

# Peeping Tom Feat. Kool Keith "Getaway"

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Gotta get away

The 16 seconds that make it

Come on Mike

Escapin' the situation  
I'm out of the trap zone  
The ringer turned off on my cellular phone

The interim mystery detector  
Hold up, the silver money, fold up black  
And the cold must come in by midnight

You've got to get away  
You've got to get away  
You've got to get away  
Because we're here to stay

My getaway is the boat  
P.O. 39, by the west side highway  
My skin is on point, a more easier route  
Police on my trail, I gotta slide away  
Move like express mail

You've got to get away  
You've got to get away  
You've got to get away  
Because we're here to stay

You've got to get away  
You've got to get away  
You've got to get away  
Because we're here to stay

My imagination surprise you  
Like the New York City subway  
Third rail, one half is missing, three third fail  
Can't be tracked down by the phone  
What if we lie by email?

We get up on them, the back alleys in



That look familiar in a high school way  
We gotta get away

We get up on the street  
Siren screams in red and blue  
Lonely streetlights that don't know my name  
Looks familiar, we get up on them

You've got to get away  
You've got to get away  
You've got to get away  
Because we're here to stay

You've got to get away  
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