*Flow 1a and 1b*

We sell crack to our own out the back of our homes. We smell the musk of the dusk in the crack of the dawn.

We go through episodes too, like *Attack of the Clones*. Work ‘til we break our back, and you hear the crack of the bone.

*“Hook” 1*

To get by, just to get by, just to get by, just to get by…

*Flow 2*

We commute to computers, spirits stay mute while you egos spread rumors. We survivalists turned to consumers.

*“Hook” 2*

Just to get by, just to get by, just to get by, just to get by…

*Flow 3a, 3b, and 3c*

Askin’ why some people got to live in a trailer ‘cuz like a sailor I paint a picture with the pen like Norman Mailer.

Mi abuela raised three daughters all by herself, with no help, I think about her struggle and I find the strength in myself.

These words melt in my mouth, they hot, like the jail cell in the south, before my nigga core bailed me out.

*“Hook” 3*

To get by, just to get by, just to get by, just to get by…

*Flow 4*

We do or die like Bed-Stuy, see the red sky out the window of the red eye, let the lead fly, some G Rap shit, livin’ to let die.