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)
With a ghetto frame of mind
(South London ghetto)
To each and every kind
It's rasket, with a ghetto frame of mind
Look yo
We grew up in the ghetto, were 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 getting caught
We grew up in the ghetto, were the going 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 going 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 manna 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
Sum kept their faith, and still pray for a miracle
Sucker stars emerge from the curb
Upper coming MCs struggle to be heard
Boy then, they searchin' for the next Chile bird
Fuck, talk, murder and they live by there word
Shoters keep the money going round
Kids go astray, most never get found
I've noticed, there's a ghetto in every town
And the skies are empty, 'cuz 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, asking 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, with real life strain
Real life kiddies, with real life guns
And real life muvas loose, real life sons
Gang wars irrupting on the dark Flore 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 beefing ova any little fing
Beef in any area, region of tha vicinity
My ghetto frame of mind, makes me prone to hostility
To mah bredrins locked up, to mah young baby muvas
Each and every crew and color, ghetto sistas and brudas
If you know you from the slums, keep repping no doubt
Stay ghetto if you must, just remember to get out
Sometimes I'm lost, look up at the sky
Sometimes I feel to cry, but somehow I still get by
Sometimes I'm lost, asking myself why
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

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