

# Get By

Talib Kweli

Yeah.. my Lord.. yeah

We sell, crack to our own out the back of our homes  
We smell the musk at the dusk in the crack of the dawn  
We go through "Epidodes II," like "Attack of the Clones"  
Work 'til we break our back and you hear the crack of the bone  
To get by.. just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
We commute to computers  
Spirits stay mute while you eagles spread rumors  
We survivalists, turned to consumers  
To get by.. just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
Ask Him why some people got to live in a trailer, cuss like a sailor  
I paint a picture with the pen like Norman Mailer  
Me Abuela raised three daughters all by herself, with no help  
I think about a struggle and I find the strength in myself  
These words, melt in my mouth  
They hot, like the jail cell in the South  
Before my nigga Core bailed me out  
To get by.. just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
We do or die like Bed-Stuy through the red sky  
with the window of the red eye  
Let the lead fly, some G. Rap shit, "Livin' to Let Die"

This morning, I woke up  
Feeling brand new and I jumped up  
Feeling my highs, and my lows  
In my soul, and my goals  
Just to stop smokin, and stop drinkin  
And I've been thinkin - I've got my reasons  
Just to get (by), just to get (by)  
Just to get (by), just to get (by)

(ba ba ba, ba da bada, ba da bada, ba da bada, ba da badahh  
Just to get (by), just to get (by)  
Just to get (by by by by by by)  
(ba ba ba, ba da bada, ba da bada, ba da bada, ba da badahh  
Just to get (by), just to get (by)  
Just to get (by by by by by by)

We keeping it gangster say "fo shizzle", "fo sheezy" and "stayin crunk"  
Its easy to pull a breezy, smoke trees, and we stay drunk  
Yo, our activism attackin the system, the blacks and latins in prison  
Numbers of prison they victim black in the vision  
Shit and all they got is rappin to listen to  
I let them know we missin you, the love is unconditional  
Even when the condition is critical, when the livin is miserable  
Your position is pivotal, I ain't bullshittin you  
Now, why would I lie? Just to get by?  
Just to get by, we get fly  
The TV got us reachin for stars  
Not the ones between Venus and Mars, the ones that be readin for parts  
Some people get breast enhancements and penis enlargers  
Saturday sinners Sunday morning at the feet of the Father  
They need somethin to rely on, we get high on all types of drug

When, all you really need is love  
To get by.. just to get by  
Just to get by, just to get by  
Our parents sing like John Lennon, "Imagine all the people watch"  
We rock like Paul McCartney from now until the last Beatle drop

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Yoyoyo, yo  
Some people cry, and some people try  
Just to get by, for a piece of the pie  
You love to eat and get high  
We decieve when we lie, and we keepin it fly

Yoyoyo, yo  
When, the people decide, to keep a disguise  
Can't see they eyes, see the evil inside  
But there's people you find  
Strong or feeble in mind, I stay readin the signs