

# Jurassic 5, Get It Together

{\*Instrumental Intro - One, Two, Three\*}

(Zaakir)

Yeah, I'm tryin' to get it right, live my life right  
I want the things that come with the fast life  
but I don't wanna lose my soul, right? pay with my life  
I just wanna rock ice with my fresh nikes (yeah, yeah)  
cuz the girls at the school think I dress nice. (yeah)  
The real thug niggaz cool with a nigga, right? (that's right)  
'Til one day after school, wakin' home, right? (Uh Huh)  
Them same thug niggaz ran up on a brother, right?  
With three more I never met in my life. (Damn!)  
Axed me where I'm from, banged on me, right? (Where you from?)  
The brothers that I knew was up outta sight  
(Man they made me get it together, now I ack right.)  
(Let's get it together)

(Mark 7even)

Trials and tribulations, both got you accosted  
Understand I'm not the one, go tap some other resources  
The road that you travel gon' be paved in some gravel  
so before you try on jock me understand the shit is rocky  
I don't mean a boxer, Illy? or Oscar  
I'm tryin' to spit some game, so your ass can prosper  
Pay a little dues, do a couple a shows  
put a mix-tape out, man let's see how it goes  
My only good advise is to cut your own slice  
I mean, the world ain't gon' bite, just cause you think you nice  
How can I be diplomatic when this ain't automatic  
I'm gonna tell you right, this a roll of the dice  
(Let's get it together)

(Chali 2na)

Hey, being (solid?) silent's the first sign  
if not, being able to follow my first line  
I dirt-grind on my first, it works fine  
I'm alert, but I been caught of guard at the worst time. (worst time)  
Yeah, I get apparent applause  
but do these people know my character flaws? I get embarrassed  
and pause, meticulous, but never careless because  
I might be the one standin' on your terrace that falls  
And you can laugh, but it's therapeutic, to  
talk about my faults of a ??? acoustic, ??? dove shit  
We ain't perfect, to fight just ain't worth it  
despite a stained surface, we gotta retain purpose  
(Let's get it together)

(Akil)

I was a pick-a-the-litter, when I was a-little-nigga  
my pops would turn preacher once my voice got deeper  
than his. For all the times a nigga would vent  
I had to listen, he was payin' the rent and what  
he's sayin', he meant. I'll admit, I was tripin' a bit  
I was hangin' with different chicks and we be wild'n and shit  
but I had to get a grip before time ran out  
or pop starts to trip, start puttin' me out  
but now I kinda see what he was talkin' about  
you can't live in somebody house and start airin' it out  
You got to be your own man and handle your biz  
and later on you can tell 'em what time it is  
(Let's get it together)