

# 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 ridin 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 jettied 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 up I'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 play All 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 holla Yea - hey - yea

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