

Mars III, Inside Out

(Verse 1)

Building in a cell block, shocked at the mystery
Unlocked the misery kept inside his body's chemistry
And when he's by himself, he has to cry to keep on living
Reads letters from his children from far outside the prison
And it isn't enough that he didn't pull that trigger
Just a neighborhood fixture on the corner drinking liquor
A two-time offender who got caught up in the moment
Was close by when a robbery was operated sloppily
And somebody got shot and son was fingered in the line-up
Tossed into a 6x9, stuck because his time's up
Fine luck, had to beat a brother on his first day
To protect his own best interest in like the worst way
Blames the system that built jails instead of schools
Blames religion as a set of useless rules
Blames his father that he never even knew
Looks in the mirror. Yeah, he blames him too...

(Verse 2)

He starts to read books, an empowered resolution
Malcolm, Dr. King, Mumia and Huey Newton
Learns that nothing worth having is ever gon' be easy
He studies philosophy while everyone's watching TV
And after 33 weeks, he starts to do the science
Sees God's handwriting there underneath the fine print
It had been there all along just waiting for him to find it
But he'd been blinded by his time spent trying to fight it
But the spark ignited the fuel inside him
And now he holds the flame that burns the brightest
Because the slightest touch from the heavens can heavily change the tides
Or tip the scales to either side of the problems in our lives
He found faith in a cage and his mind's already free
And he can float through these walls far beyond what he can see
He sees his cell as a cross that he'll carry if need be
But of course his body wants to join his soul and be free...

(Verse 3)

So he's a new man, motivated to slice through the hatred
And radiate to those that play with death and want to take his breath
He'll make each step count for something greater
Understands that he can hate the game and still love the players
He shares his cell with another one-strike-too-many-type of Jon Doe
Who wants his rights back though
The conversation words flow and get kind of thorough
And it just so happens that they're from the same borough
From the same neighborhood, from off the same freeway
From the same ghetto and from the same PJ's
And Jon Doe knows how his situation started
How kids were busting shots at their local supermarket
On that one fateful night that changed our hero's life
And how he got knocked wrongfully and how it isn't right
But strangely, our man is calm and doesn't lose sight
He knows that he was broken so that he could find Christ
And for that he's thankful, no shank pulled got him
He's never felt so high while he was standing at the bottom
And after six months, a judge heard his appeal
Released into a city that becomes his mission field
He pulls a free breath that feels fresh despite all the smog
He used to hit the bottle but now he fights for God
And since he's seen it all, he can say what it's about
And to think this all started from the inside out...