

# Get By

Chris Webby

Yeah, I'm just tryna' to get by man, you know  
Uh, uh, uh, uh, yeah

Grind every minute of my day tryna get by  
And if I don't reach the fortune and the fame I can always get high  
Rollin' up the la, la la la, la, la la la, la  
La, la, la, la la la  
Stay rollin' up the la, la la la, la, la la la, la  
Get high

Hello, my name's Christian, steady flame spittin'  
Treble, bass, and drum takes out the same system  
Liu Kang kickin', Sugar Shane hittin'  
Mary Jane twistin', that's my main mission  
David Blaine magician, vanish into thin air  
If they got a beat to spit on, I be in there  
Cause I rock skills, and I pop pills  
Til I act a jackass, Johnny Knoxville  
Burn 'til my eyes the color of a cardinal  
I go all in, never partial  
I'm a pure-bread, they're just part-ill  
They make a track, we forget em' like Sarah Marshall  
24/7 never will the grindin' stop  
Explore the internet, light up the FireFox  
This isn't AOL, but I'm livin' A-OK  
Philosophize, think the Socrates and Plato way  
Never fade away, this the raw shit  
Blueprint, Stan Lee couldn't draw this  
Flow a perfect 10, head-to-toe flawless  
Give 'em a colostomy bag if they try to talk shit  
This is Saw Six, there will be no survivors  
I drop the dopest fire, they just a broken lighter  
I flick my Bic to the tip of the spliff  
Sizzlin' piff, how I spit, try to riddle me this  
Bitch

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Rockin' a new shirt, find your chick and do work  
Hoppin' on every step to the top like livin' like Hubert  
I don't do the jerk, or the rock away  
But I got a lot to say in my mind locked away  
Since my baptism of rap rhythms and had cats  
Back flippin' to tracks, spittin' and ad libbin'  
While we livin' let's enjoy it  
On this planet earth before we destroy it  
Cause now it seems we can't avoid it  
They talk about 2012, I'm like "oh well"  
But between now and then, Webby's got records to sell  
I've been at this rap shit too long, too much practice  
Hit a lot of road blocks, always moved past it  
So twist a j, light up a dub sack

Yeah we love that, THC and blunt wraps  
Bust raps spittin' dirty as a mud flap  
Since I was nothin' but a rug rat  
This is the life I've chosen, or has it chosen me?  
But I'm just tryna be the man that I should hope to be  
Another dope MC, out in the open sea  
Hopin' that the sharks ain't approachin' me  
Totally mind in tact, and I don't do it for the money stacks  
Just a head nod and some firm dabs  
Runnin' laps tryna stay on track  
Just tryna get by, what's the matter with that, Jack?

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