

Get By - Talib Kweli Lyrics

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"Get By"

Yeah.. my Lord.. yeah

We sell, crack to our own out the back of our homes

We smell the musk at the dusk in the crack of the dawn

We go through "Epidodes II," like "Attack of the Clones"

Work 'til we break our back and you hear the crack of the bone

To get by.. just to get by

Just to get by, just to get by

We commute to computers

Spirits stay mute while you eagles spread rumors

We survivalists, turned to consumers

To get by.. just to get by

Just to get by, just to get by

Ask Him why some people got to live in a trailer, cuss like a sailor

I paint a picture with the pen like Norman Mailer

Me Abuela raised three daughters all by herself, with no help

I think about a struggle and I find the strength in myself

These words, melt in my mouth
They hot, like the jail cell in the South
Before my nigga Core bailed me out
To get by.. just to get by
Just to get by, just to get by
We do or die like Bed-Stuy through the red sky
with the window of the red eye
Let the lead fly, some G. Rap shit, "Livin' to Let Die"

This morning, I woke up
Feeling brand new and I jumped up
Feeling my highs, and my lows
In my soul, and my goals
Just to stop smokin, and stop drinkin
And I've been thinkin - I've got my reasons

Just to get (by), just to get (by)

Just to get (by), just to get (by)

(ba ba ba, ba da bada, ba da bada, ba da bada, ba da badahh

Just to get (by), just to get (by)

Just to get (by by by by by by)

(ba ba ba, ba da bada, ba da bada, ba da bada, ba da badahh

Just to get (by), just to get (by)

Just to get (by by by by by by)

We keeping it gangster say "fo shizzle", "fo sheezy" and "stayin crunk"

Its easy to pull a breezy, smoke trees, and we stay drunk

Yo, our activism attackin the system, the blacks and latins in prison

Numbers of prison they victim black in the vision

Shit and all they got is rappin to listen to

I let them know we missin you, the love is unconditional

Even when the condition is critical, when the livin is miserable

Your position is pivotal, I ain't bullshittin you

Now, why would I lie? Just to get by?

Just to get by, we get fly

The TV got us reachin for stars

Not the ones between Venus and Mars, the ones that be readin for parts

Some people get breast enhancements and penis enlargers

Saturday sinners Sunday morning at the feet of the Father

They need somethin to rely on, we get high on all types of drug

When, all you really need is love

To get by.. just to get by

Just to get by, just to get by

Our parents sing like John Lennon, "Imagine all the people watch"

We rock like Paul McCartney from now until the last Beatle drop

This morning, I woke up
Feeling brand new and I jumped up
Feeling my high's, and my low's
In my soul, and my goals
Just to stop smoking, and stop drinking
And I've been thinking - I've got my reasons
Just to get (by), just to get (by)
Just to get (by), just to get (by)

Yoyoyo, yo
Some people cry, and some people try
Just to get by, for a piece of the pie
You love to eat and get high
We decieve when we lie, and we keepin it fly

Yoyoyo, yo
When, the people decide, to keep a disguise
Can't see they eyes, see the evil inside
But there's people you find
Strong or feeble in mind, I stay readin the signs

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
