

Dizzee Rascal, Get By

We grew up in the ghetto where summertimes short
straight action, you dont stop for a fool
most use crime as a way to pay the bills
the un-lucky ones end up gettin caught
we grew up in the ghetto where the growing gets rough
moneys been around but its never been enough
most aint givin no choice but to hussle
some break down when the going gets tough
deep in the manners all kinds of different people
mines over east still struggle to be equal
so many characters, 4 main types
the good, the bad, the ugly, and the evil
deep in the manner where the povertys visable
theres not alot sweet so most look misarable
most cave in to the devil, took the wrong puff
son kick the face but still pray for a miracle
soccasars emerge from the curb
up n coming mcs struggle to be heard
boy.... the next jailbird ??
*censored*s talk murder and they live by there word
shotters keep the money going round
kids goin stray most never get found
iv noticed there a ghetto in every town
the skies are empty because the stars are on the ground
(chorus)
we grew up in the ghetto saw real life pain
real life struggle with real life strain
real life kiddies with real life guns
and real life mothers lose real life sons
gang wars are ruftin on the darf flur on the seeser ??
beef after beef just to be the top geezer
big arms gas, the stratford recs
ghetto high murders gotta maintain reps
whats it all about i ask myself before i swing
more time im beefin over any little thing
beefin any area,region or vincity
my ghetto frame of mind makes me prone to hostility
to my bredrons locked up, to my young baby mothers
each and every creed and colour, ghetto sisters and brothers
if you know your from the slums keep reppin no doubt
stay ghetto if you must just remember to get out