

**Rick Ross f/ Mario Winans****"Get Away"**

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Uh, Uh  
Yeah  
It's fly  
It's Rick Ross  
It's that L.A. Reid flow right here  
Mario Winans (Winans, Winans)

Holla  
Hold up

[Verse 1]  
Sometimes I rhyme slow  
Sometimes I rhyme quick  
Sometimes I buy blow  
So I supply bricks (Ross)  
Motherfuckers looking at me sideways  
But can they tell I'm getting money five ways  
Lot of leather, wood and the seats vibrate  
Chatting with a bitch like your boy 'MySpace'  
But she right here in my face  
Take her to a fly place, with a fly fireplace  
No marshmallows, we let the dro burn (burn)  
I done seen the world, girl it's your turn  
I told you lies all my life  
But you hold me down, wrong or right  
So it's only right she get that Porsche truck  
All black black rims, call her Porsche  
Let your weave blow in the wind  
'Cause believe ever D-boy need a friend

[Chorus - Mario Winans]  
When can we, get away and enjoy each other  
Get away and explore each other  
All I wanna know is  
When can we, get away and exchange our feelings  
Keep it popping like a movie screening  
I only wanna get away...

[Verse 2]  
I'm in heavy dough  
I don't kiss every ho

So when I like a bitch, I enlist Mario  
Feed her Larry-O's  
Sip Everglo  
With Gloria Estefan and Emillio (woo)  
Baby really though, this your best bet (Ross)  
It will be six O's in my next check (Ross)  
With a gun in hand, I've also been a money man  
Crack running man, fat Randall Cunningham  
Look here, I'ma tell you like this  
We need time to just kick it like this  
She licking my lips, she diggin' my kicks  
So we did it like this  
It's Rick Ross  
I'm the man of the hour  
She love to make love, and we can in the shower  
Back against the wall, I'ma stand like a tower  
Everytime I'ma stand like a tower  
Ross

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Sometimes I rhyme slow  
Sometimes I rhyme quick  
Sometimes I buy blow  
So I supply bricks (Ross)  
You can't look me in the face  
When you wrong, I'ma put you in your place  
My money long, I got money just to waste, girl  
My money home, and it's up to my waist, girl  
I really love how you shake girl  
You like a 'Phantom', I love how you shake girl  
Rick Ross, I'm a real nigga (real nigga)  
You can feel the realness when I deal with ya (deal with ya)  
Baby I won't lie to ya (lie to ya)  
I'm too honest, I promise I won't lie to ya (lie to ya)  
That other bitch finished wit (finished wit)  
You the one I'm having dinner with  
And it's candlelit  
Can you handle it?  
'Cause I can handle it  
Well, lets handle this

[Chorus]

When can we...  
Ohoh, you don't have to be alone, no not anymore  
Baby when can we (when can we)  
I'll take you anywhere you wanna go baby...  
All you have to do is say yes to me

Say yes to me O  
Say Yes to me baby  
Say yes to me girl  
Say yes to me O  
Say yes to me baby  
Say yes to me girl  
And I'll do anything anything for you

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