

# Let's Get Away (Old Hook)

## T.I.

[Chorus]

Hey, let's get away and get a room on the other side of town

Hey shawty, I was feenin' for you

(Was you thinkin' of me, hey, hey)

Hey, let's get a room, shawty we can freak somethin' if you down

(What you would do?)

Hey daddy, I was feenin' for you Bet they be like "I know he tired of the nightlife

He want a wife, he just lookin' for the right type"

Yea right, I be ridin' through the city lights

My hat bent, gettin' high behind the 'lac tint

I'm chilllin' with Brazilian women, heavy accents

They black friends translatin', got 'em all ass naked, adjacent

Have relations with 'em many places

Leavin' semen in they British faces

Make'em kiss they partners with it in they faces

Young pimpin' sprung women 'cross the 50 states

Got young ladies requestin' "What's Yo Name" on 50 stations

Askin' me what's a pussy popper, want a demonstration

But I ain't waitin' til the second date, I'm so impatient

Relieve'em of they aggravation, take'em rollerskatin'

On them Dayton's, tell'em "Baby, stick with me, you goin' places"

Go replace'em, draw erase'em out my memory

Moist panties and wet sheets when they think of me [Chorus] Yo, yo, uh,

From Miami to Cali, from Vegas to Jersey

Got'em in Houston, Virginia, New Orleans, ya heard me?

All the classy ones like to act like they a virgin

And the nasty ones like when I talk to'em dirty

But I'm breakin' the ice, got'em laughin' and flirtin'

They be, removin' they skirts when they hop in the 'burban

Once the flick start playin' and the E start kickin' in

Her girlfriend lickin' and she beggin' me to stick it in

That's why, I like chillin' with women who like women

Light skinned, Asians, Jamaicans and white women

Indians, Italians, Haitians and Puerto Ricans

They be itchin' for they chance and waitin' in me to freak'em

They say [Chorus] Excuse me shawty, but I been watchin' you now for a while

Yo whole style, from yo toes to the way that you smile

And I hope you ain't offended by the way that this sounds

But uh... all I keep thinkin' bout is layin' you down

And I'm, keepin' it pimpin', I ain't playin' around  
Ain't got that kinda time 'cause this the only day I'm in town  
So come and, chill in the cut if you willin' to cut  
And when you, give me a hug I be feelin' yo butt  
Now so while for while we talkin', I'm fillin' yo cup  
We killin' the bottle, wake up in dirty linen tomorrow  
But tell me would it trouble you if we ended up at the W  
Sippin' on a malibu pine apple juice and a blunt or two  
Now whachu want to do? Opportunity's right in front of you  
Know you used to meetin' dudes, dodgin'em for a month or two  
But young pimpin' spit linen to the young women  
I'm T.I.P., known as pussy popper to some women[Chorus: x2]Whoa whoa whoa  
Ladies and gentlemen  
This, is a Jazze Phizzle, T.I. collaborangelle  
King of the south, oh boy  
Jazze Phizzle, T.I., Grand Hustle daddy  
So smooth, futuristic  
Pimps up daddy

Songwriters

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