

Dizmas

"Get By"

Visit "[Get By](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Dizzee Rascal]

To each n every kind,
(London ghetto, Birmingham ghetto)
Every ghetto frame of mind,
(Manchester ghetto, Newton ghetto)
To each n every kind,
(Leeds ghetto, Liverpool ghetto)
Every ghetto frame of mind,
(UK ghetto, East London ghetto)
To each of every kind,
(North London ghetto, West London ghetto,)
Wiv a ghetto frame of mind,
(South London ghetto)
To each n every kind,
Its rasket, wiv a ghetto frame of mind,
Look yo

[Verse One: Dizzee Rascal]

We grew up in da ghetto, were summer times short
Straight action, you don?t stop for a thought
Most use crime as da way to pay da bills
Da unlucky ones end up gettin? caught
We grew up in da ghetto, were the goin? gets rough
Our money?s been around, but it?s neva been enough
Most aint given no choice but to hustle
Sum break down when da goin? gets tough
Deep in da mind, there?s all kinds of different people
Minorities still struggle to be equal
So many characters, for main tacks
Da good, da bad, da ugly, n da evil
Deep in da manna where da poverty?s visible
There?s not a lot sweet, so most look miserable
Most cave in to da devil, took da wrong path
Sum kept their faith, n still pray for a miracle
Sucker stars emerge from da curb
Upper comin? MCs struggle to be heard
Boy dem, dey searchin? for da next Chile bird
Fuck, talk, murda n dey live by dey word
Shotters keep da money goin? round
Kids go astray, most neva get found
I?ve noticed, there?s a ghetto in every town

N da skies are empty, bcuz da stars are on da ground

[Chorus: Vanya]

Sometimes I?m lost, look up at da sky
Sometimes I feel to cry, but somehow I still get by
Sometimes I?m lost, askin? myself why
Sometimes I feel to cry, but somehow I still get by

[Verse Two: Dizzee Rascal]

We grew up in da ghetto, saw real life pain
Real life struggle, wiv real life strain
Real life kiddies, wiv real life guns
N real life muvas loose, real life sons
Gang wars irrupting on da dark flor? Seasons,
Beef after beef, jus to be da top geezers,
Big arm slash, hit da Stratford bricks
Ghetto high brudas, gotta maintain reps
What?s dat all about, I ask my self b4 I swing
More time, I?m beefin? ova any little fing
Beef in any area, region of tha vicinity
My ghetto frame of mind, makes me prone to hostility
To mah bredrins locked up, to mah young baby muvas
Each n every crew n colour, ghetto sistas n brucas
If u know u from da slums, keep reppin? no doubt
Stay ghetto if u must, just remember to get out

[Chorus: Vanya]

Sometimes I?m lost, look up at da skies
Sometimes I feel to cry, but somehow I still get by
Sometimes I?m lost, askin? myself why
Sometimes I feel to cry, but somehow I still get by
Sometimes I?m lost, look up at da sky
Sometimes I feel to cry, look up at the sky, get by

Visit [Dizmas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.