

Breakaway

Tinchy Stryder & Cylena Cymone

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 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
It's a standard ting that I keep it ghetto,
Roads aint nothing like calm or mellow,
too much p's to be got,
so I get dough,
man hold whips in the bits like lego,
some put stones in their chains all yellow,
me I get low in a blacked out Renault with,
Soldier,
Dirt Danger and Lee Wello,
p's involved and man are like hello,
hi,
come off the roads they're cold,
so I do music,
I'm hotting up shows,
if not back to square one that's right,
start from scratch we blotting up o's,
roads keep calling me back but I'm not involved,
then I hear dough then I'm right involved,
I caught up in a cycle it's like the roads aint letting go
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 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 Yeah the golden boy in the games what they call me,
you're a household names what they tell me,
through this game I be flying out stage shows abroad with Wiley,

Skepta and Jamie,
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 beanie,
when I come through it's ALL fresh Armani,
but I keep getting sidetracked by the street life,
theres more to the roads than street lights,
shottas,
jackmove guys in the corner,
that's why some WALK street with a bora (blanked out),
might see two or three gash (blanked out) in the corner,
might see two or three goons in the corner,
if the boy dem roll up,
give your stash to the gash (blanked out),
divert from the corner,
that's why I'm try'na get away from a hype ting,
settle down with a girl me I got a life ting,
nothin aint comfy cosy in the hood fam,
so I try and get paid for the mic ting,
but theres something about these roads,
too much p's to be got,
so I get dough,
still try'na get legal dough,
but we hustle grind that's the life IN BOW.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 breakawayI 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 breakawayYeah,
and I move on the roadside g and I get that dough like the roadside geez,
let it grow I aint spending the p's on a hustle grind still about them p's,
06 Merc still I want them keys but I aint gonna get that keys for the drop top,
not too quick if I just mc so I deal a bit of dirt for the p's,
at the same time look I aint got time for all these guys to be pulling out 9's,
too many egos clash on the roads I aint got time I'm ninja like ghost,
try and get low on the streets and I aint rollin with heat I want legal dough so I spray flows on the beat,
but I still get caught up in xxxx (blanked out) on the roadI 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 breakawayI 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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