

Busta Rhymes, Get By (Remix)

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah, Kweli

Ye-ye-ye-ye-ye yeah get back

Classic Brooklyn, let's go

We sell crack to our own, nigga I'm back in the zone
My passionate poems got the feds tappin my phones
It's like Timothy McVeigh, they say I'm actin alone
I got a whole team that'll put a gat to your dome
To get by, just to get by, just to get by, just to get by
Yo this remix is hot, we only dealin with the live hip hop
Yo get by, get back nigga (Roc)

[Jay-Z]

Just to get by

Nigga I sold coke, nigga I pushed lah

Carried a fo'five

Claimed I was ready to die

Promised never to cry

Held it all inside

Reality was too much to take so I

Kept my mind fly

Slimmed for most of mine

Soon as I closed my eyes

Then I woke up behind

Nigga either I throw it up, these nines

Or blow up with rhymes

The best flow of mines is like blow up on lines of coke up

And your folks think Hov' just wrote stuff to rhyme

Nah, I'ma poster for what happened seein your moms

Doin five dollars worth to work just to get a dime

So pardon my disposition

Why should I listen to a system that never listened to me?

Picture me working McDonald's (uh uh)

I'd rather pull a mac on you

Sorry Ms. Jackson but I'm packin

[Hook: Talib Kweli + background singers]

This morning I woke up

Feelin brand new and I, I jumped up

Feelin my highs and my lows

In my soul, and my goals

Just to stop smoking and stop drinkin

But I been thinkin I got my reasons

Just to get by, just to get by

Just to get (by), just to get

(everybody get your hands in the sky, it go)

[background singers]

bah dah bah dah, bah dah bah dah

Bah dah bah dah, bah dah bah daaah

[Talib Kweli]

Just to get by, just to get by

Just to get by

(...hands in the sky, it go)

[background singers]

bah dah bah dah, bah dah bah dah

bah dah bah dah, bah dah bah daaah

[Talib Kweli]

Just to get by, just to get by

(Talib Kweli) Just to get by

We keep it gangsta, stay 'fo shizzle', 'fo sheezy'
To set the tide to the violence on the TV during the war
Killin each other is easy, there's war and liquor for fallen niggas Believe
me, it's ghetto love, I bet you seen it all befo'
Just to get by, my people we get fly
My people we get high, fillin cigars with the lah
Nigga come on, even Jesus was stoned before receivin the throne
I said to rest in peace and leave us alone

[Busta Rhymes]

Back in the days we was used to doin the shit
I can't call it all in the streets
We was hustlin fiends that asked for it
I guess I was used to just standin on corners
Waitin for paper bags with bundles of crack
Hopin the week was good so I could get money back
To get by, just to get by, just to get by, just to get by
When I was stressed I possessed a side of my strength
That made me angry and bleed
With the frustration havin me smokin Newports and weed
To get by, just to get by, just to get by, just to get by
Those be the times when I try to rely
On my niggas and street motherfuckers
And reach out to wifey and then I place a call on my mother
To get by, just to get by, just to get by, just to get by
(Hey yo mom pick up the phone, I g- I gotta to talk to you ma)
If you was five percent instead of actin stupid and guessin
You had to go and study your lessons
And know your math in the building recession to get by

[Hook: Talib Kweli + background singers]

This morning I woke up
Feelin brand new and I, I jumped up
Feelin my highs and my lows
In my soul, and my goals
Just to stop smoking and stop drinkin
But I been thinkin I got my reasons
Just to get (get), just to get (get)
Just to get (get), just to get (get buh buh buh bye bye)

[background singers repeat in the background]

bah dah bah dah, bah dah bah dah
bah dah bah dah, bah dah bah daaah

[Talib Kweli]

Some people try to be fly
They fake and they lie
They snakes'll see the hate in their eyes
Look at the sky to survive
People try to get by
Fightin force, slice of the pie
Tryin to eat and be high
How you know you really alive if you don't reach for the sky?
Your eyes keep on the prize
What you seek and you'll find
Who's the realest niggas? that we let people decide
Who keepin it live?
Brooklyn got the key to the ride, c'mon
Some people try to be fly
They fake and they lie
They snakes'll see the hate in their eyes
Look at the sky to survive
People try to get by
Fightin force, slice of the pie

Tryin to eat and be high
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