

Get By

Dizzee Rascal

To each and every kind,
(London ghetto, Birmingham ghetto)
Every ghetto frame of mind,
(Manchester ghetto, Newton ghetto)
To each and every kind,
(Leeds ghetto, Liverpool ghetto)
Every ghetto frame of mind,
(UK ghetto, East London ghetto)
To each of every kind,
(North London ghetto, West London ghetto,)
We've a ghetto frame of mind,
(South London ghetto)
To each and every kind,
It's rasket, we've a ghetto frame of mind,
Look you

We grew up in the ghetto, we're summer times short
Straight action, you don't stop for a thought
Most use crime as the way to pay the bills
The unlucky ones end up gettin' caught
We grew up in the ghetto, we're the goin' gets rough
Our money's been around, but it's never been enough
Most ain't given no choice but to hustle
Sum break down when the goin' gets tough
Deep in the mind, there's all kinds of different people
Minorities still struggle to be equal
So many characters, for main tacks
The good, the bad, the ugly, and the evil
Deep in the manner where the poverty's visible
There's not a lot sweet, so most look miserable
Most cave in to the devil, took the wrong path
Some kept their faith and still pray for a miracle
Sucker stars emerge from the curb
Upper comin' MCs struggle to be heard
Boy them, they searchin' for the next Chile bird
Fuck, talk, murder and they live by they word
Shotters keep the money goin' round
Kids go astray, most never get found
I've noticed, there's a ghetto in every town
and the skies are empty because the stars are on the ground

Sometimes I'm lost, look up at the sky
Sometimes I feel to cry, but somehow I still get by
Sometimes I'm lost, askin' myself why
Sometimes I feel to cry, but somehow I still get by

We grew up in the ghetto, saw real life pain
Real life struggle, we've real life strain
Real life kiddies, we've real life guns
and real life muvas loose, real life sons
Gang wars irrupting on the dark floré Seasons,
Beef after beef, just to be the top geezers,
Big arm slash, hit the Stratford bricks
Ghetto high brudas, gotta maintain reps
What's that all about, I ask my self before I swing
More time, I'm beefin' over any little fing
Beef in any area, region of the vicinity

My ghetto frame of mind, makes me prone to hostility
To my bredrins locked up, to my young baby muvas
Each and every crew and colour, ghetto sisters and brothers
If you know you from the slums, keep reppin' no doubt
Stay ghetto if you must, just remember to get out

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Sometimes I feel to cry, but somehow I still get by
Sometimes I'm lost, look up at the sky
Sometimes I feel to cry, look up at the sky, get by