

# Get Away (feat. Shawty Fatt & Mystikal)

## Yelowolf

[verse 1: yelowolf]

hell of a day to load a .22 and take it to the woods and let it ring into the night  
and break a bottle with the bullet, yes i'm 'bout it motherfucker  
not a single solitary thing is missing from my southern roots  
i'm liable just to take a chevrolet and run it through the mud for giggles  
huh, what a son of a bitch my momma raised into a rapper that could tell story like my uncle  
when he's drinking  
product of a working environment, fuck is y'all thinking?  
meaning i'm working-working harder than any artist can ever do it simply cause i'm made that  
way  
i build a house around your ass before you could realize, that you were in the neighborhood that  
yelowolf made  
so call me a redneck and tell your boys about it, tell'em i'm an alabama wanna-be, i be that  
i'll just take it to the studio and drop a bomb on you from a motherfucking beanbag, i need that  
[hook: yelowolf]

get away  
tell my folks roll up the j's  
bring yelowolf a deuce, we'll sit up on the roof of the broken Chevrolet  
talk till there's nothing left to say, cause if i don't get away  
people see my trailer park ghetto ways, then you gonna have to get away from me  
drink some, smoke some  
you gonna have to get away from me  
load up the guns, load up the guns  
then you'll have to get away from me  
drink some, smoke some  
cause if i don't get away  
people see my trailer park ghetto ways, then you gonna have to get away from me

[verse 2: shawty fatt]

man, i done been through it all  
i'd a been up and know what it is to fall  
punk police feeling all on my balls  
without a probable cause a nigga sittin' tall  
dog, you gotta do something fatt  
on the road with wolf, why'd you come back?  
cause them up there, don't want to play fair  
got me pinned to the wall like a fucking thumbtackdumb fatt, dumb hell, criticize a nigga for  
the crack i sell?  
like you could give a shit if a nigga eat well  
or eat at all, want to see me fall  
let 'em see that? naw dawg, them lies  
long as i got catfish on my side  
bitch i'm headed up, up to the sky

roll up, let's get high  
wave at 'em bye, i need that[hook][verse 3: mystikal]  
20 plus 20 still spittin' 'em out  
still piss on your porch and still shit in your house  
they put my dick in your mouth  
take it back out  
put it back in  
fuck on the floor  
skeet on the couch  
which one of you ugly motherfuckers think your thug enough or  
rug enough or  
gutter enough or  
fast enough to keep up (huh?)  
most retarded motherfucker in the whole wide world ain't stupid or dumb enough to fuck with  
if you're in, say you're in, (say you're in!)  
and if you're in some motherfuckin business  
knuckle up, buckle up, hustle up, huddle up,  
what we goin' do? "win!"  
not in there, not a nigga outta there can compare  
to what i do to these boys on these bars and these scales  
in these clubs, in these bars  
on these tables and chairs  
I need that![hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>