

# Mars III, Rap Fans

(Verse 1: manCHILD)

I vent my anger on you strangers that I've never even met  
As I employ endangered medium of recordable cassettes  
To audibly connect, it oughtta be correct  
Tattoo my name on your eardrum to make sure you don't forget  
My faith and art that I protect leaves heads twitching like Torretts  
As I vomit my opinion over volatile soundsets  
Project through drums pounding, dumfounding the shallow  
And keeping true heads smiling in the shadows  
Baffle you with battle-tested methods from a distinguished master-linguist  
Extinguishing the meaningless rhetoric and jargon  
Leave the wack missing in action, their picture on milk cartons  
As my tongue burns like arson, opponents begging me for pardon  
No crates stacked with records with my picture on the cover  
But that's far from the point at hand on one had to the other  
From foreign sands to your motherland to your dreamy wonderland  
ManCHILD spits so rap fans can understand the Son of Man.

(Hook)

In stadiums with packed stands or just you and your mans  
This jam is for the real rap fans  
ManCHILD commands where you stand from Japan to San Fran  
This jam is for the real rap fans  
From NYC down to where the ATLiens land  
This jam is for the real rap fans  
Urban lands, desert sands, rock wherever you can  
This jam is for the real rap fans

(Verse 2: Sharlok Poems)

Lyrics of steel, my flow heavy as anvils  
Thoughts spread long and wide as cotton fields  
Many play hard make me scream Actors guild  
Bad actors getting killed first episode of the season  
Stop rhyming for one reason cuz the ink pen stopped bleeding  
Prick your finger the needle and start thinking  
Into crowd I'm sinking, stage diving for the rap fans  
Speak mine across the land like Robert Gaines with aerosol cans  
Truth from mouth expands like rubber band being snapped back  
Many crews are called wack because rhyme skills they lack  
From the mouth words drag like dog with broke back  
I'm floor bound, thumb tack off the walls with mine  
With divine heart soul and mind and my mic skates  
Numbers of souls saved climbing like Cali's crime rate  
Like these record crates, flipping through beats rhymes and life  
Sharlok Poems and manCHILD for rap fans delight

(Hook)

In stadiums with packed stands or just you and your mans  
This jam is for the real rap fans  
Sharlok commands where you stand from Japan to San Fran  
This jam is for the real rap fans  
From NYC down to where the Californians stand  
Urban lands, desert sands rock wherever you can  
This jam is for the real rap fans

(Verse 3: manCHILD)

Fanatics buying records like the junk was pornographic  
Fly rhymes get you higher than an addict in an attic  
Don't stop for red lights and the mic directs the traffic  
Climb Everest just to see the best correctly stab it  
Blood, sweat and tears for years because you gotta have it  
Mother hip-hop sticks my lyrics to the fridge with a magnet  
So fat when I bust raps, the doc told me to cut back  
But I make tracks for all of you cats and you don't want that

The backpack assassins, fatty marker taggin  
Black and Anglo Saxon, any race you can imagine  
Holding down your area to start a chain reaction  
The fans deserve a hand cuz you made rap the main attraction  
If you listen for the love and you're sick of all the babbling  
I rain down like the weather, bring the pain like a contraction  
Clearer than cellophane on plexiglass style  
It's Sharlok Poems and soul heir the manCHILD  
While the wack stack grands and don't care if you clap hands  
I take a stand and make a jam for the real rap fans  
Take a stand and make a jam for the real rap fans  
Take a stand and make jams for the real rap fans

(Hook x 4)