

# Satellites

Struggle Jennings

When the hammer hits the pin, you can't duck  
So you mother fuckers better put your hands up  
You hate the Phoenix room illa  
Come and get the killa from a known drug dealer  
All my life been plantin seeds  
Been down on my luck but now I'm back on my feet  
Now days my grass is greener  
Money back if there's seeds in the diesel  
Reapin the benefits of a fruit from a crop  
Grown up in the attic up under kilowatts  
New city next show new watch  
Coast to coast and then back to the block  
Outside the box  
Thinkin over night flights and private stocks  
Tell her get it wet than ride my cock  
I'm thinkin of money when I'm lookin up at the clock  
Hustle hard for the ends I'm bout to get  
I'm livin now growin old with no regrets  
Really wanna do it, don't talk just kill em  
I ain't hard to find bitch, @1zilla  
Get the "K" with the hell fire n I ride out  
Send a hundred 7.6.2's thru your hide out  
Killin the witness's so the cops don't find out  
So fly on the rise, sky bound...  
I used to be thinkin bout makin money of the books  
Now I'm handlin business I graduated from a crook I don't have no patience  
Or idle time to be wasting, get to the money thru navigation in my space ship  
I don't wanna talk bitch loop my beat wipin the fingerprints off of 223's  
I'mma felon already still gotta pay my lease  
I'm tryin to figure whose watchin m who moved my cheese...

All of my life  
Planted seeds  
In the spotlight I'm gonna be  
Now we're up so high outter space  
Satellites  
Get up, get up, get, get up, get up, get down

Catfish..  
Pray for the people, pray for the people  
Yea motherfucker I'm awake and illegal-ly  
Drivin' a Caprice in the streets  
You better stay on the sidewalk cause I'm evil  
When I take a sip of Jack, I'm an eagle  
Soarin' thru the club like I don't see you  
Yea whatever, its nice to meet you, fuck you, I don't really care or need you  
To be a fan, or shake my hand, or tell me I'm the man cause I'm off the need le  
Cause I brought a earthquake to the birthplace of Jay-Z & the Village People  
New York never seen me comin'  
Cops in the park never seen me runnin'  
Treat a rapper like a pussy hole, fuck 'em all, fuck 'em raw  
Yea, I don't even need a woman, no homo  
Clowns jumpin' up out they cars for me, go Bozo  
Had to get it all for myself, cause nobody was ready to stand up I go solo

Used to be where them hoes don't go  
Now they wanna roll, and I'm like "no ho"  
Oh no bitch, better get a dildo, better yet, pull a dollar out your bill-  
fold  
What you got on my gas?, I mean for real  
I'm a dirty whiteboy rollin' wit a buncha' whiteboys in West Nashville  
That's real, that's real, that's still my roots  
And I got mud still on my boots  
And I might walk into your livin-room, steal your broom  
And leave my tracks for proof, the track is proof

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No poker face, I'll show you what card I play  
Do you really wanna see what's up my sleeve besides my Cartier  
It's hard to say what you would do on my block  
You couldn't walk in my shoes so why the fuck you wearin my socks  
My team has been here, my people are pioneers  
Now I'm surrounded by a buncha fake smiles, veneers  
That Lear jet still isn't here yet  
They runnin blind cause they can see that I'ma clear threat  
Put your hands up, bubba this a stick up  
I'ma breath of fresh air... Hick up  
No pick up, miss us with that okie doke  
Outlaw till I croke your heart is softer than an artichoke  
I'm okay buddy, I can buy my stake  
Cause when this cheddar comes I don't want you eatin off my plate  
I'm not irate I just take pride in my shattered life  
I'm up so high you can not see me, Satellites...