

# Move to Mars

## 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 fadI 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 wishesBut 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

The world a mess

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The world a mess

I'm 'bout to move to Mars y'all

This world a mess

I'm 'bout to move to Mars y'allI'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 meRather 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

RealityI'm 'bout to move to Mars y'all

The world a mess  
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