

Mars III, Next Door

(Verse #1)

If the eyes are the windows of the soul, then the mouth is the door
Where the pieces exit freely way beyond your control
And they're not yours anymore. Walk tall in bent stride
And propaganda lies on the gentle side of genocide
Words are used, broken, twisted and misquoted
The gossip was probably true the first time somebody told it
And slander's just a well-intentioned public exposition
That should have been handled man to man as something different
The bum decisions are done and repeated like that
Bite my tongue in half as an example of how to fight back
Write raps and raise a family. Build with the like-minded
Honor hides itself in strange faces. I'm always glad to find it
I'm reminded of the wonder of this world in which we live
How we kill ourselves to have but find freedom when we give
Climb reason and forgive in a quest for all that is
I'm standing right beside you 'cause this is where I live

(Hook)

I'm the voice in the distance, the image in the foreground
Don't have much, but what's mine is yours now
Can't put your finger on it, but you've seen me around
Wherever you're at, I'm just a couple doors down
(Repeat)

(Verse #2)

It's like 4 in the morning and I'm still here
Wasn't 'til 3:45 that I started thinking clear
Concern, anger, sadness, and now my heart is blinking tears
Take these necessary steps to my art can reach my peers
I've abused my voice so much that it's hard to sing this year
And my own songs can't echo in my set of ringing ears
Pages filled top to bottom with confidence and stinging fear
That no one understands what I speak and they can't hear
So I'll say it twice as loud and I'll mean every word
Can't keep it in my mouth until their peace is disturbed
From the least to the first, we can see where you hurt
And we dedicate this now, every beat, every verse
Every breath, every thought, every prayer, every stage
Every show, every moment, every night, every day
Everything that we say and everything that we do
It's dedicated to you. It's dedicated to you...

(Hook)

(Verse #3)

The moments that I'm walking through affect the way I talk to you
And this is what I'm called to do. It's almost like I'm stalking you
You're tired of falling through the cracks from all the broken promises
And it's tough to hear the voice of reason through these busted monitors
And as honest as I am, I can't hide behind the faade
I just wanna bring my people a little closer to God
If I'm martyred on MARTA, it was probably my time
But we're here now, hands on, transforming your mind
So if I ask you how you're doing, don't smile and say, "Fine."
'Cause it's written all over your face honey, and I ain't blind
Me and mine, we spill our guts, 'cause without it, we'd go nuts
The music is therapeutic, so just let it pick you up
And hold you tight. Move a little closer to the light
Be careful when you listen 'cause it might just change your life
And when you see me in the supermarket, just smile and say, "Hello."
And add me to the list of all the people that you know...

(Hook)

