

# Mars III, Try Again

(Chorus)

We fly the pen like a pilot when it's time to begin  
Fight to win with the power that makes the sky bend  
We got to end to make room for the Christ to begin  
If it ain't dope enough then, yo, got to try again.

(Verse)

I get you up like Vivarin, an unpredictable trend  
Many men remain content with where the needle has been  
In an elliptical spin of people dying in sin  
We realize to reap our talents lies in trying again  
So I don't try to pretend that I'm phatter than him  
I just make heads come apart like a detachable limb  
And carry on like I'm collapsible overhead in your plane  
Holding titles for collateral, leaving cats with no name  
Line them up like cocaine and light them like propane  
While they're profane, we rock from Florida to Spokane  
Washington, I've watched them rock to kicks, snares and rim shots  
They think their junk is tight when it's loose like slip knots  
Yo, but I can't trip, AK, cuz everybody can change  
They could flip their whole persona ala Shirley McClain  
But we aim for the heavenlies and try to tame the 7 seas  
Because when you claim the Trinity, you'd better shoot for the stars  
Battle scars and open wounds from open mics that I've closed  
Open minds and open doors for all my brothers in prose  
I send cerebral celebrations with my mic and my pen  
If you don't get it, kid you guessed it, I'ma try it again

(Chorus)