

# Mars III, Mars III

(Verse 1)

Put reverb on my vocals, I don't want to repeat myself  
Like no one else before or after on the grill of the mic  
Mars ILL, in the still of the night when the feeling is right  
Look through the eyes of a planet, grip my pen and I write  
For the children I fight, with force of millions I strike  
But those willing to bite are winning the spotlight  
It's not right. You feed the multitudes with 7 years of famine  
Musical mentors span from Hanson to Marilyn Manson  
I illuminate the path of the righteous when I'm lampin  
Hip-hop's dope from the inside, How's it look from where you're standin?  
Need a stand-in? Get your hand in, there's no real need for talent  
Today's heads are overentertained and underchallenged  
Keep it balanced the words you say behind the doors of where you stay  
The sanctuary of your cage to the safety of the stage  
Turn the page like Robert Plant and plant my feet on better days  
Emcees who slept for days, you know they must be swept away  
Far and away, few and far between what's dope and classic song  
Where fly and fresh are automatic, that's exactly where I'm from  
From beat breaks to the realms of deepspace where stars chill  
The new edition, bump John Gill, it's Mars ILL.

(Verse 2)

Keep your finger on the pulse of ink pumping through my veins  
Thumbing through the pain, running in the seventh lane  
The bane of my existence derails my train of thought  
I bait the hook for the resistance, hope and pray that they'll get caught  
Ought not step to my cypher, or get removed like a tumor  
Crash in the sea of inexperience like JFK Jr  
Sooner than Oklahoma, known to bomb your whole persona  
On the works of God I meditate to break the way you wanna  
Smoke your marijuana cash crop, move product on the blacktop  
A genocidal backdrop, and cats still give you mad props  
Track stops, rock on upon the rock beyond  
Imagination's strongest station, frequency so you'll respond  
I'm there for you to lean on like Morgan Freeman  
Cooler than some freon, light up the mic device like neon  
My word, it be bond, so Satan can simply be gone  
El Shaddai commissioned, attack mission be three pronged  
Go back and forth like ping pong with Dust the elusive  
And sing songs of hope for the abused plus the abusive  
Recruited to martyred on the cross of mass appeal  
Mars ILL, here to redefine how music makes you feel