

# 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 chillin' 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 uhh... 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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