

Let's Get Away

Lil Coner, Keek Dogg

[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

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