Get Away

J. Cole

LA, NC, NY, the ChiYea - hey
YeaI wake up, hop out the shower
Spray cologne on while I'm dressin
They hollin bout recessions, so my niggas out here stressin
But bitch I'm live and breathin, so to me that there's a blessin
See life is like a test that I ain't never got no F in
Steppin out today, I gotta leave the crib
Mama stressin out, I pray
That ain't nobody gone put a weapon out this way
Cause I don't got no strap
And ever since we hit Depression niggas don't know how to act
In fact, there go some niggas there
Hatin I feel the stare
Me vs. you shining, that's like a diamond and silverware
Let ya'll feel the glare I gotta go now
I'm riding through the city with the windows rolled down
Shawty hollin, so I pull up beside her
I'm frontin what's your name?
She told me boy you know me, don't play no games
Now look they say you blowin up, hey is it true fired up?
I say girl they wasn't kiddin like they tubes tied upI'm hollin hey
Good god what a day
I gotta say it feels good to get away
Where ain't nobody stressin over shit they gotta pay
And tell me whats work without playAll my niggas hollin hey
Good god what a day
Hey babygirl, tell me, can you get away
Where ain't nobody hollin bout the problems of the world
Its just me and my favorite girl
Now all around they hollaOkay so word been spreadin,that I done jetted to New York
I was up there doin my thang
So now some folks I used to know is hollin out J. Cole!
I gotta chuckle cause I know they use to say Jermaine
So who changed?
What's in a name though, when niggas can't hang on your shoe strings
The flow insane plus I got that flame throw, that Lou Cain
Even in the winter, we bring, feelings of summer, Suzanne
We get them hooks like T-Pain and scoop them hoes like loose change
Can you blame me? I'm just a boy straight out the Ville

These wanksta ass niggas gettin played out forreal
You actin like you trill nigga you betta not
You talkin out yo' ass you finna get your head rocked
This is where they shoot em sideways
Boys gettin blazed
Can't afford to fly so we get high to get away
Now come here ladies, see we tryna get ya'll loose, pour it up
Take this juice we gone mix it with this Goose, don't throw it upI'm hollin hey
Good god what a day
I gotta say it feels good to get away
Where ain't nobody stressin over shit they gotta pay
And tell me whats work without playAll my niggas hollin hey
Good god what a day
Hey babygirl, tell me, can you get away
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Now all around they hollaYea - hey - yea

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