Get Away

The Internet

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Now she wanna fuck with me (fuck with me)
Live a life of luxury, models in my money trees
Such beautiful company
Fuck a 9 to 5 I'm seeing dollar signs
But I'm still driving around in my old whip
Still living at home, got issues with my
Old chick she blowin' up my phone
Talkin 'bout some bullshit
Like who's this, who's that
Could be worse
So to calm her nerves
I just tell herRoll up an L and light it
Let's go to space
Be my co, I'll be the pilot
Let's get away
Baby let's get awayMoney doesn't grow from trees
Maybe we can make believe today
All I need is company
Rest assure I got it babeWorking for the finer things (finer things)
Getting in all kind of ways
[?] under my champagne
Every day we celebrate (celebrate)
Fuck your little phones a million ain't enough
But I'm still driving around in my old whip
Still living at home, got
Issues with my new chick
She blowin' up my phone
Now all I hear is womp' womp', womp' womp' (womp' womp')
But it could be worse
Girl calm your nerves I want you toRoll up an L and light it
Let's go to space
Be my co i'll be the pilot

Let's get away
Baby let's get awayMoney doesn't fall from trees
Maybe we can make believe today
All I need is company
And the rest is yours, I promise babe
If money don'tB 31 through 60, B 31 through 60 welcome on aboard

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/