

## **The Travelling Wilburys**

### **"Don't Get Gassed"**

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Def Squad  
Uh huh  
Check it

[Verse 1]

No more long roads, my time's up  
The rap game is bumper to bumper, I take a shortcut  
I do a 120 down the Deegan  
Fly past the cops, they like he's speeding  
I'm in a two triple zero MB  
Flaunt it, til the gas tank's empty  
Yo, me and Redman take a detour  
Uptown, park in front of Branson's store  
I see a couple of chickens upon the scene  
I roll down the window and I flash the greens  
I got my hand upon the steering wheel, with the  
gangsta lean  
Watch and rings, doin my thing, bling, bling  
I'm out there sittin on Lorenzo's  
Attractin, two, four, five, or six hoes  
Uh, girls scream my name  
And the hype crazy, it wasn't me it was the fame  
E Dub the rap sugar cane  
[Your homeboy drove up] I give a fuck who came  
I'm off the hook like 27th street between 11th and 12th  
All by myself

CHORUS:

Ayo, you think you holdin it down  
Don't get gassed  
On the real you and your mans are clowns  
Don't get gassed  
Ay, you think you flyer than me  
Don't get gassed  
I'm a legend, know somethin, I whoop your ass  
Ay, you think you hold the crown  
Don't get gassed  
On the real you and your mans are clowns  
Don't get gassed  
Ay you think you flyer than me  
Don't get gassed

I'm legend, know somethin, I whoop your ass

[Verse 2]

Check it, who wanna go at it, buck for buck  
I come through like nigga what, in a Brinks truck  
Blow it up like the Spanish cat, in Dead Presidents  
Get the money, hand out gifts, in your residence  
>From Snoop Dogg, "Bitch Please"  
King of New York, "Christopher Walken" on MCs  
I'm hard to please, excite me  
Jump off the Brooklyn Bridge  
Heads first, face, thug, and live  
Now that my get you a "yo duke is ill"  
But that still aint got shit to do with the skills  
Uh, why you wanna go against me with no brains  
When I'm a big dude, and you a buck and change  
Me, I got no time for playin games  
If it can't ride upon the track then switch lanes  
New game, watch how I rearrange the structure  
Here's a hundred grand, keep the change you fucker  
I'm like the magazine, my flow is Upscale  
My shit flourish, and yours don't sale  
On the other hand, you're mad to def at SoundScan  
And left wit a couple of fans

CHORUS:

So what you and your man went gold  
Don't get gassed  
I got a couple of million sold  
Don't get gassed  
I bet ya next year you fold  
Don't get gassed  
I'm a legend, know somethin, I whoop your ass  
So what you and your man went gold  
I got a couple of million sold  
Don't get gassed  
I bet ya next year you fold  
Don't get gassed  
I'm a legend, know somethin, I whoop your ass  
Yeah

"Don't believe the hype"

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