at  
Everybody got a path but you could never go back  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Sing yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh, oh  
(Sing)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
(Sing)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
(Gotta sing)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
(She's a king)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (yeah)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (yeah)  
And they sing New York City  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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