

## De La Soul

### "Get Away"

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Feat. The Spirit Of The Wu

And like the Wu we bring it to you in the purest form  
We reside far away from the norms  
Small from the big catch, the big bang, big break  
Fetch patch and pins even with the pencil  
Rap labels study us, flooded us with stencil  
That's tense in town, murder your display  
And we stay flying even with the terrorist flying  
This to that time, monitor the pat down  
Searching for control substance with sustenance  
We administer the drug ever since day broke  
Covers grow, pots green, balloons  
The black shirt saying stakes elevate at noon  
AOR grind, you hear it, understand, we steer it  
Some chose to veer it off the course, the main source  
missing  
You pay no dues, you earn no pension  
Learn the rules, you can either be the pimp or the  
pimped out tools  
Whack niggas do not forget  
Like me, I bake work for art  
While label worry about artwork at the top of the chart  
Plus you need to insert a lot more, that original tear  
That you can't manage you just causing damage  
Just go, get away from here  
You fucking the game up  
Too low to aim up  
So just go, get away from here  
And some believe that they're leaders  
Young fellow, you a tool leader  
Sipping water, why you drowning out the source  
This lesson is aligned with the undergrad course  
For shopping you paper made  
My number twos make the beacon shining  
The fine line in this detail, all the garment is retail  
But I don't buy rap or excuses  
The code used to be an unspoken device  
But since that's gone you see what rap produces  
The one on one, two on two, assembled in the center of  
squares like statues

Understand, I just do this, I don't have to  
But you wouldn't know that feeling if it slapped you  
Like new cred, the blood works in debit  
Microphone don, two pints to get right  
I got my cardio up, my nigga,  
I don't give a damn about the party, I do it for the  
body  
I'll chuck your man to bolt and scramble his back  
Since the two inch tape, how ample is that?  
Like furry dice hanging off the mirror  
Your position is concerning my vision  
These objects seem to be closer than they appear  
And they can never catch us, their directions don't  
match up  
Just go, get away from here  
You jamming the lane up, messing the game up  
Just go, get away from here

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