

The Roots

"How I Got Over It"

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Chorus:

(Black Thought: uh, ha-huh. uh, ha-huh) Out on the streets (Yeah)
Where I grew up (ah-hah)
First thing they teach us: (uh)
Not to give a fuck (Yeah, C'mon baby)
That type of thinking can't get you nowhere (Oh ??)
Someone has to care.

Verse 2:

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 up
With a hand down
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) Whose worryin' 'bout cha babe
When you wiln' (?) out?
Runnin' around in these streets.

[How I Got Over It Lyrics On]

Chorus:

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 over)
That type of thinking can't get you nowhere (How I got over)
Someone has to care. (Ya)

Verse 2:

When you on the corners too much drama
Livin' with the police right behind ja'
It's always more than a slight reminda
We livin' in a war zone like Rwanda.
Before I go back to the heavenly fatha
Pray for me if it ain't too much botha.
Whatever don't break me or make me stronga
I feel like I can't take too much longa.
It's too much lyin'
And too much fryin'
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.
A living in the hood where the shots are fired
We dyin' to live, so to live we dyin'.
You just like I am.

Chorus:

Out on the streets (Uh)
Where I grew up (How I got over)
First thing they teach us:
Not to give a fuck. (How I got over)
That type of thinking can't get you nowhere (Ya,
somebody, somewhere)
Someone has to care. (Somebody's gotta care)

Verse 3:

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 their mind
Is there anyway to find?
are we runnin' out of time
out here?
Listen, hey
Who's worryin' about cha babe
When you wiln' (?) out?
Runnin' 'round in these streets.

Chorus: x3

Out on the streets (Uh)
Where I grew up (How I got over)
First thing they teach us:
Not to give a fuck. (How I got over)

That type of thinking can't get you nowhere (Ya,
somebody, somewhere)
Someone has to...

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
Someone has to care.

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