

Breakaway

Tinchy Stryder

[Hook: Funda]

I want you to leave, leave, I want you to go
But you keep telling me the streets are all you know
I just want a better life
But you won't break away

[Verse 1: Tinchy]

It's a standard ting that I keep it ghetto
Roads ain't nuttin' like calm or mellow
Too much Ps to be got, so I get dough
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 putting up shows
If not, back to square one, that's right
Start from scratch, re-plotting them Os
Roads keep calling me back but I'm not involved
Then I hear don't then I'm right in road
I got caught up in the sidewalk
It's like the roads ain't letting go

[Hook](x2)

[Verse 2: Tinchy]

The 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 getting sidetracked by the streetlife
There's more to the roads than street lights
Shotters jack rude guys in the corner
That's why some walk street with a bora
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 ting
Settle down with a girl, me I want life ting
Nothin' ain't comfy, cozy in the hood fam
So I'm tryna get paid through the mic ting
But there's something about these roads
Too much Ps to be got so I get dough
Still tryna get legal though
On the hustle, grind, it's the life we roll

[Hook](x2)

[Verse 3: Tinchy]

And I move on the roadside G
And I get that dough like the roadside Gs
And I let it grow, I ain't spending a piece
And I hustle, grind, still about them Ps
'06 Mercs, still I want them keys
But I ain't gonna get that keys for the drop top
Not too quick if I just MC
So I do a bit of dirt for the Ps
At the same, look, I ain't got time for
All these guys to be pulling out 9s
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 rolling with heat, I want legal dough
So I spray flows on the beat
But I still get caught up with shit on the road

[Hook](x2)

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