

Mars III, Compound Fractures

(Verse 1: syntaxtheterrific)

I'm a patriarch b-boy breaking bones in the park
After dark, my blows like body rock the beat within your heart
I've been sent to set apart, make the swift leg lame
Touch my hand to your hip to cripple physical frames
I'm braining body handicapping snapping judgment just the same
Entertain to leave ya'll limping pimping strut with a cane
The pain is incidental pencil spit in sentence fragments
Character gets crushed like catching hands in kitchen cabinets
Be breaking bad habits, turn the table on them
Manufacture compound fractures with the stroke of my pen
Syntax has spoken to men (kid gets me open within)
I leave you broken like Ken Swift doing cranial spins
Soul bend and break men sending bones through the skin
When words are fresh I'm ripping flesh, paper sheets or melanin
I tend to pop limbs out of joint with the points I make
Your soul's without control like overweights on roller skates
Correct mistakes, Syntax deflates fake over-inflated egos
On beaches in Brazil screaming, "Just Say No To Speedos!!"
In suburbs telling white kids they look stupid wearing corn rows
In Hugh Hefner's mansion tape recording over pornos
There's hurt before the healing and wreck before the rescue
Dirt before the cleansing and dark before the view
Wrong before redemption, hip-hop to break your neck
Cuz God gives us life to live once we got no life left

(Hook)

(Verse 2: manCHILD)

Mind, body and soul heir squares off in circles
Tear kicks and snares to pieces and shreds while breaking bread
Bred to break you, no mistake dude, take 2 fake crews
Deepspace you to your face too, like an earthquake when I make moves
Leave you naked like He made you to longer hide things
Masked as bright schemed politics from the left or the right wing
Spiked words do the right thing, lust for chicks in tight jeans
But it's all obviously faker than a Van Damme fight scene
Your mind's a white screen, the underworld's projecting pipe dreams
Wise mic fiends contact you with bone cracking fractures
Syntaxtheterrific spits rage amaze-on
Just to warn you cool cats the thin ice that you skate on
Levels dangerous like radon, laced with syntactical blows
Expose heads like photos to Jehovah, broken at His feet
Rock hard like concrete to glorify the Most High?
Regardless, I rip flawlessly raw like e-coli
I've been told I ran wild, but still my die hard fans smile
For that drop-you-where-you-stand style, soul heir the manCHILD
I AM stands miles above the current lifestyle that you've chosen
Sounds ill but you'll be whole once you're broken