

Sarah Brightman % Paul Miles-Kingston

"Gettaway"

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Verse One:

Close your eyes
Visualize
Space and I verbalize
You chastize
But can't stop my enterprise
Put your rhymes in a line
Put your raps in a stack
I'll break you and your singer like Jinga
I mean um
I spit like knee
On you this tight thing
Space nine enferno
One verbs be frightening
And for the sword fights tonight
My entourage is in camoflaug
Remove your mask
Let down your visage
But don't slip up
Cause when I was in my ship
That's when I get ripped up
The whole world
Fuck it
G-S-E committee
Got your panties shitty
Click you sick
Callosso with itty bitty
Space and Missy
Sip my style till your pissy
Virgina bitch galactic

Chorus:

I be writing, writing, writing rhymes everyday
Don't you say no more you don't want to battle
Said I'm writing rhymes, writing rhymes everyday
Don't you say no more you don't want to battle

Verse Two:

Mama, Daddy, you ain't, ready
Act like you know me
Fly, as friends be
Sizzling, I'm chilling
Man, you twisting
You sissy, you dis me
You wish we was fucking tight
Auntie, Papa, Smoke lala
Hallah, fala, don't bother to swalla
This bottle of remmy, got plenty
Of weed
So give me, give me, give me, give me, give me,
please
See's, no one, fly like these
Bees from over seas, we scratch our knees
Please, little one, please
You know my rhymes get tight
When I smoke all night (chorus comes in)

Chorus

Verse Three:

We high tech like Timbo's
Slap faces of dirty hoes
N-Y-M-B-A
Dirty combo when we play
Swirl like the milky way
Deep like my black hole
I oppose, to expose
Chemical gases up your nose
Fade away like ozone
Quazars, moves and shit
Hey yo Missy, where da clip?
I think I need a hit
Shitty bees up in da place
Wanna be down with whoever
Be all up in his face but aint even on the level
I pull your wig back
Let of steam like nasty pools
That heat be to hot
Melt down, now up in pot
Count down, 3-2-1, lift off
Now over tize, Venus we circlize
And mars we tantalize
Comatize like Hale-Bopp
Smoking trees non stop
Then I send a televize from satelite on Nightline
Yeah, wouldn't you like to get away
To the moon
We shine like stars

Lock down like metal bars

Chorus

My style is a one-in-a-million

I flow on and on and on

My rhymes give you a really good feeling

All day long

(repeat)

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