

Jurassic 5 "Get It Together"

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One, two, three

Yeah, I'm tryin' to get it right, live my life right

(Uh, huh)

I want the things that come with the fast life

But I don't wanna lose my soul, right, pay with my life

I just wanna rock ice with my fresh Nike's

(Yeah)

'Cause the girls at the school think I dress nice

(Yeah)

The real thug niggaz, cool with a nigga, right

(That's right)

'Til one day after school, walkin' home, right

(Uh, huh)

Them same thug niggaz, ran up on a brother, right

With three more I never met in my life

(Damn)

Axed me, where I'm from, banged on me, right

(Where you from?)

The brothers that I knew was up outta sight

Man they made me get it together, now I ack right

(Let's get it together)

Trials and tribulations both got you accosted

Understand I'm not the one, go tap some other

resources

The road that you travel gon' be paved in some gravel

So before you try on jock me understand the shit is

rocky

I don't mean a boxer, Illy or Oscar

I'm tryin' to spit some game, so your ass can prosper

Pay a little dues, do a couple a shows

Put a mix-tape out, man let's see how it goes

My only good advise is to cut your own slice

I mean, the world ain't gon' bite just 'cause you think
you nice

How can I be diplomatic when this ain't automatic?

I'm gonna tell you right, this a roll of the dice

(Let's get it together)

Hey, being silent's the first sign
If not being able to follow my first line
I dirt-grind on my first, it works fine
I'm alert but I been caught of guard at the worst time

Yeah, I get apparent applause
But do these people know my character flaws?
I get embarrassed and pause, meticulous but never
careless because
I might be the one standin' on your terrace that falls

And you can laugh, but it's therapeutic
To talk about my faults of a
[Incomprehensible]acoustic [Incomprehensible]dove
shit
We ain't perfect to fight, just ain't worth it
Despite a stained surface, we gotta retain purpose
(Let's get it together)

I was a pick-a-the-litter when I was a little nigga
My pops would turn preacher once my voice got deeper
than his
For all the times a nigga would vent
I had to listen, he was payin' the rent and what he's
sayin', he meant

I'll admit, I was trippin' a bit
I was hangin' with different chicks and we be wildin'
and shit
But I had to get a grip before the time ran out
Or pop starts to trip, start puttin' me out

But now I kinda see what he was talkin' about
You can't live in somebody house and start airin' it out
You got to be your own man and handle your biz
And later on you can tell 'em what time it is
(Let's get it together)

For you and me , let's get it together
For you and me , [Incomprehensible] together
For you and me , let's get it together
For you and me, oh, for you and me
You and me, oh, for you and me

[Incomprehensible]

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