

Lil Crazed

"Galaxy"

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Ayo, I'm off to the moon, off to the moon,
Haters check my resumÃ© before you resume
Talking that shit that you often do
Keep giving it hard, put a pause to you,
Start button, better start running,
This star coming homie I'ma shooting one,
Don't need to shoot a gun, to make my banger heard,
I prefer that you give me a booth and one, microphone,
Leave I alone and get rained (reigned) on like you're
styrofoam
Sip, sip, sip, sip that drink,
And swallow my words then finish what I think
Read my mind, see you're barely in it,
Stay behind your Windows, mine are very tinted
You can't see me, get it? get it?
You can't see me, yeah I said it,
I, still bringing my vision to real life,
The sky may be the limit, I won't limit to the sky
I'll be shining like christmas lights,
And you'll be silent like christmas nights
This is life, haters everywhere you go then you know
that you do some shit
Right,
Just keep your eyes on that distant light,
And when it calls, don't miss your flight
Taking off, first class seat,
Fuck what you saying, I heard it last week,
I'm future bound, you ruined it now,
You stupid clown, you losing now,
I'm winning like sheen is on my team,
Bringing that crack, you can watch from the
nosebleeds,
Ha, so haters just forfeit,
And watch this star just orbit

Ayo, I'm off to the moon, off to the moon,
Big bang theory, watch me boom,
Make jams for space, no looney toons
You in your vroom, I'm in my zoom,
Astronomical flow,
Fly to where astronauts will all go,

So all your animosity towards this,
Will fuel up the ship that I boarded,
Success to you is hard to view,
So you grillin' me, thinking this a barbecue,
Uh, cuz I'm making movie moves,
You squares like rubix cubes,
Cruising through high altitudes that now my dudes get
used to view
Cuz I fly high, my team riding with me,
So do what we say, I got Simon with me,
Still playing hard, got the mind of a rookie
Cuz I'll be damned if I get my fortune from a cookie
I make my own routes, I'm the pilot,
Got my own drive, no autopilot
I keep riding, aiming up,
Living my dreams, no waking up,
Cuz I'm in the skies till you bury me deep,
So study me from your planetarium seats
From the net to the jets to the spacesuit,
Came a long way since that first debut,
Mama said baby, they gon' hate you,
But it's cuz you have their dream so they're gon' chase
you,
The word on the curb, they must heard (mustard), that I
am next up
But unless you a condiment on rocket ships, you won't
catch up (ketchup)

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