

Get By

Chris Webby

Yeah, I'm just tryna' to get by man, you know
Uh, uh, uh, uh, yeah

Grind every minute of my day tryna get by
And if I don't reach the fortune and the fame I can always get high
Rollin' up the la, la la la, la, la la la, la
La, la, la, la la la
Stay rollin' up the la, la la la, la, la la la, la
Get high

Hello, my name's Christian, steady flame spittin'
Treble, bass, and drum takes out the same system
Liu Kang kickin', Sugar Shane hittin'
Mary Jane twistin', that's my main mission
David Blaine magician, vanish into thin air
If they got a beat to spit on, I be in there
Cause I rock skills, and I pop pills
Til I act a jackass, Johnny Knoxville
Burn 'til my eyes the color of a cardinal
I go all in, never partial
I'm a pure-bread, they're just part-ill
They make a track, we forget em' like Sarah Marshall
24/7 never will the grindin' stop
Explore the internet, light up the FireFox
This isn't AOL, but I'm livin' A-OK
Philosophize, think the Socrates and Plato way
Never fade away, this the raw shit
Blueprint, Stan Lee couldn't draw this
Flow a perfect 10, head-to-toe flawless
Give 'em a colostomy bag if they try to talk shit
This is Saw Six, there will be no survivors
I drop the dopest fire, they just a broken lighter
I flick my Bic to the tip of the spliff
Sizzlin' piff, how I spit, try to riddle me this
Bitch

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Rockin' a new shirt, find your chick and do work
Hoppin' on every step to the top like livin' like Hubert
I don't do the jerk, or the rock away
But I got a lot to say in my mind locked away
Since my baptism of rap rhythms and had cats
Back flippin' to tracks, spittin' and ad libbin'
While we livin' let's enjoy it
On this planet earth before we destroy it
Cause now it seems we can't avoid it
They talk about 2012, I'm like "oh well"
But between now and then, Webby's got records to sell
I've been at this rap shit too long, too much practice
Hit a lot of road blocks, always moved past it
So twist a j, light up a dub sack

Yeah we love that, THC and blunt wraps
Bust raps spittin' dirty as a mud flap
Since I was nothin' but a rug rat
This is the life I've chosen, or has it chosen me?
But I'm just tryna be the man that I should hope to be
Another dope MC, out in the open sea
Hopin' that the sharks ain't approachin' me
Totally mind in tact, and I don't do it for the money stacks
Just a head nod and some firm dabs
Runnin' laps tryna stay on track
Just tryna get by, what's the matter with that, Jack?

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