

Gospel, If I Hadn't Been Blessed

Liv-in' in the ghet-to wasn-n't much fun;
Not ma-ny trees, and no-where to run.
I nev-er knew my dad-dy,
And he nev-er knew me.

Liv-in' in a world of knives and guns,
It's hard to know when to trust some-one.
And when your mom-ma's up fly-ing high,
All you can do is pray she does-n't die.

If God had-n't stay-ed and stood by me
On-ly the dev-il would know where I'd be.

My life would be no-thing but a great big mess
If it was-n't for God and if I hadn't been bless-ed.

My life was rough, but I pull-ed through.
I lived a life, you wouldn't want for you,
I said my pray-ers, and made some plans.
I wash-ed dir-ty dish-es, and scrubb-ed some pans.

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On-ly the dev-il would know where I'd be.
My life would be no-thing, but a great big mess
If it was-n't for God and if I hadn't been bless-ed.