

# 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