

# Get Over

Lil' Wayne

Yea, real rap, real rap fo ya  
Lighters up, lets get 'em

Thooouugh, though I'm missin you (straight to the head man)  
I'll find a way to get through  
I know livin without ya is impossible (yea)  
Goonnee...I know you gon live on (cry momma, ya momma)  
Cuz you were my brotha and I love ya, and I miss ya

Stay strong, be tough, that's what the preacher tell ya  
He never really felt ya, so he can't even help ya  
Need a shoulder to lean on, somebody to cry to  
It's like everything's gone, but I'm a survivor  
Standin on stage in front of thousands  
Don't amount to me not havin my father  
That's real talk, I know a lot of y'all got 'em  
But you need 'em way more when you gotta go without 'em  
And I'm without 'em, but that's life y'all  
Sometimes you gotta learn to swim with no lifeguard  
I'm alright God, shit I'm still breathin  
But lose hurt like bullets, I'm about to start bleedin  
Throw me down some comfort, cause my heart need it  
Tryin to cope wit my chances and meet 'em  
There's a dark road ahead, but I'm tryin to take it easy  
Rest in peace Lil Beezy, my nigga

Thooouugh, though I'm missin you  
I'll find a way to get through  
I know livin without ya is impossible  
Goonnee...I know you gon live on  
Cuz you were my brotha and I love ya, and I miss ya  
(I miss my dawg I can't believe that it's over  
but I'm a soldier, so I gotta over, can't stay sober, I'm just tryin to get over)  
(2x)

Smoke cush all day and pop painkillers  
Fuck who don't understand it, this what the game did us  
This what the streets showed us  
This how the block made us, the same block where they layed 'em  
I pray every time I cross the spot on the pavement, save me  
Lord will I be next for the taking? Take me  
I know I'm livin like I know when I'm comin  
But I'm just livin cause I know that it's comin  
And the end is comin, but I ain't runnin  
I and hidin and duckin, I'm in the middle of a war, I'm alive and love it  
I'm just speakin from the heart of the diein public  
We still beatin, we gon rise above it  
Though it seem like they cheatin and we loosin  
We survive if nothin, they could never take the stride from strugglin  
I gotta ride  
And sometimes that ride get bloody  
But I just think about my buddy and go after that money, but uhh..

Ohhh, we gotta get over, we gotta get over, gotta get over  
it's almost over, and we gon be alright  
(I gotta get over, I gotta get over, cause bitch I'm a soldier)

Straight Patrone out the bottle to the head now  
We gettin read now, bitch my nigga dead now  
And all the things I never said, I gotta say it now  
I shoulda said it then, now I gotta talk to clouds  
Now I gotta walk around, brim down  
Just tryin to find my way to the next day, escape  
Ya birthday could be ya death date  
So I'm livin like it was just yesterday, let's pray  
Ten fingers together, can't bring 'em together  
It's murda murda, I don't think it get better  
So be a competitor or get out the weather  
Me? I got a umbrella and a berretta  
I'm just tryin to make sure my daughter future progressin  
And behind that, I'm shootin excessive, trust me  
The beautiful dead, we livin wit the ugly  
I just tell my pops wait for me, I'm comin

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They ask me why I wear shades at night...cause I don't wanna see nothin!  
Yea..  
Like I said, life ain't nuttin but a long extended road, keep drivin  
I done passed up plenty people up on the side of road, no help, keep goin  
Yea...Lost a lot of passengers on the ride, kept goin...yep...  
who knows when I'll run outta gas. Yea..