

Breakaway

Tinchy Stryder

I want you to leave (leave)
I want you to go (go)
But you keep telling me the streets are all you know (know)
I just want a better life
But you won't breakaway...

Yeah...

It's a standard ting that I keep it ghetto
Roads ain't nothin' like calm or mellow
Too much P's to be got so I get doe
Man hold bricks in the bits like Lego
Some put stones in their chains, all yellow
Me I get low in the blacked out Renault
With Soldier, Dirty Danger and Lee Wello
P's involved and man are like 'Hello'
Hi, come off the roads they're cold
That's why I do music, I'm puttin' up shows
If not, back to square one that's right
Start from scratch, re-plottin' them O's
Roads keep callin' me back but I'm not involved
Then I hear don't then I'm right in road
I got caught up by the sidewalk
It's like the roads ain't lettin' go

I want you to leave (leave)
I want you to go (go)
But you keep telling me the streets are all you know (know)
I just want a better life
But you won't breakaway...

Yeah...

Them golden boys in the games wanna call me
You're a household name's what they told me
Through this game I been flying out
Stage shows abroad with Wiley, Skepta and JME
Fans show love when I bring out my CD
Girls get hyped when they see me on TV
Cos they know I'm the man like PD
When I come through it's all fresh Armani
But I keep gettin' sidetracked by the streetlife
It's more to the roads than streetlife
Shotters jack rude guys in the corner
That's why some walk street with a borra
Might see two or three gash in the corner
Might see two or three goons in the corner
If the boydem roll up
Give your stash to the gash, divert from the corner
That's why I'm tryna get away from the hype tings
Settle down with a girl, me I want life ting
Nothin' ain't comfy, cozy in the hood fam
That's why I'm tryna get paid through the mic ting
But there's something about these roads
Too much P's to be got so I get doe
Still tryna get legal though
Or we hustle, grind, it's the life we roll

I want you to leave (leave)

I want you to go (go)
But you keep telling me the streets are all you know (know)
I just want a better life
But you won't breakaway...

Yeah...

And I move on the roadside G
And I get that doe like the roadside G's
And I let it grow, I ain't spendin' a piece
And I hustle, grind, still about them P's
06 Mercs still I want them keys
But I ain't gonna get that keys for the droptop
Not too quick if I just MC
So I do a bit of dirt for the P's
At the same, look, I ain't got time for
All these guys to be pullin' out 9's
Too many egos clash on the roads
I ain't got time I'm ninja like wolves
Try and get low on the streets
And I ain't rollin' with heat
I want legal doe
So I spray flows on the beat
But I still get caught up with shit on the road