

# 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?