

# Mars III, Sideline Speech

(Verse 1: Manchild)

I got these blind musicians watching me listen to their songs  
And I think they're catching on there's a chance that I might not belong  
They got it wrong behind the rabid barks for justice  
Where you can support the cause from where the movement never touches  
Dearly beloved, I can see the devastation so clearly  
And the night sky protects me when I'm running with the moon  
I wanna help the lepers, I just don't want their sickness near me  
I guess if you can't sing the song, you can try to hum the tune  
I got these dues I'm paying and I guess I'm almost even  
When I was stepping to the A.M., I could have sworn I caught y'all sleeping  
I rhyme for a reason beyond the regional limits that block them  
My double-sided tongue is sharp and it can't be boxed in  
They're caught between some rock  
rap fusion garbage  
And a hard place to taste the truth and everybody makes do  
HEY YOU! Yeah, I'm sorry, you don't get to play today  
But after my crew wins the game, you can soak the coach with Gatorade  
It's safe to say you're a ways away from the action  
Your image is imaginary and this song is love-tapping you on the shoulder  
And asking, "Is this what you had planned?"  
While I'm slapping 'em senseless, you can feel free to bystand...

(Hook)

Can't really see from the cheap seats. Can't hear unless you listen  
Can't get on the field and play if you don't got the right equipment  
Can't hear what you're saying unless you step up to the mic  
Wanna see life? Well this is what it looks like  
Can't see from the cheap seats. Can't hear unless you listen  
Can't get on the field and play if you don't got the right equipment  
Can't hear what you're saying unless you step up to the mic  
Wanna see life? Well this is what it sounds like...

(Verse 2: Manchild)

Conspiracy theorist backpackers, you don't have to run any faster  
The government's not really after you, kiddo, you're just a rapper  
But slave masters to exist, so point at them and wave your fist  
Media's agenda becomes the mark on your head and plus your wrist  
This is just in case you doubted that Mars ILL was about it  
We linked with Bigg Justoleum for this public service announcement  
You are not your outfit or the car that you drive  
Commercials keep you needing what you don't really need to survive  
You grow sedated, addicted to a lifestyle  
Planned parents become barren, juggling a choice and a child  
Of course it's a trial to speak loud and walk straight  
I've found a voice is a terrible thing to waste  
Wake Up! Take up your cross-section of the populace and follow  
You're not promised tomorrow  
So just move, move, we can't stop speaking until they all know  
We're not promised tomorrow...

(Hook)

(Verse 3: Bigg Jus)

Seminal mimicry trickery gloomy cavalry garrisons  
Who battle charlatans who love night targeting  
The faintest comparison imbalance crucially embarrassing  
So woefully inadequate  
Staring at other rhyme ancient and tailored so massive  
Armchair quarterback chemical ali HAZMAT  
You're just a little boy in a bubble with unrealistic dreams of a rap body double  
And rhyming as a meal-ticket  
That's why this culture got you lovesick  
Born word eternal, life orbit, Keebler elf timing

Couldn't even flow on beat if the kick and snares were color coded  
With dreams of a new bullet-proof 7 all dubs and silvery  
But you lack any bass in your voice, cadence or delivery  
And there's already been two Agatha Christie unsolved rapper murder mysteries  
Don't let the sharks smell the bloody chum in the water  
And start a feeding frenzy  
Sometimes I feeling like I'm in an underground purgatory  
Trapped between materialistic playa gunfire  
And suburban nerdy voice, funny voice falsetto  
War prone with a howitzer patrolling the 33rd parallel rhyming no fly zones  
With homeland security all tainted and corrupted  
If you ain't coming with that '88 Daddy Kane R-A-W  
Like it was on the eve of destruction  
Trust me, don't even touch it  
Or get left on the side of the road and circled by buzzards  
Or fossilized in some tar pit  
We call it craps now they be triple and doubling it  
Ever since Tupac's style gave birth to quintuplets  
Biting is not a birthright, you starry eyed chipmunk  
Gazing in the 18-wheeler headlights, waiting for the collision  
Soccer-mommy waste of battle ammunition  
So younguns, we lop 'em off earlier than circumcision  
Stay hidden, Jiminy Crickets and all is forgiven  
This was craft worked at Dust's crib  
Then manchild slid to haunted gorilla silver back mountain lion of Judah  
These bear paws hide zirconium claws made for pouncing  
Even though I don't eat meat anymore  
It's just order of selection prototype  
MC's look tasty like melon, tofu and curry rice. Mmmmmm  
Succulent with the slightest hint of lime  
Way up in the nosebleed seats with torn ACL's on the sidelines  
Coming rougher than one time with colorful things that go bump in the night  
And magical 180 reverse suplex clotheslines  
You need to slow down and think twice  
You ain't a risk taker with the flow. You're a risk taker with your life...

(Hook)