

Mars ILL f/ Blueprint, Pigeon John

"Planes and Trains"

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[Verse 1: Pigeon John]

I live on the road, a modern day hobo
Trained to eat quick and expect the low blow
Get what you can from a dried up hole
In the land of the lost, cowboys in the sand
And my soul is the coal, and my life is the flame
And it's burning to earn all the lights and the fame
And it's turning to ash every step towards cash
And I'm losing it fast so I mash on the gas
But it's too late
My fate is a broken-hearted freshman even before my
first date
And I smile at my call, another yes, yes y'all
With every summer, there's fall
So I just rock in my chair while they rock to the beat
A whole trainload of fresh meat
And it's so sweet how they dream, their young hearts
beam
But they really don't know what it means, but they will
though...

[Hook]

(There by subway train) Another day booked, I'm a fish
on a hook now
(There by subway train) It's too late to turn out my ride
'til I die now
(There by subway train) Hitching a ride into town with
my hands out
(There by subway train) I gotta go now, gotta go now,
gotta go now...

[Verse 2: Manchild]

Took my car to the MARTA station, train to the airport
Feet to the bare floor, fists to declare war
Fame as a flare, tore pain from your stare
Used the game as a springboard, my name's at your
in-store
Kick to the snare drum, get here to there, son
They stick to the chair like chicks that get their hair
done
Spit this to spare none, rhyme liquid in rare form

Commit to prayer born, brought heat to stay warm
Rap is my two cents, backed by the movement
Sacrificed my words to give you Pigeon John and
Blueprint
Pleased just to thank you, hang with a strange few
Five to the Deepspace, stay the same just to change
you
Pen to the notepad, mind to the starshine
Knee to the groundwork, 'cause right now is our time
Plane to the down south, MARTA to the train stop
Walked to the car and drove back to the block...

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Blueprint]

Are we there yet? Let me know, I'm feeling restless
From traveling up what feels like stair steps
And I hope it doesn't make me weak when I start to
question
How far I'm willing to go to deliver this message
But the point of no return is where we're all at
It's easier to push forward than to go back
And since I can't go back to life before rap
I'ma play this game and boost all my stats
I was born at a time when you earned respect
For the rhyme and the way you made words connect
Not the money that you made or the girls you sexed
A concept you obviously haven't heard of yet
I did more shows in a month than you did in your life
Ate gas station food, stayed up late nights
Met a couple women that I'd like to make my wife
And realized that I'd travel anywhere for mics...

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