How I Got Over

Clara Ward Singers

(Uh, ha, huh, uh, ha, huh)
Out on the streets
(Yeah)
Where I grew up
(Ah, hah)First thing they teach us
(Uh)
Not to give a fuck
(Yeah, come on, baby)
That type of thinkin' can't get you nowhere
(Oh)
Someone has to careHow I got over where the people come apart?
Don't nobody care about cha, only thing you got is God
Out here in these streets if you get down on your luck
You can stand up with a hand down but nobody give a fuckOut here in these streets every man is for himself
They ain't helpin' no one else, it's a hazard to your health
Livin' life in these cold streets(Hey)
Whose worryin' 'bout cha, babe
When you wiln'[unverified] out?
Runnin' around in these streetsOut on the streets where I grew up
(How I got over)
First thing they teach us not to give a fuck
(How I got over)That type of thinkin' can't get you nowhere
(How I got over)
Someone has to care
(Ya)When you on the corners too much drama
Livin' with the police right behind ja'
It's always more than a slight reminda
We livin' in a war zone like RwandaBefore I go back to the heavenly Fatha
Pray for me if it ain't too much botha
Whatever don't break me or make me stronga
I feel like I can't take too much longaIt's too much lyin' and too much fryin'
I'm all cried out 'cause I grew up cryin'
They all got a sales pitch, I ain't buyin'
They tryin' to convince me that I ain't tryin'We uninspired, we unadmired
And tired and sick of being sick and tired
A living in the hood where the shots are fired
We dyin' to live so to live we dyin', you just like I amOut on the streets
(Uh)
Where I grew up

(How I got over)First thing they teach us not to give a fuck
(How I got over)
That type of thinkin' can't get you nowhere
(Ya, somebody, somewhere)
Someone has to care
(Somebody's gotta care)And I swear it isn't fair in suspended animation
We ain't tryin' to go nowhere out here in these streets
We're so young and all alone
We ain't even old enough to realize we're on our ownLivin' life in these hard streets where it's like they lost their mind
Is there anyway to find? are we runnin' out of time out here?Listen, hey, who's worryin' about cha, babe
When you wiln' [unverified] out?
Runnin' 'round in these streetsOut on the streets
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