

## Evita - Soundtrack

### "Get Right"

Visit "[Get Right](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[ Levitti ]

Get right

Get right

Get right

[ VERSE 1 ]

I can't lie, I like to get high and figure-8 when I drive

Blow doja rope in the sky for all my cuddies that died

We can't do nothin but strive during the struggle

You want a silver spoon in your mouth, you gotta hustle

As I take another hit of the spliff that soldiers passin

The only chance I get to feel peace, I gotta have some

So see, I spark the holla a lot, it keeps me goin

Baby boy 3 steps ahead of his death, and mama

knowin

So she's sayin, "Baby, change your ways"

But I was raised in the days of Uzis and A.K.'s

Where killers play their deadly game called the pistol-

tag

Just let me live, I ask

But if you're caught in a cross, then I'ma off your ass

Young nigga that's tryin to have the better things in life

He went from crookin and rookin to jookin overnight

Some try to say he ain't right, but who's to say that he's

wrong

That's why you're starvin, and the name of this song

Is get some Get Right

[ CHORUS: Levitti ]

You, you need to get some get right

Cause fools, they choose to front their whole life

You need to get some get right

Cause fools, they choose to front their whole life

[ VERSE 2 ]

I tried to tell my young partner to take a look at his life

But he don't like how it's lookin, because his money

ain't right

And gettin high as a kite is his way to escape the ghetto

heat

In them streets where it ain't no peace

He's stayin fast on his feet, cause the rollers be chainin  
And if they have you with that d, it ain't no use in  
explainin  
Cause they gon' slam you on your face, haul you off  
with a case  
And in the belly of the beast you're straight tucked  
away  
But he don't hear me though, he rather sling the dope  
And to that day illegal business got my folks smoked  
It got me feelin like it ain't no hope for black males  
If you're out there in the life it's either jail or it's hell  
See, jail is what they send us to  
And hell is what we're livin through  
So get some get right is what you better do

[ Levitti ] Better do

[ Mac Mall ] Better do (3x)

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

Now back in 1983 we played as kids in the street  
Never thought in '96 I'd roll my strip totin heat  
And player, funkin with the feds was never fun to me  
But man, the rollers try to take the hood from under me  
Haters come with jealousy, but they ain't fadin me none  
Too busy mackin bout my mail and tryin to make 21  
Some of my cuddies didn't live to see the big twump-  
ace  
And I be damned if I got out like a statistic today  
So I'ma get some get right, get my game tight  
Hustlin on the mic, now my name's in lights  
Me and my cuddies was broke, but not no mo', mayn  
They down with Cessed Out, so there's no more  
cocaine  
Tryin to show my folks there's way mo'  
To life than just bangin and hittin licks and sellin dope  
Playboy, it's almost 2000, peep the game's gettin  
colder  
And if somebody asks ya, tell em Mac Mall told ya

[ CHORUS ]

Visit [Evita - Soundtrack](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.