

# Get Away (The Spirit of Wu-Tang)

## De La Soul

I want to give y'all a little announcement man  
For the last year there's been a lot of music comin out  
The shit been weak, knowwhatI'msayin?  
A lot of niggas trying to take hip-hop  
And make that shit R&B, rap and bullshit yaknowwhatI'msayin?  
Or make that shit funk  
Fuck that, this is MCin right here, this is hip-hopAnd like the Wu we bring it to you in the purest form  
We reside far away from the norms  
Spawn from the big catch, big bang, big breaks  
Fetch pads and pens, even with the pencil  
Rap labels studied us, flooded us with stencil  
That's tinseltown, murder your display  
And we stay flying even with the terrorists' trying  
This to that town, monitor the pat down  
Searching for controlled substance with sustenance  
We inventors of the drug, ever since  
Day-glo covers, broke pots, green balloons  
The black shirt saying stakes, elevated noon  
AOI, grind, you hear it,  
Understand we steer it,  
Some choose to veer it off the course  
The main source missing  
You've paid no dues, you've earned no pension  
Learn the rules! You can either be the pimp  
Or the pimped out tools  
Wack niggas need not forget!  
Stop running up on niggas with  
All that wack shit  
(Word up man)  
Talkin' bout you emcee  
You ain't no emcee.....Like me  
I bake works of art  
While labels worry 'bout artwork  
Or top of the chart perks  
You need to insert a lot more of that  
Original tier, that you can't manage  
Just causes damage so just go, get away from here!  
You're fuckin' the game up  
Too low to aim up so just go, get away from here!

And some'll believe that they're leaders  
Young fella you're a two liter  
Simply waterway drowning out the source  
This lesson is aligned with an underground cause  
So sharpen your paper mate, my number twos'll make the beacon shine  
And you \*sound effects\*  
The fine lining is detail, the garment is retail  
But I don't buy rap or excuses  
The code used to be an unspoken device  
But since that's gone you see what rap produces  
(Y'knahmsayin'?)  
The one on one, two on twos  
Assemble in the center of squares like statues (Word up!)  
Understand I just do this I don't have to  
(Y'knahmsayin' this is hip-hop right here!)  
(Y'knahmsayin' this is lyrics!)  
But you wouldn't know that feeling if it slapped you  
Like new credit, the blood work's indebted  
Microphone donor, two pints of get right  
I got my cardio up my nigga  
Don't give a damn about a party  
I do it for the body  
Upchuck your mandibles, the scrambler's back  
Since the two inch tape how ample is that?  
Like furry dice hanging off the mirror  
Your position is concerning my vision  
These objects seem to be closer than they appear  
And they could never catch us their directions don't match up  
Just go, get away from here!  
You're jamming the lane up  
Messing the game up,  
Just go, get away from here!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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