Shad, Get Up

Before I take a mic
Take a break beat or a break to write
Break me down lord please and shape my life
We need leaders
These elitists got nothing to teach us
By they strength, our children need to see jesus in their weakness
And keep seekin where
Free speech is rare
And realness gets kept less frequent than these secrets
Share a couple stories
Like a townhome or brownstone
Over loud phones about my hang ups and dial tones
Swim in heaven and at worst you get drowned toed down
To the place where the clouds roam
So we get up
All my ppl feeling bored and strange
If you dont feel at home in this conformist state
Dont ignore the pain
Thats the lord thats sayin
To you stand up King you were born to reign
Thats the war thats waged
And the important thang
Aint what youd die for
Its what you live for today

Get up even if they knock us down
They cant cant stop us
Smile right back at em laugh and then get up
Actions speak louder than a thousands talkers
So make em blast that in their walkmans (x2)

Its hard to stand in a nation where the masses sit
Idle and passionless
Politics is polls
In the papers all the facts are skipped
Cant ascertain so the scholars place an asterix
And stories on the stars to dumb down
And distract us with
We cant help but feel detached from this
Capitalist confusin communion of coportate sponsors and advocates
Where every actor is an activist
But a movie cast wont fix these broken homes full of fractured kids
Arent broken bones you can wrap up quick
Folks trying to master this game that I call money for masochists
Where if you wanna make a cut
Gotta match their risk
Dig in your pockets, not for cash
But to slash your wrists
And fashions just a game of who can follow fads fastest wish
Some kind of miraculous world change can happen quick
But these problems dont take seconds to solve
And getting mad aint the same thing as getting involved
We need to get up

(chorus x2)

Get a mic
Get skill
Get ice
Get bills
Get the life
That you always wanted and then get killed
Get slain
Cuz the rappers that do

Get fame
Its insane
All they talk about is who should get blamed
Young brothers get steel
Before they get aim
And they wanna get it pulled
Before they get trained
Cuz they wanna get respect
Get cheques
Get dames
Things we all wanna get
But end up getting drained trying to get em
We get stressed and we get strained
We dont all get the ghetto
But we all get pain
Before I get to the refrain
I hope you get what im sayin
Its messed, but we just might get some change if we get up
(chorusX2)