

Eight Fingers Down "Starships And Rockets"

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Chorus:(Randy)

Starships and Rockets in a world that don't give a damn
Bullets fly past me, who can I trust
A player doing the best I can
If you set yo' mind free baby
Maybe you'll understand
Starships and Rockets, in a world that don't give a
damn

Verse 1 (Eightball):

As the sunsets, I take off my specs
Sit down and collect, my thoughts of another day in the
past
How it don't last like it use to last
It's common place to get yo' ass splattered from a gun
blast
Not trying to preach, just trying to reach out and feel
me
I chose the righteous path and now people are out to
kill me
Killing myself, advertising suicide
Explaining formulas for black on black genicides
In other words I apologize
Not for telling the truth, but about the lifestyle I
glorified
Now everlying I have heard and seen much shit
But through it all man, I've always been a lyrisc
>From high school, to a hole in a wall, shotting pool
On top of the world, and a nigga still paying dues
Singing the blues, cause saturday morning mom
bumped it
Love and happiness, Al Green and the Trumpets
Rolled up in my brain with that hay and hen
Using God giving talents, slanging wealth and sin
Lost in the clouds, drowning in that 80 proof
And all around me, my world is turning to

Chorus

Verse 2 (Eightball):

Look at the asteroids wizzing past you
Video taping everything with they cameras flashing
They caught me dashing out the studio, with the 2 inch
tape
>From the hood to stage it just ain't no escape
>From the devil, no matter who you are it's hard to
beat 'em
>From the TV that 'cha watching to the food that 'cha
eating
We been jackmentally, by the enemy
And sometime the enemy could end up being kind to
me
Space Age pimp flexing, detectixing plexing
Friends turn to foes trying to be slicker than Westin
Lessons get taught by the one's fucking up constantly
Pressured by they peers, distracted by they eyes and
ears
Nigga's sell they souls trying to get the goals in
End up wonderin' were the bump in road end
Then again time won't stop tickin' away
You won't get shit if you don't get on up and get it
today
New shit turn to old shit quick
While we killing each other trying to impress a bitch
Lost in the clouds, drowning in that 80 proof
And all around us, our world is turning to

Hook (Randy):

Starships and rockets in a world that don't give a damn
Bullets fly past me who can I trust
A player doing the best I can
If you set yo' mind free baby, maybe you'll understand
(what)
Starships and rockets, in a world that don't give a
damn, yeah, yeah
Don't 'cha know we got starships, and rockets
Got bullets all around me, yeah
A Can ya feel me, can ya' feel me
We're living, livin'
On Pluto, and Mars, and Mercury
Starships, and Rockets
Say everybody hear what I saaaaaaaay

Chorus

