

The Gospel

Alicia Keys

Uh, uh, uh
Sing

So we all got children, products of the ghetto
Momma cooked the soup, daddy did the yelling
Uncle was a drunk, cousin was a felon
When he got pitched, 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 a tenement I was listenin' to the hook
Change gon' come, the spirit of Sam Cooke
When the feds comin', everybody get shook
Now we doin' life like Eddie Murphy and Martin
On the chain gang, I was singing into the coffin

[Pre-Chorus: Alicia Keys]

The roaches and the rats, heroin and the cracks
Couldn't blame me, I'm just giving the facts
I'm tryna hit the top, cause' bottom ain't where it's at
Everybody got a past but you can 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 (Sing)

Tellin' 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, where brothers be doin' bids
I know it sound wrong but the door will be what it is
Survival of the fittest, this poor girl the illest
Broke parents and black cats give me heebie-geebies
Life seems hard but nothin' ever comes easy
Whatever's in the dark, can always become the light
If you ain't in a battle, how you gon' win the fight?
I 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 pullin' a tooth
Told the streets don't let me go like I'm Bishop in Juice

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 past but you can never go back

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Sing

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (yeah)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (yeah)
(Gotta sing)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (yeah)

Yeah, 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