

# Make It By

Joell Ortiz

The funny thing about writing that pain  
Is sometimes you gotta search for the things to say, y'nah mean?  
But sometimes

Sometimes the words fall from right out the sky  
Why do we ask "Why?"  
'Cause there's gotta be more than just this, seein' with the naked eye  
But maybe I'm just hopin' in this part of how I'm copin'  
With the way that I been dealin' with trauma since I was baby-high  
Runnin' 'round the house full of roaches, plastic on sofas  
Moms and pops rubbin' they noses, hope I ain't notice  
'Cause I'm focused on my green army men, settin' up soldiers  
Project floor cold as North Pole is, my fingers frozen  
Radiator broken, oven door open, the pot smokin'  
No hot water, so we boilin' a batch that we can go soak in  
The neighbors to the left crackheads, you smell the smoke in the hallway  
In and out all day, eyes wide open  
Got older, mom sent me to the store, in came the jokin'  
I'm in there spendin' colorful money prayin' and hopin'  
I don't run into Shonda and Dee Dee while I'm unfoldin' food stamps  
Gimme some Newport Lights and two tokens

And we try, and we try, and we try  
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I wish my words went right up to the sky  
So the big guy could tell me why some of my boys had to die  
I had that water in my eyes before I knew how to cry  
Too young to process death, playin' that D.R.S., gangsta leanin' by  
I think about how much older I used to feel  
But we was just teenagers, babies out in the field  
Children goin' to jail with stories of how it's real  
Hustlin' to buy guns and throw on that Pelle Pelle  
I remember my first crack sale  
A white fiend named Fuzzy in the back stairwell  
Happy, he hopped on his bike right after coppin' his white, but I ain't feel  
well  
Stomach turnin', scared to death, hope my niggas can't tell  
I lit a L and threw some O-E back  
My routine for the next few years, but it was lowkey wack  
The wrong environment have a beautiful soul feel trapped  
Some stay, some make it out, some go back, damn

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