

## Get By

Dizzee Rascal

To each and every kind,  
(London ghetto, Birmingham ghetto)  
Every ghetto frame of mind,  
(Manchester ghetto, Newton ghetto)  
To each and every kind,  
(Leeds ghetto, Liverpool ghetto)  
Every ghetto frame of mind,  
(UK ghetto, East London ghetto)  
To each of every kind,  
(North London ghetto, West London ghetto,)  
We've a ghetto frame of mind,  
(South London ghetto)  
To each and every kind,  
It's rasket, we've a ghetto frame of mind,  
Look you

We grew up in the ghetto, we're summer times short  
Straight action, you don't stop for a thought  
Most use crime as the way to pay the bills  
The unlucky ones end up gettin' caught  
We grew up in the ghetto, we're the goin' gets rough  
Our money's been around, but it's never been enough  
Most ain't given no choice but to hustle  
Sum break down when the goin' gets tough  
Deep in the mind, there's all kinds of different people  
Minorities still struggle to be equal  
So many characters, for main tacks  
The good, the bad, the ugly, and the evil  
Deep in the manner where the poverty's visible  
There's not a lot sweet, so most look miserable  
Most cave in to the devil, took the wrong path  
Some kept their faith and still pray for a miracle  
Sucker stars emerge from the curb  
Upper comin' MCs struggle to be heard  
Boy them, they searchin' for the next Chile bird  
Fuck, talk, murder and they live by they word  
Shotters keep the money goin' round  
Kids go astray, most never get found  
I've noticed, there's a ghetto in every town  
and the skies are empty because the stars are on the ground

Sometimes I'm lost, look up at the sky  
Sometimes I feel to cry, but somehow I still get by  
Sometimes I'm lost, askin' myself why  
Sometimes I feel to cry, but somehow I still get by

We grew up in the ghetto, saw real life pain  
Real life struggle, we've real life strain  
Real life kiddies, we've real life guns  
and real life muvas loose, real life sons  
Gang wars irrupting on the dark floré Seasons,  
Beef after beef, just to be the top geezers,  
Big arm slash, hit the Stratford bricks  
Ghetto high brudas, gotta maintain reps  
What's that all about, I ask my self before I swing  
More time, I'm beefin' over any little fing  
Beef in any area, region of the vicinity

My ghetto frame of mind, makes me prone to hostility  
To my bredrins locked up, to my young baby muvas  
Each and every crew and colour, ghetto sisters and brothers  
If you know you from the slums, keep reppin' no doubt  
Stay ghetto if you must, just remember to get out

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Sometimes I feel to cry, but somehow I still get by  
Sometimes I'm lost, askin' myself why  
Sometimes I feel to cry, but somehow I still get by  
Sometimes I'm lost, look up at the sky  
Sometimes I feel to cry, look up at the sky, get by