

# 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 her Roll 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 away Money doesn't grow from trees  
Maybe we can make believe today  
All I need is company  
Rest assure I got it babe Working 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 to Roll 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 away Money 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't B 31 through 60, B 31 through 60 welcome on aboard

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