

Move to Mars (feat. 8Ball)

Pastor Troy

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 gonnaThey 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 meI know you could have been
All I say is should have 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 realityI'm 'bout to move to Mars y'all
The world a mess
I'm 'bout to move to Mars y'all
The world a messI'm 'bout to move to Mars y'all
The world a mess
I'm 'bout to move to Mars y'all
The world a mess
I'm 'bout to move to Mars y'allSo I'm stuck to fearing of myself
I'm nineteen going on death
I should've left when I was born
Cutting umbilical'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 factsI 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? I'm 'bout to move to Mars y'all
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This world a mess
I'm 'bout to move to Mars y'all 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 I'm 'bout to move to Mars y'all

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