

411**"Get Away"**Visit "[Get Away](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Talking]

Sometimes you get away huh, uh-huh

We up in this bitch, my nigga Head

Yung Ro, Rizzo dig these blues

[Yung Ro]

I can write forever bout my pain, till my pen run to ink
about itI'm a sinner dear Lord, if I ain't doing it I'm thinking
bout itSurrounded by killers, voulders and devious guys
So I spend most of my time, looking in my baby's eyes
Searching for a longer hobby, cause these drugs ain't
no doing itUse to have a grasp on reality, now these drugs done
ruined itI can't a-fford a loss, I'm paranoid and strapped
Bad blood with my connects, got me watching my back
And I know I'm doing wrong, so I'm destined to be
punishedThis mob life got me stressing, to my people one
hundredI can't see it another way, to survive in these streets
Searching for answers looking for love, and praying for
peepsI gotta (get away), because I'm dying at home
High in the zone, just me and my thoughts crying alone
Thinking (oooh), naw I can't I wish I couldEverybody up to no good, nobody's real in the hood
I gotta (get away), and find another place to rest at
A strong foundation, somewhere I can make a nest at
(Oooh), and the answer is noNigga nobody with nothing, I got nowhere to go
I gotta (get away), dear Father show me a path
Because this road I made myself, I'm garunteed to
crashMy nigga (oooh), X-O is all I need
Taking flight with my oranges, while puffing on weed
Trying to (get away), still trying to get out that do'
But turning the knob the wrong way, and I don't even
much know

(Oooh), man I wish I could answer that
I got problems, and the back of the book ain't where
the answers at
I'm trying to (get away) got physical, spiritual and
mental pain
Trying to get away, but it's hard when your enemy's
your brain
(Oooh), my nigga I gotta get it
And I expect a small plate, and on top of that I gotta
split it
Gotta (get away), get away to get me some cash
I need it fast I gotta mash, praying hope it last
(Oooh), I'm just trying to keep my head up
And a pistol from my head, but a young nigga fed up

[Hook x2]

(Get away), from all this pressure and pain
Dear Lord show me a way, for me to smile again
(Oooh), got me searching for that light
Grinding working after night, got me hurting it ain't
right

[Yung Ro]

I gotta (get away), but that ain't the main issue
It's easy to run, my question's where I'm gon get to
(Oooh), too many questions I can't make out
Now I'm trying to escape, from what I though was an
escape route
(Get away), I tried running tried walking
Use to stay to myself, this year I even tried talking
Asking (oooh), and in return I got nothing naw
Someone answered, but never understood the
question how to
(Get away), they say I'm crazy on some mo' shit
I talk to God a lot, I'm one deep on some Ro shit
(Oooh), g'eah whatever that is
Don't know why I remember how, but I'm stuck with
what it did
(Get away), so nigga what it do
Peep my mind, ninety percent of my thoughts is fuck
you
So (oooh), back-back move from round me
I ain't friendly dude, Ro don't speak kindly
(Get away), matter fact far away
And you can take it from this song, or realize the hard
way
(Oooh), I ain't asking no mo'
I'm blasting a fo', and that's for anyone who pass
through that do'
(Get away), kick rocks bitch beat it
The offer was thoughtful, but your presence isn't

needed
(Oooh), nigga leave me alone
Cause I don't need you coming around, just to leave
me alone
(Get away), I'm alright by myself
I fight by myself, alone sleep at night by myself
So (oooh), get the fuck away from me
I'm a nobody nigga, and I ride one deep

[Hook x2]

[Talking]
Just let it run I'm cool
You know, I use to be just like you, you
So far innocence, love, passion
And a need for serenity, preaching for a change
Until things change, like some'ing else got into me
Like when I gained something, I lose something
Something so precious, so essential
A foundation a base, started in my heart
And spread it to my mental, and from that
Led to my situation, or should I say situations that I'm in
Addicted to pain, drama, dope, temporary pleasure
A living hell, drowning in sin
This fast life ain't for me, but I never accomplished
nothing
From crying, but it's so hard to fake a smile on the
outside
When on the inside, you really dying
Ain't no escaping this life, and honestly
I couldn't picture life, without this
This pain shit, me without pain is like a scientist without
his question
What if, but what if I did grow up like you
Across that other side of the fence, where the grass is
green
And life is more predictable, and the unfolded
mathematics
Actually make sense, maybe I could have been
something worth speaking of
If I only had a chance to, or maybe I did
And just was a kid, unable to see so I just ran to
An easy way out, a shortcut, a quick route
Running for that oasis, and realized
I was actually moving backwards, further into that
drought
Man, ha that made nothing but excuses what I think
Life is cursing me, like God like
I deserve more Father please mercy me
Naw, I need to take care of bidness
Quit letting temptation win, and the Devil use me as his

puppet
I hear him laughing, while I'm walking on crutches
Man corrupts, everything he touches
Got me scared to drop a seed, knowing that I'm
destined to be punished
Question is, will God punish me
Or will it come along, with the birth of my child
From a cursed stomach, hmm man I don't know
All I know is I'm tired, and I think I'm at the end of this
road
And the question we all ask, what happens after this
Nobody knows

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