# Get Away

**G-Unit**

Kidd Kidd, what up, nigga?
What's good with it, Buck?
I went to 50, I said, look, nigga,
I'm in these streets for real, man
I gotta get away from this shit, nigga
He was a street nigga so he feel that
He gon get a nigga a wig
Let's get this money

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Even in the hood we be shooting all day
Got dead souls walking through the project hallways
Seen a dead body laid next door of where I stay
Couldn't do nothing bout it, just walked away
My nigga Tray just lost his youngest son
He bought a knife but the other one bought a gun
He got life for the stupid, dumb shit he done
We popping niggas now just for fun
I got bullet holes in my car do
Nigga ran off but he didn't get far though
Whole clip dumping out the fully auto
Got a good grip, I'm a hit my target
You done let this shit get started
Knowing damn well that I get retarded
Pull up in this bitch, didn't even park
I just hopped out, emptied my cartridge
Caught another case and beat my charges
Gun conviction but I keep it regardless
And my hands itching, a young nigga starving
Paint my picture, I guess I'm an artist
I really wanna leave but I feel like I'm missing something
You could find me posted up, twisting something
Fucking with the work, nigga getting something
I'm hanging out the window, hitting something, I gotta

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It was me
No book bag, had a bag full of dope
Gotta move fast, one time, creep slow
No telling what I would've did for the dough
Watching my neck cause they playing cutthroat
Can't go home, they just kicked in the do
I don't know who it was but I know somebody told, bang!
Hope it ain't nobody I know, shh
Just another nigga out that night
Never go nowhere without my nine
Really, I'm out my mind
Paranoid, I've been hit six times
And only Lord knows
I need head like
Amen
Saw Mike at the crossroads
Tryna drop my past
Never know what the future holds
When you're nothing but a hoodlum
Going up against the soldiers
Street James Brown
Ten years old, I was in a man's world
Never did what I was told, only done what I was showed
Daddy selling crack so that's what I sold

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Get away, get away, gotta get away
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Ya know what I'm saying, my nigga?
Gotta get the fuck a nigga gotta go to France or something
I know, I know you still got them passports
Hell yeah, ay honestly, my nigga
I probably done ran through fifteen passports, my nigga
Real talk, no bullshit
Nigga, I'm still on my second one, ye heard me?
Don't trip, my nigga, we getting the numbers up
Really though, really though
They know what it is

You got, I know you're a convicted felon and all that, ya heard me?
But nigga, let me in
Matter of fact, Canada, let me in that motherfucker
Canada, let me in
When you got that bread, they gon let you through customs, believe that
Yeah, hell yeah, one thing we do got, we got money
Oh yeah
Yeah, we got money
We got money now
Shout out to 50
50, what up, nigga? Real shit, this shit crazy though
Talking bout money
Real niggas getting that dough
See when real niggas getting that dough, you know what they do?
They put their feet in the middle of their... so the dough can't close
And then we bring more niggas, the right niggas through
We bring the right niggas with us
The fuckin' nigga, we leave the fuck nigga on the side of the road
Looking like the God damn, uh
One of them motherfuckers that be like, Can I catch a ride?

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