

Roots "How I Got Over"

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Uh, uh...uh, uh-huh

[Chorus 1: Dice Raw]

Out on the streets, where I grew up
First thing they teach us, not to give a fuck
That type of thinking can't get you nowhere
Sooooome-onnnne haaaas tooooo care

[Black Thought - singing]

How I got over... where the people come apart
Don't nobody care about cha, only thing you got is God
Out here in these streets.. if you get down on your luck
You can stand out, with a hand out
But nobody give a fuck
Out here in these streets, every man is for himself
They ain't helpin noone else, it's
a hazard to your health
Livin life in these cold streets
Hey, WHO'S worryin 'bout cha, babe?
When you whylin out, runnin 'round in these streets

[Chorus 2: Dice Raw (Black Thought)]

Out on the streets, where I grew up (How I got over...)
First thing they teach us, not to give a fuck (How I got o-
)
That type of thinking can't get you nowhere (How I got over...)
Sooooome-onnnne haaaas tooooo care

[Black Thought - rapping]

Yo..
When you on the corners, there's too much drama
Livin with the police right behind ya
It's always more than a slight reminder
We livin in a war zone like Rwanda
Before I go back to the Heavenly Father
Pray for me if it ain't too much
bother

Whatever don't break me a-make me stronger
I feel like I can't take too much longer

It's too much lyin, and too much fightin
I'm all cried out 'cause I grew up cryin
They all got a sales pitch I ain't buyin
They tryin to convince me that I ain't tryin
We uninspired, we unadmired
And tired and sick of being sick and tired
of livin in the hood where the shots are fired
We dyin to live, so to live, we dyin
You just like I am

[Chorus 3: Dice Raw (Black Thought)]
Out on the streets, where I grew up (How I got over...)
First thing they teach us, not to give a fuck (How I got o-
)
That type of thinking can't get
you nowhere (Somebody, somewhere..)
Sooooome-onnnne haaaas tooooo care

[Black Thought - singing]
Somebody's gotta care..
And I swear it isn't fair
In suspended animation, we ain't tryin to go nowhere
Out here in these streets.. We're so young and all alone
We ain't even old enough, to realize we're on our own
Livin life in these hard streets
Where it's like they lost they mind
Is there anyway to find?
Are we runnin out of time out here?
Listen...
Hey, WHO'S worryin 'bout cha, babe?
When you whylin out, runnin 'round in these streets

[Chorus 3 + 1 x2]

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