

## Everton Blender

### "Git Up, Git Out"

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chorus:

Nigga, you need to git up, git out and git somethin  
Don't let the days of your life pass by  
You need to git up, git out and git somethin  
Don't spend all your time tryin to get high  
You need git up, git out and git somethin  
How will you make it if you never even try  
You need to git up, git out and git somethin  
Cuz you and I got to do for you and I

[Cee-Lo]

I don't recall, ever graduatin at all  
Sometimes I feel I'm just a disappointment to y'all  
Every day, I just lay around then I can't be found  
Always asked to give me some livin life like a bum  
Times is rough, my auntie got enough problems of her  
own  
Nigga, you supposed to be grown  
I agree, I try to be the man I'm 'posed to be  
But negativity is all you seem to ever see  
I admit, I've done some dumb shit  
And I'm probably gon do some mo'  
You shouldn't hold that against me though (Why not?)  
Why not? My music's all that I got  
But some time must be ingested for this to be  
manifested  
I know you know but I'm gon say this to you I...  
Get high but I don't get too high  
So what's the limit 'posed to be?  
That must be why you can't get your ass up out the bed  
before three  
You need to git up, git out, cut that bullshit out  
Ain't you sick and tired of having to do without  
And what up with all these questions?  
As act as though you know somethin I don't. Do you  
have any suggestions?  
Cuz every job I get is cruel and demeanin  
Sick of takin trash out and toilet bowl cleanin  
But I'm also sick and tired of strugglin  
I never ever thought I'd have resort to drug smugglin  
Naw, that ain't what I'm about

Cee-lo will just continue travelin this route  
Without any doubt or fear  
I know the Lord ain't brought me this far so he could  
drop me off here  
Did I make myself clear?

chorus:

[Big Boi]

Well, uh, git up, stand up. So what's said, you dickhead  
See when I was a youngsta, used to wear them fuckin  
Pro Keds  
My mama made me do it, but the devil, he made me  
smart  
Told me to jack them weak ass niggaz for they fuckin  
Starters  
In the middle school, I was a bigger fool  
I wore with tank tops to show off my tattoo, thought I  
was cool  
I used to hang out with my daddy's brothers, I call them  
my uncles  
They taught me how to smoke herb, I followed them  
when they ran numbers  
So in a sense I was Rosemary's baby  
And then, I learned the difference between a bitch and  
a lady  
Hell, I treat 'em all like hoes, see I pimped 'em  
Bitch never had my money, so I never whipped 'em  
See all the playas came and all the playas went  
A playa ain't a gangsta but a playa can handle his shit  
bitch  
You need to git up, git out, git somethin  
Smoke out, cuz it's all about money, money, money  
Yeah I said it, a nigga sportin plats and a Braves hat  
I hang with Rico Wade cuz the Dungeon is where the  
funk's at, boy  
I'm true to Organized, cuz they raised me  
I'm also down with LaFace cuz L.A. Reid, yeah, he pays  
me  
And it's cool  
Yeah, it's real cool, gettin paid fat pockets  
and all that other fat shit like that, ha-ha

chorus:

[Big Gipp]

Alot of people in my past tried to do me, screw me  
Throw me over in the fire, let me get chunky and  
charred  
Like a piece of wood and dem spirits got the mutant's  
mind

I'm gettin paranoid and steady lookin for the time  
It's eight in the mornin and ain't nobody up yet  
I got my long johns, get my coat and throw on my ball  
cap  
I'm headed out the door, to get off in my ride  
I'm diggin through the ash tray, hopin to have a good  
day  
I had Jamaica's best and when I light it up, I hear a  
voice in my head  
(You got to git up, git out and git somethin)  
Now I know it's on, my day is finally started  
Back up in my crib, eat my shit, break out quick, in my  
slick  
'84 Se-dan DeVille, steady bouncin,  
out the Pointe to Cambelton Road  
The valley of the Southside flow  
Everybody know about that killa that we call blow, so  
Keep your eyes peeled for the 'cover unit  
Cause they known for jumpin out of black Chevy trucks  
and through the fog  
Here come the Red Dogs, I'm bustin out around the  
corner in my hog  
Dippin from the area, I'm scared  
So one of these bitches might wind up dead  
Cuz I have no time for bail. Fuck Clampett cops. Fuck  
Elgin Bail  
And crooked ass Jackson, got the whole country  
Thinkin that my city is the big lick for 96  
94, Big Gipp, Goodie Mo, Outkast, a vision from the  
past  
Hootie Hoo...my white owls are burnin kinda slow

chorus:

[Dre]

Y'all tellin me that I need to get out and vote, huh. Why?  
Ain't nobody black runnin but crackers, so, why I got to  
register?  
I thinkin of better shit to do with my time  
Never smelled aroma of diploma, but I write the deep  
ass rhymes  
So let me take ya way, back to when a nigga stayed in  
Southwest Atlanta,  
Y'all could not tell me nuthin, thought I hit that bottom  
rock  
At age 13, start workin at the loadin dock  
They layin my mama off of work, General Motors  
trippin  
But I come home Bank like Hank, from lickin and dippin  
Doin dumb shit, not knowin what a nigga know now  
Yeah, that petty shit will have you cased up and locked

down  
I dips, over to East Point, still actin a fool  
Wastin my time in the school, I'd rather be shootin pool  
Cool is how I played the tenth grade  
I thought it was all about mackin hoes and wearin pimp  
fade  
Instead of bein in class, I'd rather be up in some ass  
Not, thinkin about them six courses that I need to pass  
Graduation rolled around like roolly-pollies  
Damn, that's fucked up. I shoulda listened when my  
mama told me  
That, if you play now, you gonna suffer later  
Figured she was talkin yin-yang, so I payed her no  
attention  
And kept missin the point she tried to poke me with  
The dooper that I get, the more I'm feelin broke and shit  
Huh, but that don't matter though, I am an O-UT-KAST  
So get up off your ass

chorus:  
You need to...(4X)

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