

# Get It Together

## Jurassic 5

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

One, two, three Yeah, I'm tryin' to get it right, live my life right  
(Uh, huh)  
I want the things that come with the fast life  
But I don't wanna lose my soul, right, pay with my life  
I just wanna rock ice with my fresh Nike's  
(Yeah)'Cause the girls at the school think I dress nice  
(Yeah)  
The real thug niggaz, cool with a nigga, right  
(That's right)  
'Til one day after school, walkin' home, right  
(Uh, huh)  
Them same thug niggaz, ran up on a brother, right With three more I never met in my life  
(Damn)  
Axed me, where I'm from, banged on me, right  
(Where you from?)  
The brothers that I knew was up outta sight  
Man they made me get it together, now I ack right  
(Let's get it together) Trials and tribulations both got you accosted  
Understand I'm not the one, go tap some other resources  
The road that you travel gon' be paved in some gravel  
So before you try on jock me understand the shit is rocky I don't mean a boxer, Illy or Oscar  
I'm tryin' to spit some game, so your ass can prosper  
Pay a little dues, do a couple a shows  
Put a mix-tape out, man let's see how it goes My only good advise is to cut your own slice  
I mean, the world ain't gon' bite just 'cause you think you nice  
How can I be diplomatic when this ain't automatic?  
I'm gonna tell you right, this a roll of the dice  
(Let's get it together) Hey, being silent's the first sign  
If not being able to follow my first line  
I dirt-grind on my first, it works fine  
I'm alert but I been caught of guard at the worst time Yeah, I get apparent applause  
But do these people know my character flaws?

I get embarrassed and pause, meticulous but never careless because  
I might be the one standin' on your terrace that fallsAnd you can laugh, but it's therapeutic  
To talk about my faults of a [Incomprehensible]acoustic [Incomprehensible]dove shit  
We ain't perfect to fight, just ain't worth it  
Despite a stained surface, we gotta retain purpose  
(Let's get it together)I was a pick-a-the-litter when I was a little nigga  
My pops would turn preacher once my voice got deeper than his  
For all the times a nigga would vent  
I had to listen, he was payin' the rent and what he's sayin', he meantI'll admit, I was trippin' a bit  
I was hangin' with different chicks and we be wildin' and shit  
But I had to get a grip before the time ran out  
Or pop starts to trip, start puttin' me outBut now I kinda see what he was talkin' about  
You can't live in somebody house and start airin' it out  
You got to be your own man and handle your biz  
And later on you can tell 'em what time it is  
(Let's get it together)For you and me , let's get it together  
For you and me , [Incomprehensible] together  
For you and me , let's get it together  
For you and me, oh, for you and me  
You and me, oh, for you and me[Incomprehensible]

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