

Mars III, Piecemeal

(Verse #1)

I'm the explicit version without the illicit cursing
I sit atop these radio-friendly missing persons
A diversion from the 9-to-5 grind that you've been working
An answered prayer, we strike the match that keeps desire burning
This perverted graduating class is looking for the backdoor
It goes disco, ska, neo-soul and rapcore
Collision cracks a smile on a pile of shredded documents
There's only so long you'll piggyback on our accomplishments
You tried to say that it was virtue versus common sense
Guilt trip, that's all it is, so swallow pride and call it quits
The vaulted lips can fall off with the crabs in a bucket
In a land of rusty logic and 500 dollar budgets
But I can't believe the hype. See it's not the way that I'm programmed
I read between the lines and fingertips when you fold hands
In five years, they'll know what I know and you'll have no fans
And I'll still be making classic records as an old man...

(Hook)

If you know the words, you can sing these songs
And keep your hands to the sky so I can read your palm
We break it into pieces so all ears can listen
We break it into pieces so all ears can listen

(Verse #2)

There's a lot of politicians and lottery tickets selling folly
Parlor-tricking hollow promise breaking hearts and wallets
Economics downtrodden. The stock market is struggling
And all the sorrow's packaged up and Fed-Exed to the government
Subsidizing happiness, mandate what you believe in
But knowing's more than seeing now we're choking on the freedom
That we're breathing, and we all take a beating
When we treat God like a distant cousin 'cause we're so ashamed
And faith is more than Sunday School and sermons on the weekend
Speaking loud and pointing fingers and deciding who's to blame
Blatant accusations knock fam out the frame
I write the way I write because there's power in the name
And Christ is not a catch phrase or bumper-sticker tag line
It cheapens what He did and who He is to all his people
We're on different pages of the same book. Believe me, that's fine
Just don't get offended when Dust drops the needle...

(Hook)

(Verse #3)

Too hot for TV, radio, magazines and movies
Put in work off the clock while the sign reads "Off-Duty"
Sign verses, "Yours Truly," pollute the stream of consciousness
I'm calling public libraries and begging 'em for sponsorship
I'm the type of guy that's real easy to get honest with
Never mind the fact that in rap I'm like a monolith
The archetype pondering breaking the bonds that hold us
In a monstrous move that's reminiscent of the Kold Krush
Mold my will 'til it resembles divine covenants
Share the cup of Christ inside of this blessed suffering
Divide my publishing so the word can spread and scatter
Over every inch of global territory much faster
Cast lots for a chance to advance my point of view
In an avalanche of rap fans and it all starts with you
If all hearts could do their part beyond what we feel
We'd make it in one shot. But for now, we'll do it piecemeal...

(Hook)