Pastor Troy, Move To Mars

[Verse 1]

Now who the fuck wouldn't be fucked up

In the city where crack sells and clientele never tell yo life

A nigga beats his wife, damn it's hurting me

But I can't help her man the way this grind be working me

Dodging the narc's

Cop's pulling up they fuck with us

Cause we on our corner

Can't tell 'em what I wanna

If I do I'ma gonna

They leave put they just ride the block

I serve my rocks, bump 'em out before they next stop

Fake ass cops

Why the fuck these niggas fuck with me

Muthafucker, I'm the one that pay ya salary

Don't get fired

Green making me so tired

Telling they stories, chasing money so I let them bore me

I know you could have been

All I say is should of been Fuck reminiscing nigga how many hits ya getting

So I can hit the house

Try to smoke a ounce

Let the weed protect me

From everything I see in this fucked up reality

[Hook: repeat 4X]

I'm bout to move to Mars y'all

The world a mess

[Verse 2]

So I'm stuck to fearing of myself

I'm nineteen going on death

I should've left when I was born

Cutting ambilical's

The doctor should've cut my arm, right at my vein

The pain make's me smoke the reefer

Helps me relax

It helps me really see this shit, I face the facts

I act like I'm loving life, then I act fo' real

Nigga's is getting shot, nigga's is getting killed

But still nothing's done

Questions asking me how--can I sell to my people

My people won't help me out

I'm pissed but I can't pout

Nothing change cause I'm mad

Understand life comes and goes

So I guess it's a fad

I often had to little, simulator my friend

So you can't hate me or this game I'm in

I have been with out a damn dime

And it's fucked up, cause it's happened more than one time

Therefore I grind

I find myself angry

November 18, God let this world claim me

Against my wishes

But this is how a nigga do ya

Once ya born, it's like the Lord never knew ya (cause why)

Cause this hell

Ya either sell or ya getting sold

Like we some slaves

Though they say that we free, it's the same shit today

A better way, don't lie to me

The realest nigga

All I can see is reality

God told me.

[Hook: repeat 8X]

I'm bout to move to Mars y'all

The world a mess

[Verse 3]

I've seen enough

It's like I'm seeing the same shit again

Nothing but thugs as friends

Pretend it's cool

Yeah, pretends it alright

And this nigga begged me for food for the third night-in a row

I didn't know that my own was so hungry

I wonder if I was a bum would my people disown me

Rather lonely, but than again hell we all alone

To keep me from snapping I'm acting up on this songs

The wrong damn nigga

The wrong damn time

The right brand of liquor

The right size dime

I blaze and hit the hennesy

And I realize, this world wasn't meant for me

Reality

[Hook: repeat until fade] I'm bout to move to Mars y'all

The world a mess