

Phatty-Gurl "Another World"

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Jersey
A twisted maze of interstates
Highways, industry, farmland and tidal waves
Halfway between New York and DC
London and Cali
I can see the Philly skyline
On a clear night
But I'd rather be on the beach in the moonlight
Just like we used to back in the day
Before I lost control of hands on the face
Before you went away
Where do all these cars come from?
Where do all these people gotta get to?
Why am I one?
I've been branded
It says so right across my chest
And I'm stranded in an ocean of bodies with no life vest
And concrete Timberlands
Hindering every step
Everybody's trying to get a rep
Everybody wants to get their respect
Like they're any different from the next man
We're all mannequins, understand?
I can't drive two blocks without seeing the cops
I can't listen to a song and not hear about rocks
I can't go to bar without seeing twenty classmates
Trying to figure out why they took the time to graduate
Developers are buying every orchard in the county
To make quarter million dollar properties with no trees
But they're convenient to the highways and the big city
We're all guilty pilgrims robbing Indians
Jersey

See life without you tears my fragile world apart
I'm not too happy and I'm not too smart
And if I was just a little better at either
I'd put the pain relievers down and give the stimulants
a breather
But I'm neither
Jug handles, traffic circles, and no left turns
No license til you're seventeen

Walking to work
I've got a green-eye perspective
Of eclectic laborers
Expecting pay dirt and move away from the neighbors
The liquor stores all close at two
Everybody's got it rough and take it out on you
Everybody's so tough 'cause they stuck it through
On that note, mad love to everyone in my crew
I like to go to the boardwalk at 3am
The parking is free and the ocean is calling me
Calming me, watching me work with a pen
There's nobody else so I talk to myself
And here I go again
So cliché and typical
Dreaming 'bout yesterday
Reminiscing like them times was some kind of miracle
But if I recall, I couldn't wait to move on
The theoretical next level
Somehow my chemicals all come into balance
Like I'm up to the challenge
And I'm down for trouble
Took the Parkway North
All the way to New York
To that bridge to relive my 9/11 witness, yo

I'm on a waiting list for a spot with assisted living
A community of peers clinging to life for some reason
'Cause I got no kids to take care of me
Not that they could anyway with the economy today
I'm a forage through the forest to secret elephant
burial ground
Find a nice spot to chill and lay down
Some underground kids said my beats were too
mainstream
To be in that vein of dope lyrics and street dreams
But the mainstream kids are like "What the fuck was
that?"
You wanna try me, you'll have to untie me
Now who's whack?
See I was lucky to have both parents in the home
Though things didn't chill out til one of 'em was gone
Now I see my friends trying to raise kids
That they got stuck with for being stupid
But they're never alone
Shop for records at the Goodwill store
It's amazing to me how nobody wants 'em no more
They'd rather have the crate
But nobody got priorities straight
Including mine
'Cause I spend my last dime on a break
And it's hard to be the Garden State in February

'Cause the crops don't grow but the heating bill is
steady
I've been fortunate not to be a casualty
I seen a lot of drama that's real
Try to keep my hands clean
Try to keep it in my head there's worse places to be
'Cause I'm speaking and I'm walking free
Jersey

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