Kevin Sharp F/ Neal McCoy
"Git Up, Git Out"

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chorus:
Nigga, you need to git up, git out and git somethin
Don't let the days of your life pass by
You need to git up, git out and git somethin
Don't spend all your time tryin to get high
You need git up, git out and git somethin
How will you make it if you never even try
You need to git up, git out and git somethin
Cuz you and I got to do for you and I

[Cee-Lo]
I don't recall, ever graduatin at all
Sometimes I feel I'm just a disappointment to y'all
Every day, I just lay around then I can't be found
Always asked to give me some livin life like a bum
Times is rough, my auntie got enough problems of her
own
Nigga, you supposed to be grown
I agree, I try to be the man I'm 'posed to be
But negativity is all you seem to ever see
I admit, I've done some dumb shit
And I'm probably gon do some mo'
You shouldn't hold that against me though (Why not?)
Why not? My music's all that I got
But some time must be ingested for this to be
manifested
I know you know but I'm gon say this to you I...
Get high but I don't get too high
So what's the limit 'posed to be?
That must be why you can't get your ass up out the bed
before three
You need to git up, git out, cut that bullshit out
Ain't you sick and tired of having to do without
And what up with all these questions?
As act as though you know somethin I don't. Do you
have any suggestions?
Cuz every job I get is cruel and demeanin
Sick of takin trash out and toilet bowl cleanin
But I'm also sick and tired of strugglin
I never ever thought I'd have resort to drug smugglin
Naw, that ain't what I'm about

Cee-lo will just continue travelin this route
Without any doubt or fear
I know the Lord ain't brought me this far so he could
drop me off here
Did I make myself clear?

chorus:

[Big Boi]
Well, uh, git up, stand up. So what's said, you dickhead
See when I was a youngsta, used to wear them fuckin
Pro Keds
My mama made me do it, but the devil, he made me
smart
Told me to jack them weak ass niggaz for they fuckin
Starters
In the middle school, I was a bigger fool
I wore with tank tops to show off my tattoo, thought I
was cool
I used to hang out with my daddy's brothers, I call them
my uncles
They taught me how to smoke herb, I followed them
when they ran numbers
So in a sense I was Rosemary's baby
And then, I learned the difference between a bitch and
a lady
Hell, I treat 'em all like hoes, see I pimped 'em
Bitch never had my money, so I never whipped 'em
See all the playas came and all the playas went
A playa ain't a gangsta but a playa can handle his shit
bitch
You need to git up, git out, git somethin
Smoke out, cuz it's all about money, money, money
Yeah I said it, a nigga sportin plats and a Braves hat
I hang with Rico Wade cuz the Dungeon is where the
funk's at, boy
I'm true to Organized, cuz they raised me
I'm also down with LaFace cuz L.A. Reid, yeah, he pays
me
And it's cool
Yeah, it's real cool, gettin paid fat pockets
and all that other fat shit like that, ha-ha

chorus:

[Big Gipp]
Alot of people in my past tried to do me, screw me
Throw me over in the fire, let me get chunky and
charred
Like a piece of wood and dem spirits got the mutant's
mind

I'm gettin paranoid and steady lookin for the time
It's eight in the mornin and ain't nobody up yet
I got my long johns, get my coat and throw on my ball cap
I'm headed out the door, to get off in my ride
I'm diggin through the ash tray, hopin to have a good day
I had Jamaica's best and when I light it up, I hear a voice in my head
(You got to git up, git out and git somethin)
Now I know it's on, my day is finally started
Back up in my crib, eat my shit, break out quick, in my slick
'84 Se-dan DeVille, steady bouncin,
out the Pointe to Cambelton Road
The valley of the Southside flow
Everybody know about that killa that we call blow, so
Keep your eyes peeled for the 'cover unit
Cause they known for jumpin out of black Chevy trucks and through the fog
Here come the Red Dogs, I'm bustin out around the corner in my hog
Dippin from the area, I'm scared
So one of these bitches might wind up dead
Cuz I have no time for bail. Fuck Clampett cops. Fuck Elgin Bail
And crooked ass Jackson, got the whole country
Thinkin that my city is the big lick for 96
94, Big Gipp, Goodie Mo, Outkast, a vision from the past
Hootie Hoo...my white owls are burnin kinda slow

chorus:

[Dre]
Y'all tellin me that I need to get out and vote, huh. Why?
Ain't nobody black runnin but crackers, so, why I got to register?
I thinkin of better shit to do with my time
Never smelled aroma of diploma, but I write the deep ass rhymes
So let me take ya way, back to when a nigga stayed in Southwest Atlanta,
Y'all could not tell me nuthin, thought I hit that bottom rock
At age 13, start workin at the loadin dock
They layin my mama off of work, General Motors trippin
But I come home Bank like Hank, from lickin and dippin
Doin dumb shit, not knowin what a nigga know now
Yeah, that petty shit will have you cased up and locked

down
I dips, over to East Point, still actin a fool
Wastin my time in the school, I'd rather be shootin pool
Cool is how I played the tenth grade
I thought it was all about mackin hoes and wearin pimp
fade
Instead of bein in class, I'd rather be up in some ass
Not, thinkin about them six courses that I need to pass
Graduation rolled around like rolly-pollies
Damn, that's fucked up. I shoulda listened when my
mama told me
That, if you play now, you gonna suffer later
Figured she was talkin yin-yang, so I payed her no
attention
And kept missin the point she tried to poke me with
The doper that I get, the more I'm feelin broke and shit
Huh, but that don't matter though, I am an O-UT-KAST
So get up off your ass

chorus:
You need to...(4X)