Git Up Git Out

Outkast

Nigga, you need to git up, git out and git somethin'
Don't let the days of your life pass by
You need to git up, git out and git somethin'
Don't spend all your time tryin' to get highYou need git up, git out and git somethin'
How will you make it if you never even try
You need to git up, git out and git somethin'
'Cuz you and I got to do for you and II don't recall, ever graduation at all
Sometimes I feel I'm just a disappointment to y'all
Every day, I just lay around then I can't be found
Always asked to give me some livin' life like a bumTimes is rough, my auntie got enough problems of her own
Nigga, you supposed to be grown
I agree, I try to be the man I'm 'posed to be
But negativity is all you seem to ever seeI admit, I've done some dumb shit
And I'm probably gon' do some mo'
You shouldn't hold that against me though
(Why not?)
Why not? My music's all that I got
But some time must be ingested for this to be manifestedI know you know but I'm gon' say this to you I
Get high but I don't get too high, so what's the limit 'posed to be?
That must be why you can't get your ass up out the bed before three
You need to git up, git out, cut that bullshit out
Ain't you sick and tired of having to do withoutAnd what up with all these questions?
You act as though you know somethin' I don't
Do you have any suggestions?
'Cuz every job I get is cruel and demeanin'
Sick of takin' trash out and toilet bowl cleanin'But I'm also sick and tired of strugglin'
I never ever thought I'd have resort to drug smugglin'
Naw, that ain't what I'm about
Cee-lo will just continue travelin' this route without any doubt or fear
I know the Lord ain't brought me this far so he could drop me off here
Did I make myself clear?You need to git up, git out and git somethin'
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'Cuz you and I got to do for you and IWell, uh, git up, stand up, so what's said, you dick head
See when I was a youngsta, used to wear them fuckin' Pro Keds
My mama made me do it, but the devil, he made me smart

Told me to jack them weak ass niggaz for they fuckin' startersIn the middle school, I was a bigger fool
I wore with tank tops to show off my tattoo, thought I was cool
I used to hang out with my daddy's brothers, I call them my uncles
They taught me how to smoke herb
I followed them when they ran numbersSo in a sense I was Rosemary's baby
And then, I learned the difference between a bitch and a lady
Hell, I treat 'em all like hoes, see I pimped 'em
Bitch never had my money, so I never whipped 'emSee all the playas came and all the playas went
A playa ain't a gangsta but a playa can handle his shit bitch
You need to git up, git out, git somethin'
Smoke out, 'cuz it's all about money, money, moneyYeah I said it, a nigga sportin plats and a Braves hat
I hang with Rico Wade 'cuz the Dungeon is where the funk's at, boy
I'm true to Organized, 'cuz they raised me
I'm also down with La Face 'cuz L.A. Reid, yeah, he pays me
And it's cool yeah, it's real cool, gettin' paid fat pockets
And all that other fat shit like that, ha-haYou need to git up, git out and git somethin'
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'Cuz you and I got to do for you and IA lot of people in my past tried to do me, screw me
Throw me over in the fire, let me get chunky and charred
Like a piece of wood and dem spirits got the mutant's mind
I'm gettin' paranoid and steady lookin' for the timeIt's eight in the mornin' and ain't nobody up yet
I got my long johns, get my coat and throw on my ball cap
I'm headed out the door, to get off in my ride
I'm diggin' through the ash tray, hopin' to have a good dayI had Jamaica's best and when I light it up, I hear a voice in my head
(You got to git up, git out and git somethin')
Now I know it's on, my day is finally started
Back up in my crib, eat my shit, break out quick, in my slick'84 Se-Dan DeVille, steady bouncin'
Out the Pointe to Cambelton Road
The valley of the South side flow
Everybody know about that killa that we call blowSo keep your eyes peeled for the 'cover unit
'Cause they known for jumpin' out of black Chevy trucks
And through the fog, here come the Red Dogs
I'm bustin' out around the corner in my hogDippin' from the area, I'm scared
So one of these bitches might wind up dead
'Cuz I have no time for jail, fuck Clampett cops, fuck Elgin' Bail
And crooked ass Jackson, got the whole country
Thinkin' that my city is the big lick for 96
94, Big Gipp, Goodie Mo, Outkast, a vision from the past
Hootie hoo my white owls are burnin' kinda slowYou need to git up, git out and git somethin'
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'Cuz you and I got to do for you and IY'all tellin' me that I need to get out and vote, huh, why?
Ain't nobody black runnin' but crackers, so why I got to register?
I thinkin' of better shit to do with my time
Never smelled aroma of diploma, but I write the deep ass rhymesSo let me take ya way back to
When a nigga stayed in Southwest Atlanta
Y'all could not tell me nuthin', thought I hit that bottom rock
At age 13, start workin' at the loadin' dockThey layin' my mama off of work, General Motors trippin'
But I come home Bank like Hank, from lickin' and dippin'
Doin' dumb shit, not knowin' what a nigga know now
Yeah, that petty shit will have you cased up and locked downI dips, over to East Point, still actin' a fool
Wastin' my time in the school, I'd rather be shootin' pool
Cool is how I played the tenth grade
I thought it was all about mackin' hoes and wearin' pimp fadeInstead of bein' in a class, I'd rather be up in some ass
Not, thinkin' about them six courses that I need to pass
Graduation rolled around like rolly-pollies
Damn, that's fucked up I shoulda listened when my mama told meThat, if you play now, you gonna suffer later
Figured she was talkin' yin-yang, so I payed her no attention
And kept missin' the point she tried to poke me with
The doper that I get, the more I'm feelin' broke and shit
Huh, but that don't matter though, I am an OUT-Kast
So get up off your assNigga, you need to git up, git out and git somethin'
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How will you make it if you never even try
You need to git up, git out and git somethin'
'Cuz you and I got to do for you and I
You need to, you need to, you need to, you need to

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