

# Breakaway

Tinchy Stryder

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...

Yeah...

It's a standard ting that I keep it ghetto  
Roads ain't nothin' like calm or mellow  
Too much P's to be got so I get doe  
Man hold bricks in the bits like Lego  
Some put stones in their chains, all yellow  
Me I get low in the blacked out Renault  
With Soldier, Dirty Danger and Lee Wello  
P's involved and man are like 'Hello'  
Hi, come off the roads they're cold  
That's why I do music, I'm puttin' up shows  
If not, back to square one that's right  
Start from scratch, re-plottin' them O's  
Roads keep callin' me back but I'm not involved  
Then I hear don't then I'm right in road  
I got caught up by the sidewalk  
It's like the roads ain't lettin' go

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...

Yeah...

Them golden boys in the games wanna call me  
You're a household name's what they told me  
Through this game I been 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 PD  
When I come through it's all fresh Armani  
But I keep gettin' sidetracked by the streetlife  
It's more to the roads then streetlife  
Shotters jack rude guys in the corner  
That's why some walk street with a borra  
Might see two or three gash in the corner  
Might see two or three goons in the corner  
If the boydem roll up  
Give your stash to the gash, divert from the corner  
That's why I'm tryna get away from the hype tings  
Settle down with a girl, me I want life ting  
Nothin' ain't comfy, cozy in the hood fam  
That's why I'm tryna get paid through the mic ting  
But there's something about these roads  
Too much P's to be got so I get doe  
Still tryna get legal though  
Or we hustle, grind, it's the life we roll

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...

Yeah...

And I move on the roadside G  
And I get that doe like the roadside G's  
And I let it grow, I ain't spendin' a piece  
And I hustle, grind, still about them P's  
06 Mercs still I want them keys  
But I ain't gonna get that keys for the droptop  
Not too quick if I just MC  
So I do a bit of dirt for the P's  
At the same, look, I ain't got time for  
All these guys to be pullin' out 9's  
Too many egos clash on the roads  
I ain't got time I'm ninja like wolves  
Try and get low on the streets  
And I ain't rollin' with heat  
I want legal doe  
So I spray flows on the beat  
But I still get caught up with shit on the road