

Get It Together

Jurassic 5

One, Two, Three

Yeah, I'm tryin' to get it right, live my life right
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 nikes (yeah, yeah)
cuz 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, wakin' 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 (solid?) 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. (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 falls
And you can laugh, but it's therapeutic, to
talk about my faults of a rare acoustic, bangin' 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 meant. I'll admit, I was tripin' a bit
I was hangin' with different chicks and we be wild'n and shit
but I had to get a grip before time ran out
or pop starts to trip, start puttin' me out
but 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)