

# Mars III, Monotone

(Verse 1)

I rock spots with top-notch communication  
On time like a stopwatch while others keep me waiting  
Pop lock to a beat box while taking potshots at hard rocks  
Who got their glocks cocked and what not  
Flocks jock the man in the drop top that cops stop  
Yesterday had the block locked, but then he got knocked  
Talk chops like the microphones their home  
But their ideas, their style and their life is monotone  
In a flashback, it's all real instead of abstract  
Should have been your own man instead of following the rat pack  
Taken this instead of that path, calculate on that math  
The writing's on the wall, graff style with cans and fat caps  
The wind blows where it wishes, snakes are still viscous  
World struggles for riches, rap lyrics still explicit  
I kick it with the gifted, but everyone will miss it  
They praise the man who built on the sand, but then it shifted  
It's fatter than a lipid, we befriended the infinite  
The cat who lived it, died, arose and then ascended  
But heads still get lifted, they hear it then forget it  
But they'll want to change their minds when it's finished

(Verse 2)

FM Radio is D.O. A., B, it's plain to see  
It's N'Sync and LFO instead of NKOTB  
It's all the same, CC you're A & R ASAP  
And tell him MTV really ain't the place to be  
See, I did some R & D when most were high on THC  
And caught a vision in the form of Run DMC and BDP  
Because KRS was the one before VH could get in line  
Behind the music, but today it's really the music that's behind  
I find T & A on NBC without a question  
So I tune into PBS to try to teach my child a lesson  
Cats run weapons from Route 66 to the BQE  
I push my beliefs over beats in encoded mp3's  
I praise G-O-D for the O2 I get to breathe  
And for the way he reads my heart and my mind like ESP  
While you communicate collectively, still you're all alone  
Your world minus the most high is monotone