

Rocketman

Prof

Up up and away, take me away
Light-speed on the game
To know where I come from is to
Know that it's all the same

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R-o-cock-e-t up
L-a-m-e-s down
Got cheap beer in a paper cup
Alabama homegrown by the pound, how does that sound?
With a small town, down south, comin' up, runnin' up to the club with Rocket
man
Got a white-wall or two that'll run up on you with a Glock in hand
Hold that there, really high by a shot of this Jim Beam
Creak a motherfucker's engine
When I spit it, all the hot girls go ring-ring
Close to my roots like ginseng, Dixie Mafia
Droppin' this rock on top of ya'
I got a mean team
I got a fit-to-
back, clear moonshine by the pound that'll have you seeing stars
I got people with Chevrolets that are friends of mine, that'll have you seei
ng cars
Riding by, flying by, rocket-ships that are sitting high
Put a city boy on top of the world with a Big Block bumper and pecan pie
Get a slice, get it twice, get it three times, I'm nuts
Skittin' by with about three or five bucks
Spending better off when I'm in a bind, trust
Smether from the deader and I don't give a fuck (Cud...)
So tell my folks that I'm on the way
I just broke through the ozone with my BluBlocker shades
Yelawolf!

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I am the Rocketman they talk about
I jump from star to star, I walk it out
Thinkin' of a better ticket, is another world to visit
Is it fitted in my mind rightly, tightly?
Could it really be another planet, would it matter?
Pitter-patter, could I really stay there daily, nightly?
Ooh, yes I will...
Ooh man, I swear to God...
Don't need permission, I'm just wishin' for a little nod
I work for NASA

I just need a little money
I get my training rights
Y'all won't even see me comin'...
I got a spaceship in my backyard I've been workin' on
I need an alternator, then peace to the haters, man, I'll take off
It's a free world out there, ain't it?
I let my mind loose and go chase it
A little lime juice, time to face it
I'm so close that I can taste it
Got a flashlight
Got the wolves by
Grab me Yelawolf and we'll look for a bulls-eye
E.T. phone-home with the chrome
When I'm in my zone, holmes
But a whole lotta' good die
So turn your lights off
I'm best up in the nighttime
Every time I see the moon
I'm lookin' at the bright side

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To know where I come from is to
It's all the same, man
To know where I come from is to
It's all the same, man
To know where I come from is to
It's all the same, man
To know where I come from is to
I am the Rainman!

(Let's go)
Let's break the ceiling (Y'all lame)
Let's break the ceiling (Let's go)
Let's break the ceiling
Let's break the ceiling!
I know that you pricks can't see me
I live in the stars
This is why you fucks can't be me
I was born on Mars