

Breakaway

Tinchy Stryder

[Chorus by Funda]

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...[Tinchy]

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[Chorus x2]

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...[Tinchy]

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[Chorus x2]
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...[Tinchy]
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

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