

Kanye West, Get By (Remix)

[Mos Def]

History

It's happening every day y'all (right now)

Everyday (right now)

Right now (good mornin', Vietnam!)

Listen

Brooklyn wins again

It's the Stuy, it's the Bush, dem niggaz again

Ta' Kweli, Mighty Def, and S Dot on the guest slot

Kanye, you're the dope man in hip hop, now let's rock

Now roll out niggaz, my hometown niggaz

I get it good in your hood so slow down niggaz

Watch the speed though, mind the pedal and ease off

A street talk into a collision course with these walls - bam!

They don't move, don't brake, don't lose, don't sleep

Light passin', light fashion, life happens that fast, party done

Black hands up and prayer

Black guns up in fear

Dyin' wish is to touch the air

Seekin' heaven that wasn't here

Eyes will not see another year

It's another day

It's the same fight

Different round, sound the bell

Mix it up as if you're where you live it up the beat

And get risen up you're knocked down get back and get it up

Get off of queer street and get with us

And get clear where we did it

From the heart, from the people

From the top, from the jeep

From the gutter, from the street

From my soul to the mic to the essence

So in my absence you feel the presence, exactly

I make contact for sure the emcee

Me and mine we don't just get by

We get free and that's ready [Mos -- nigga]

[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 fried

Slept for most of mine

Soon as I closed my eyes

Then I woke up behind

Thinking either I load up these nines

Or blow up with rhymes

cause this flow of mine is like blow up but lines of coca

And your folks think Hov' just wrote stuff to rhyme

Nah, I'm a 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

I'd rather pull a mac on you

Sorry Ms. Jackson but I'm packin

[Kanye West]

It's on I'm packin weight like nina simone

Piano flow

It's like a Michaelangelo painted a portrait of Maya Angelou
And gave it to a sick poet for they antidote
If music gets you choked up this is the tree and the rope
This is shy nigga I mista all of that
F**k a map, let's put this bitch on the almanac
Dice what they hittin' for, 'lax what you sittin' on
Tracks who you spittin on, rap till we get it on
And don't let nobody with the power to sign
Ever tell you you ain't got the power to rhyme
They used to tell me toughen up
Put some bass in your voice
They used to tell me lighten up
Put some mase in your voice
Lord willin' I ain't killt nobody
But I have a feelin' this album
That I'm gonna make a killin'
Or not a shillin'
This is love it or hate it music
But, at least we made it music
And we didn't make it industry
This is gon' be interesting
This'll be the end of me or I'm finna be an entity
Kanye, Jay-Z, Mos Def, and Kweli
We are not makin' songs no more
We're makin' history

[background singers]
This morning I woke up
Feelin brand new, 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 (by)

[background singers repeat in the background]
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, just to get by

[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

We keep it gangsta, saying 'fo shizzle', 'fo sheezy'
Desensitized to the violence on TV during the war
Killin each other is easy as whore and liquor for fallen niggaz Believe
me, it's ghetto libations 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 send a rest in peace to Nina Simone

[Busta Rhymes]
Back in the days we was used to doin the shit
I can't call it all in the streets

We would hustle and fiends would ask 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 niggaz and street motherf**kers
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]

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Feelin brand new, 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 (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 cry
Some people try just to get by
For a piece of the pie
You love to eat and be high
We deceive and we lie
And we keepin' it fly - yo yo yo yo yo
When people decide
Keep a disguise
Can't see your eyes
See the evil inside
The best people you find
Strong or feeble in mind
I stay readin' the signs
yo-yo-yo-yo yo
[repeat]