

Outer Space

Rehab

There comes a time when you realize
Been worried about a lot of things that don't matter
I gotta do me! I gotta do me! Yeah, I gotta do me!

I was watchin' television when it hit me
Made me think about how little bitty Danny really is
Now I can put a heap 'a jewelry on my neck and trick a bitch
And make her think I'm mega-rich
And play the part of ballerific like I never dug a ditch
Paint a picture of myself to look as if I had it all together
Never shook, and when she took a sip of the kool-aid that a fool made
There'd be a liar liar pants on fire, and it'd be too late
The damage it'd done be done
Forgive me for my sin God, I know I've been a nimrod
Been trying to be what I'm not, put my worth in a big wad
I cashin pushin big body, Benz's flashy ferrari's
I'm just so so sorry. I guess I just forgot

I'm sitting on a ball in outer space, riding round the universe at the speed
of sight
I sure got a big front yard

Watch what I'm about to find
Watch what I'm about to find
Watch what I'm about to find

When the runway's clear, I'm leaving this atmosphere
Just to see what's poppin' beyond the ozone yeah
And I'mma orbit this bitch and search for what I believe
How fucking big could the universe really be?
And if it's light years in diameter, then everyone's an amateur
Cause you can't break, bend, or either understand what it takes
To keep the shit in tact. And if it fell in, could you build the shit back?
And if you met a alien, what the fuck would you say?
Lock him up for experiments or let him be on his way?
If he could cure cancer or have a sex tape
He'd be equally as famous and he can wear a cape
And we can make some toys, and all of the kids could play
And we could tell 'em stories about back in the day
When there was no iPhones, and no Lil Waynes
No long-term treatment, no problems with Cocaine
Where everything was lovely, gas was affordable
Ass wasn't easy, but you could hit it raw with no thought of a lawyer
Everything was fun-like, dipping 60 thousand miles an hour 'round the sun

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And all my people that have passed away before me up in heaven
Whichever direction that may be in
I know they seein past the sputnicks and whatnot
The satellites and gases down through the clouds just

"Look at his little ass making Galileo hallelujah"
Spittin was comin to me, gettin was comin to me
They say I'm outta my mind
But them same folks couldn't think outside the box if they were buried alive
What's up my organism? Thanks for the mortal wisdom, appreciate it
But I'mma try to kiss the sky like a jimmy before me did it and fly wit it
What is left right? What is up and down? This is a close encounter
No I'm not dosed down
I'm in a planetary, bumpin' through your solar system on a mission
Known to spit some. What the fuck ya talkin bout?
Spread the good news Gary, I'm great space coastin'

"Houston, we have powered down the main thrusters, and we are floating...over"

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Look Mama, no hands! Standin' on the 3rd rock
From the sun an' surfing round the universe
Can you dig it?
Look Mama, no hands! Standin' on the 3rd rock
From the sun an' surfing round the universe
Can you dig it?