

Mars III, Love's Not

Verse 1

Love. What is it? A solid or a liquid?

The question resonates from inner space to outer limits
Outer space to inner city dwellers timid, not committed
Love just isn't built on child support and weekend visits
You kill it like strychnine when you treat it like a cancer
You don't feel it so you spend time seek pleasure, not the answer
In clubs peeping dancers in a jacked-up type of manner
Stuffing g-strings with dollars that should buy your baby's Pampers
Love's not waking up with different women every morning
Love's not beating her down at nine months, with child forming
Love's not leaving your wife and your seed with no warning
Love's not, and when it's raining its pouring
Scoring no points you smoke joints, and toke your life away
You might have another year or two but you really die today
Display respect for yourself, or you can't love nobody else
The hand you're dealt requires action, not just something you felt

Chorus:

I know what love is and it just don't stop
but I can explain it better when I say what love's not.
Yeah I know what love is, and it just don't stop
But I explain it better when I can say what love's not.

Verse 2

A house divided against itself is prone to utter desolation
So for this generation on the brink of extermination
I pour out a libation, a lyrical libation
In observation of the annihilation of the moral foundation
The desperation of the situation was clearly foretold
That in these last days the love of many would grow stone cold
And if hell is without love
Then all hell has broke loose in this culture
Feel the negativity circling overhead like a vulture?
The inverted priority of the majority, squander the sacred
To give what's profane seniority
And incredibly we fail to see collectively
The reasons why things fall apart like leprosy
Passion is the fashion taboos are taboo
Do you see through this voodoo
Cause it stinks like doodoo
Yo it's sad but too true how many don't have a clue
To the fact we'll be judged for all we think say and do
From east to west coast and all areas in between
Real love is like a ghost -- talked about but rarely seen
Except on TV screens where they flash these caricatures
That on the down low are meant to influence our characters
But love is not love if it's manufactured for the moment
That makes it more than the physical between a man and a woman
Wisdom is justified by her children in the end
And real love is being willing to lay down your life for a friend

Chorus

Verse 3

Love's not caught in mug shots or seen in drug spots
Love's not sex or who you do next Love's not
Road rage, porno pages in the eyes of a racist
Loves not whoring and love's not abortion
Of course then love doesn't bomb clinics to make it finish
Love's not hate and love's not a cynic
Love's not seen on Jerry Springer or expressed by middle finger
And love is rarely captured in the words of any singer
Love's not domestic violence saying shut up or be silent

And love's not represented in the way of the police sirens
Abandoned children in abandon buildings
Random killings, love's not slow to help you, love is ready and willing
Love is patient and kind, love is sight for the blind
Love was borne before the morning, love's transforming your mind
Love is body and blood, bread and wine, remember the time
Love is God divine, crucified for mankind
Chorus