

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

18/06/2026

Git Up, Git Out (Outkast mix clean)

Par Outkast

Album : Git Up, Git Out

chorus:

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 to 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

[Cee-Lo]

I don't recall, ever graduatin 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 mofo

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?

As 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?

chorus:

[Big Boi]

Well, uh, git up, stand up. So what's said, you dickhead

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

Ever 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 LaFace 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

chorus:

[Big Gipp]

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 Southside 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 bail. 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

chorus:

[Dre]

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 class, I'd rather be up in some ass
Not, thinkin about them six courses that I need to pass
Graduation rolled around like roly-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 yang-yang, so I payed her no attention
And kept missin the point she tried to poke me with
The dooper that I get, the more I'm feelin broke and shit
Huh, but that don't matter though, I am an O-UT-KAST
So get up off your ass

chorus:

You need to...(4X)

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