

# Jay-Z, 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 of 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  
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