

Kanye West

"Get By"

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(featuring Busta Rhymes, Jay-Z, Mos Def & Talib Kweli)

[Mos Def]

History

Shoutin' it every day y'all (right now)

Everyday (right now)

Right now (good mornin', Vietnam!)

Listen

Brooklyn wins again

It's the Stuy, it's the Bush, dem niggaz again

Ta' Kweli, Mighty Def, and that's 'sta on the guest lock

Kanye, you're the dope man in hip hop, now let's rock

Now roll out niggaz, my hometown niggaz

I get it good in your hood so slow down niggaz

Watch the speed though, man, you better let ease off

A street talk into a collision course with these walls -

bam!

They don't move, don't pray, don't lose, don't sleep

Light passin', light fashion, light pappers that pass part

a gun

Black hands up ??

Black guns up ??

Dyin' wish is to touch the air

Seekin' heaven that wasn't here

Eyes will not see another year

It's another day

It's the same fight

Dip around, sound the bell

Mix it up and ?? where you live it up the beat

And get risen up you're knocked down get it back and

get it up

Get off of queer street and get with us

And get clear where we did it

From the heart, from the people

From the top, from the jeep

From the gut, from the street

From my soul to the mic to the essence

Say in my absence you feel the presence, exactly

I make contact with shorter emcee

Me and mine we don't just get by

We get free and that's ready [Mos -- nigga]

[Jay-Z]

Just to get by
Nigga I sold coke, nigga I pushed lah
Carried a fo'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 fry
Slimmed 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
Cause this flow of mine is like blow up but lines of coca
And your folks think Hov' just wrote stuff to rhyme
Nah, I'm a poster for what happened seein your moms
Doin five dollars worth to 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
I'd rather pull a mac on you
Sorry Ms. Jackson but I'm packin

[Kanye West]

It's on I'm packin weight like nina simone
Piano flow
It's like a Michaelangelo paintin' a portrait of Maya
Angelou
And gave it to a sick poet for they antidote
If music get's you choked up this is the treat anaerobe
This is shy nigga I mista all of that
Fuck a mattress, put this bitch on the almanac
Dice what they hittin' for, 'lax 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 your voice
They used to tell me lighten up
Put some mase in your voice
Lord willin' I ain't kill nobody
But I have a feelin' this album
That I'm gonna make a killin'
Well now that's chillin'
This is love it or hate it music
But, at least we made it music
And we didn't make it industry
This is gon' be interesting
This'll be the end of me or I'm ??? on be an entity

Kanye, Jay-Z, Mos Def, and Kweli
We are not makin' songs no more
We're makin' history

[background singers]
This morning I woke up
Feelin brand new, 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 (by)

[background singers repeat in the background]
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
Just to get by, just to get by

[background singers]
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
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 war and liquor for
fallen niggaz Believe
Me, it's ghetto love, I bet you 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 to 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 niggaz 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, 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 (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

[Talib Kweli]

Some people try
Some people try just to get by
For my piece of the pie
You love to eat and be high
We deceive and we lie
And we keepin' it fly - yo yo yo yo yo
People ???
Keeper of the skies
Can't see your eyes
See the evil inside
The best people you find
Stronger people in mind
I stay readin' the signs
Yo-yo-yo-yo yo
[repeat]

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