

Buggs Tha Rocka f/ Little Brother

"Let's Get Away"

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[Phonte adlibs] Ay baby, you ever wanted to just like
Just, just go somewhere and like Just feel the sun just
kissing you on your shoulder Y'knahmsayin? You ever
wanted to just like Just go somewhere expensive with a
whole bunch of white people and just walk out naked on
your balcony with just the ankle bracelet on I feel like
doing that baby, let's go [Chorus: Phonte] Baby I,
wonder does it ever Cross your mind, cause it seems
we never Take the time, to say "Hey babe, let's get
away" hey We can fly, somewhere and just lay a Waste
of time, take a flight and write our names Across the
sky, so baby girl let's get away hey [Buggs] Hello my
lovely ladybug, I love to kiss and hug A little backrub,
bubble bath you too We can cuddle close and the
closers can fade Have a cappuccino on the way or say
we Kick it like a Sensei, Oscar de la Renta Shoes on
your feet, we can tap-dance the night away Let's
change the forecast for the day For your foreplay on
the first-class get away By the shores of The Bay, far
away from the controversy Rose petals when you lay
and Forever we can stay (baby girl, look) Just your
silhouette, made me want a cigarette Addicted to your
love, I think I need Nicorette Shorty lay on the private
jet Bout to land in Thailand just to watch the sunset So
undress and I'll finish the rest [Chorus: Phonte]
[Phonte] Yo, stress on your brain ain't good for the
business So I'm all mine, online booking the tickets
That's our number one rule Boss lady at your job and
the paper is cool But every big fish like to play hookie
from school And get caught up in the trip to the pool Or
a night on the town, out of town just to show off your
jewels Just to relax and throw off your blues More often,
less walking Not talking, girl I show and I prove [Rapper
Big Pooh] Ain't no need to pack a bag, I plan to pop
tags Go somewhere warm, put our toes in the sand Go
somewhere cold, each other we'll hold The latter is
what I prefer, truth told Another show sold out That
mean more money in my bank account That mean
more time we can spend away Enough of the talk, let's
just do it today [Chorus X2: Phonte] [Phonte ablibs]
Yeah, from the Natti to the 9-1-9 It's Little Brother, my

man Buggs, what up? (What it do?) Tiggy Sinatra on
the motherfucking hook Sounding like money,
sounding so sweet Sounding like goddamn raspberry
velvet They don't even make raspberry velvet But if
they made it, that's what it would sound like My nigga
Rapper Big Pooh sounding like goddamn honeycomb
comforters They don't even make honeycomb
comforter But if they made it, that's what that shit
would sound like My nigga Buggs sounding like
motherfucking lavender silk throw pillows They don't
even make those But if they made them, that's what it
would sound like, peace

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