

# 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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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?