

## Pastor Troy "Move to Mars!"

Visit "[Move to Mars!](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 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 reality

I'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'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'all

So 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 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?

I'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'all  
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'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'all  
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'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  
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'all  
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'all  
The world a mess  
I'm 'bout to move to Mars y'all  
The world a mess

...

Visit [Pastor Troy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.