

## Come Back Down

XV

Yeah, let me swing into the scene like a monkey do  
Trying to make a point real bad like our running shoe  
Date a lot of girls but I'm married to my money boo  
So why you trying to trip with me like this our honeymoon?  
I am sitting comfy cozy childa meana Humphrey bogie  
Seat up with my feet up in my neegas in a bunch of stonies  
Light 'em up in the game, a chamber they call it my lair  
Bitches in they bikini bottoms 'cause I is such a square  
Yeah, the life I live don't ever bore me  
Indian reservations, it comes with the territory, they wanna hear my story  
How my name ring in mo' towns like Berry Gordy but they ignore me?  
So I flew up to this planet I call Squaria  
A place where any nigga with street cred would be weary up  
Thought it was a bad choice like getting married young  
But it was very fun, now all of a sudden they is telling me to...

Come back down, come back down, come back down to earth  
They telling me to come back down, come back down, come back down to earth  
They is saying you is just too weird, yes you have made that clear  
So I'm up in the sky 'cause I like the view up here  
They told me come back down  
They told me come back down, come back down to earth

(I'm not the same, I am a martian  
I'm not the same, I am a martian  
I'm not the same, I am a martian  
I'm not the same)

Far from it, my drive like Happy Gilmore, even if niggas still score  
They going par four 'cause they have to still putt it  
I'm making banks like Uncle Phil's mother  
They think that I'm afraid to reach my peak but I got that hill covered  
The difference between us is that he'll love her, he'll trust her  
And wife her and I will still fuck her, ha-ha  
Like a car sales man and I'm making it happen off of your stale plan  
'Cause I'm bringing it back to when niggas could really rap  
While y'all fuck up the tracks like derailed trams  
When I go over your head like blimps, I still make sense like a weed filled van  
I don't even see sale scams, I just put in the same folder as email spam  
So when I'm gone and they listen to my song  
They can never say that Don ain't do what he felt man till I...

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Yeah, you gone too far, reaching for the stars  
You've done so much just to let it all slip away-away  
Don't move too fast, gotta make it last  
The world's waiting on you, just don't let it all slip away  
Just come back down to us