

Talib Kweli f/ Busta Rhymes, Jay-Z, Kanye West, Mos Def

"Get By"

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[Mos Def] lets see, this is happenin every day y'all
(right now), right now, right now (GOOD MORNING
VIETNAM!) Listen brooklyn wins again It's the 'Stuy, its
the 'Bush, them niggas again Ta' Kweli, mighty Def,
and S Dot on the guest, got Kanye, yo the dopeman of
hip hop now lets rock And roll out niggas, my
hometown niggas Will get it good in yo' hood, so slow
down niggas Watch the speed though, mind ya pedal
and ease off Or screech off into a collision course of
these walls They don't move, don't break, don't lose
Don't sleep, life passin, life's flashin Life happens that
fast, par-da-don Black hands up in prayer, black guns
up affair Dyin wishes to touch the air seekin Heaven, it
wasnt here Eyes will not see another year, its another
day It's the same fight, different round, sound the bell
Mix it up, in victory ya live it up The beat'll get risen up,
ya knocked down And get back and get it up Get off of
queer street and get wit us And get clear where we get
it, from the heart, from the people From the top, from
the deep, from the gut, from the street From my soul,
to the mic, to the essence So in my absence you feel
the prescence, exactly I make contact wit shorter mc
Me and mind we don't justify, we get free [Jay-Z] (Mos
niccah!) Just to get by Nigga I sold coke, nigga I
pushed lah Carried a four five Claimed I was ready to
die Promised never to cry Held it all inside Reality was
too much to take so I Kept my mind fried Slept for most
of mine Soon as I closed my eyes Then I woke up
behind Nigga either I load up these nines Or blow up
with rhymes Cuz this flow of mine is like blow up wit
lines of coca' And you folks think Hov' just wrote stuff
to rhyme Nah, I'm a poster for what happened seeing
your moms Doin five dollars worth of work just to get a
dime So pardon my disposition Why should I listen to a
system that never listened to me? Picture me working
McDonald's (uh uh yea) I'd rather pull a mac on you
Sorry Ms. Jackson but I'm packing, bye [Kanye West] It's
like I got that Raven Simone piano flow It's like a
Michaelangelo painted a portrait of Maya Angelou And
gave it to a sick poet for the antidote if music get ya
choked up, this is the treat Anna wrote This the Chi'

nigga, i'm Mr. All of That Fuck a map, let's put this bitch
on an almanac Dice what they hittin fo', lacs what you
sittin on Tracks who you spittin on?, rap till we get it on
And don't let nobody with the power to sign Ever tell
you you ain't got the power to rhyme They used to tell
me toughen up, put some bass in ya voice They used to
tell me lighten up, put some Mase in ya voice Lord
willin, I ain't killed nobody But I have a feelin this album
that i'm gonna make a killin Well now its chillin, this is
love it or hate it music But...at least we made it music
And we didnt make it industry, this is gon' be interestin
This'll be the end of me, or i'm finna be a entity Kanye,
Jay-Z, Mos Def and Kweli We are not makin songs no
more, we're makin history [Hook: Talib Kweli +
background singers] This morning I woke up Feelin
brand new and I, I jumped up Feelin my highs and my
lows In my soul, and my goals Just to stop smoking and
stop drinkin But I been thinkin I got my reasons Just to
get by, just to get by Just to get (by), just to get
(everybody get your hands in the sky, it go)
[background singers]2x bah dah bah dah, bah dah bah
dah Bah dah bah dah, bah dah bah daaah [Talib Kweli]
Just to get by, just to get by (Talib Kweli) Just to get by
We keep it gangsta, stay 'fo shizzle', 'fo sheezy' To set
the tide to the violence on the TV during the war Killin
each other is easy, there's whores and liquor for fallen
niggas Believe me, it's ghetto lavacious, seen it all
befo' Just to get by, my people we get fly My people we
get high, fillin cigars with the lah Nigga come on, even
Jesus was stoned before receivin the throne I said rest
in peace to Nina Simone [Busta Rhymes] Back in the
days we was used to doin the shit I can't call it all in the
streets We was hustlin fiends that asked for it I guess I
was used to just standin on corners Waitin for paper
bags with bundles of crack Hopin the week was good
so I could get money back To get by, just to get by, just
to get by, just to get by When I was stressed I
possessed a side of my strength That made me angry
and bleed With the frustration havin me smokin
Newports and weed To get by, just to get by, just to get
by, just to get by Those be the times when I try to rely
On my niggas and street motherfuckers And reach out
to wifey and then I place a call on my mother To get by,
just to get by, just to get by, just to get by (Hey yo mom
pick up the phone, I g- I gotta to talk to you ma) If you
was five percent instead of actin stupid and guessin
You had to go and study your lessons And know your
math in the building recession to get by [Hook: Talib
Kweli + background singers] This morning I woke up
Feelin brand new and I, I jumped up Feelin my highs
and my lows In my soul, and my goals Just to stop

smoking and stop drinkin But I been thinkin I got my
reasons Just to get (get), just to get (get) Just to get
(get), just to get (get buh buh buh bye bye)
[background singers repeat in the background] bah
dah bah dah, bah dah bah dah bah dah bah dah, bah
dah bah daaah [Fade to End]

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