

# 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 high  
You 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 I  
I 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 bum  
Times 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 see  
I 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 manifested  
I 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 without  
And 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?  
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'Cuz you and I got to do for you and I  
Well, 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' starters  
In 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 numbers  
So 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 'em  
See 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, money  
Yeah 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-ha  
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'Cuz you and I got to do for you and I  
A 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 time  
It'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 day  
I 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 blow  
So 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 hog  
Dippin' 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 slow  
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'Cuz you and I got to do for you and I  
Y'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 rhymes  
So 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' dock  
They 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 down  
I 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 fade  
Instead 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 me  
That, 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 ass  
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You need to, you need to, you need to, you need to

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