

# Getaway

Lil Debbie

Alright

Now let's get away  
Get away, get away, get away  
Don't you wanna get away  
Gotta be a better way  
Tryna see a better day  
So I be smokin' every day  
I wish it would rain today  
Someone take this pain away  
I'ma probably smoke this tree  
So I don't blow a brain away  
Damn this OG got my mind gone  
Where the fuck has the time gone?  
Money close and taking over all I get my grind on  
So I'm deaf, dumb and I'm blind  
Haters tryna dim my shine  
I sit back, yeah, I recline, release this bullshit in my mind  
Okay it's Friday, what the fuck is you gonna do but get high, Craig?  
This hybrid got me so gone, my brains spinnin', my eyes red  
I'm faded, faded, so as I drift away  
Me taking off, it's my motherfucking getaway

Debbie got that wizzurp  
De-Debbie got that work, OG and that pizzurp  
P-p-pizzurp  
Debbie got that wizzurp  
De-Debbie got that work, OG and that pizzurp  
That pizzurp  
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P-p-p-pizzurp  
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I'm rolling up OG kush only  
No mid grade homie smoke that by your lonely  
Boy swear they got that fire but that shit baloney  
Damn that satellite the truth, I wonder how many elbows they loan me  
Send it straight up to Seattle where they blowin' major  
From smoking chrome to smoking on bubblegum kush  
High as an antenna, give a fuck how the picture looks  
Dab me up then dab me up with OG wax  
Shout out to the max, trippy sticks, G-P in packs  
Back with back like school lunch, my kush taste like Cap'n Crunch  
Have you ever smoked a satellite slugger, let me roll one up at once  
That's a mega cone with 14 grams of satelite  
Better use that Santa Cruz shredder, crust that kush up right  
Hard days behind better days ahead, I know that's right  
I'm bout to get away and smoke at least a pound of loud tonight

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I think I'ma lose control, so I got me some tree to roll  
When this fire got a telephram, soon as you inhale it in  
I got this shit from Northern California, smothy aroma  
Nah she ain't dead she just in a kush coma  
So put it in the fucking air, I'm hopin' that it gets me there  
Cause this that kill kill, kickback keep your fucking lip seal  
Dreams turn to vision that's the moment you know shit's real  
That gray day like may day, Bombay no play play  
This bitch pay to no mid grade  
Been chiefin' since like 6th grade  
Let's blow, first hit takes to another motherfucking planet so let's go  
And my problems come around, but they never stay  
I roll another one and that's my fucking getaway

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