

J. Cole

"Get Away"

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LA, NC, NY, the Chi

Yea - hey

Yea

I wake up, hop out the shower
Spray cologne on while I'm dressin
They hollin bout recessions, so my niggas out here
stressin
But bitch I'm live and breathin, so to me that there's a
blessin
See life is like a test that I ain't never got no F in
Steppin out today, I gotta leave the crib
Mama stressin out, I pray
That ain't nobody gone put a weapon out this way
Cause I don't got no strap
And ever since we hit Depression niggas don't know
how to act
In fact, there go some niggas there
Hatin I feel the stare
Me vs. you shining, that's like a diamond and
silverware
Let ya'll feel the glare I gotta go now
I'm ridin through the city with the windows rolled
down
Shawty hollin, so I pull up beside her
I'm frontin what's your name?
She told me boy you know me, don't play no games
Now look they say you blowin up, hey is it true fired up?
I say girl they wasn't kiddin like they tubes tied up

I'm hollin hey
Good god what a day
I gotta say it feels good to get away
Where ain't nobody stressin over shit they gotta pay
And tell me whats work without play

All my niggas hollin hey
Good god what a day
Hey babygirl, tell me, can you get away
Where ain't nobody hollin bout the problems of the
world

Its just me and my favorite girl
Now all around they holla

Okay so word been spreadin, that I done jetted to New
York

I was up there doin my thang
So now some folks I used to know is hollin out J. Cole!
I gotta chuckle cause I know they use to say Jermaine
So who changed?

What's in a name though, when niggas can't hang on
your shoe strings

The flow insane plus I got that flame throw, that Lou
Cain

Even in the winter, we bring, feelings of summer,
Suzanne

We get them hooks like T-Pain and scoop them hoes
like loose change

Can you blame me? I'm just a boy straight out the Ville

These wanksta ass niggas gettin played out forreal

You actin like you trill nigga you betta not

You talkin out yo' ass you finna get your head rocked

This is where they shoot em sideways

Boys gettin blazed

Can't afford to fly so we get high to get away

Now come here ladies, see we tryna get ya'll loose,
pour it up

Take this juice we gone mix it with this Goose, don't
throw it up

I'm hollin hey

Good god what a day

I gotta say it feels good to get away

Where ain't nobody stressin over shit they gotta pay

And tell me whats work without play

All my niggas hollin hey

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Hey babygirl, tell me, can you get away

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Yea - hey - yea

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