

I Get By

David Banner

Mississippi,
Big faces

In the south till the day that the lord comes to get me
This is how it was growing up in Mississippi
When I ran around the hood in big K's and troops
When the Quintin boys were just gangs group to mess with
I remember man when Chucky got shot, yeah
Lying there bleeding man Jackson mall parking lot
Before the vice lords and folks,
Before my friends started to buy, cook up and sell dope,
Before we all wanted to thug,
Me and Chucky up in stopped goin' a two man lady bug
David Lewis June 4th Chris Tall you and Keith Robinson
Bozo and me, Circuit Los and with it Antwon
Fuck it man we older left the story, move on
Goin to the brooke jsut see my momma Leena
Before I learned to shop your ass silly with the neena, yeah

I get by with some help, with some help from my friends
I get by
With some help from friends yall,
From my friends yall, yeah

Sugar on some light bread roaches on the wall
On the weekends all day walkin' through the mall
That welfare cheese and them red tangled blocks be
Boxing in the corner so that bass wouldn't knock
Your uncles coming over sippin' yak smokin' weed
They let you take a hit if you wouldn't tell T
And talk about yellow niggas talkin to the feds
Man the real locked up, on dope, or just dead
Man head to my grave had to holla at Michelle
Put some roses on the ground toss some juice and then bail
First cousin, best friend, all that I had
Me and her on the porch bumpin' JJ Fat
Supersonic, its ironic that your gone I'm alone
But I'm not cause I'm feeling your presence in my bones
I wish you could of lived to see your cousin get grown
But you died and left here trying to get by

Just like to say man
We need to get back to goin' to grandma house
Lil' kids playin' football in the streets
From the south yall
Big face

You know, you know, you know
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

SONGWRITERS

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