

Tinariwen

"Breakaway"

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[Intro/Chorus x2: Funda]

I Want You To Leave (Leave),
I Want You To Go (Go),
But You Keep Telling Me The Streets Are All You Know
(Know),
I Just Want A Better Life, But You Won't Breakaway.

[Verse 1: Tinchy]

It's A Standard Ting That I Keep It Ghetto,
Roads Ain't Nothing Like Calm Or Mellow,
Too Much P's To Be Got, So I Get Doe,
Man Hold Whips In The Bits Like Lego,
Some Put Stones In Their Chains All Yellow,
Me I Get Low In A Blacked Out Renault With, Soldier,
Dirt Danger And Lee Wello,
P's Involved And Man Are Like Hello,
Hi, Come Off The Roads They're Cold,
So I Do Music, I'm Hotting Up Shows,
If Not Back To Square One That's Right,
Start From Scratch We Blotting Up O's,
Roads Keep Calling Me Back But I'm Not Involved,
Then I Hear Dough Then I'm Right Involved,
I Caught Up In A Cycle It's Like The Roads Aint Letting
Go.

[Chorus x2: Funda]

I Want You To Leave (Leave),
I Want You To Go (Go),
But You Keep Telling Me The Streets Are All You Know
(Know),
I Just Want A Better Life,
But You Won't Breakaway.

[Verse 2: Tinchy]

Yeah You're The Golden Boy In The Game's What They
Call Me,
You're A Household Names What They Tell Me,
Through This Game I Be Flying Out Stage Shows
Abroad With Wiley, Skepta And Jme,
Fans Show Love When I Bring Out My Cd,
Girls Get Hyped When They See Me On Tv,

Cos They Know I'm The Man Like Beanie,
When I Come Through It's All Fresh Armani,
But I Keep Getting Sidetracked By The Street Life,
There's More To The Roads Than Street Lights,
Shottas, Jackmove Guys In The Corner,
That's Why Some Walk Street With A Borer,
Might See Two Or Three Gash In The Corner,
Might See Two Or Three Goons In The Corner,
If The Boy Dem Roll Up,
Give Your Stash To The Gash,
Divert From The Corner.
That's Why I'm Try'na Get Away From A Hype Ting,
Settle Down With A Girl Me I Got A Life Ting,
Nothin Aint Comfy Cosy In The Hood Fam,
So I Try And Get Paid For The Mic Ting,
But There's Something About These Roads,
Too Much P's To Be Got, So I Get Dough,
Still Try'na Get Legal Dough,
But We Hustle Grind That's The Life In Bow. (Bow In
East London)

[Chorus x2: Funda]

I Want You To Leave (Leave), I Want You To Go (Go),
But You Keep Telling Me The Streets Are All You Know
(Know), I Just Want A Better Life, But You Won't
Breakaway.

[Verse 3 (Not In The Video): Tinchy]

Yeah, And I Move On The Roadside G And I Get That
Dough Like The Roadside Geez, Let It Grow I Aint
Spending The P's On A Hustle Grind Still About Them
P's, 06 Merc Still I Want Them Keys But I Aint Gonna Get
That Keys For The Drop Top, Not Too Quick If I Just Mc
So I Deal A Bit Of Dirt For The P's, At The Same Time
Look I Aint Got Time For All These Guys To Be Pulling
Out 9's, Too Many Egos Clash On The Roads I Aint Got
Time I'm Ninja Like Ghost, Try And Get Low On The
Streets And I Aint Rollin With Heat I Want Legal Dough
So I Spray Flows On The Beat, But I Still Get Caught Up
In Shit (Blacked Out) On The Road.

[Chorus x2 (Not In The Video): Funda]

I Want You To Leave (Leave), I Want You To Go (Go),
But You Keep Telling Me The Streets Are All You Know
(Know), I Just Want A Better Life, But You Won't
Breakaway

