

# Mars III, The Black Market

(Verse 1: manCHILD)

The black market, where blue blooded emcees split red seas since it started  
Where beyond gold and platinum is the target  
Rockin it with real skill leaves greenhorns green with envy  
And rappin about your cherry red Benz still seems empty  
Where blue collar rhyme sayers really mean what they be speakin  
And the cat you rhyme behind's not donned by yellow streaks and  
Every week at open mics we paint the clouds with silver lining  
Perfect rhymes can't be achieved, but every moment is defining  
On time to spray your mind with some surrealist imagery  
Plus feed 5000 emcees with a single simile  
I got a metaphor, like just introduced to quadruplets  
Most heads want more, so I expose them like a nudist  
Yo, you're Alicia Silverstone type clueless to the fact  
That we bring El Shaddai to ciphers at points all across the map  
So black, take it to my chest, you know I'll bring it back to you  
The black-market, be white hot, or leave here black and blue.

(Hook: repeat 2X)

Underground is the sound of rebirth  
So my turf keeps me locked down with the Godsound under earth  
While I'm destined for the sky, Adonai is the target  
Still I can't escape the Black Market

(Verse 2: Playdough)

Deep into the black record crack while I'm incognito  
Disguised for surprise dressed down in tuxedo  
With the mushpot, Christ and hip-hop I'm steady jugglin  
And bargainin the jargon in the Church where I'm smugglin my rhymes  
That's the crime so they label me a criminal  
Now people in the steeple gotta keep rap subliminal  
Or unseen and heard not a word to the pews  
They fear the ill tattoos, plus my check one twos  
Nevertheless I press, keeping raps righteous  
They wanna test my effervesce, cuz it's so effortless  
On metronomes, their fleet can't defeat my poem  
I circle the globe to make the whole world my home  
But cancel that, this is only the place I travel at  
So I'm wandering sound for holy ground habitat  
Where the rabbits at? Under the earth working my phono  
You searching for your crew while I'm flying Han Solo

(Hook)

(Verse 3: ManCHILD)

I call shots like a referee, fighting for your destiny  
Sound the reverie, settle the score like a refugee  
Selected pedigree when I rock so steadily  
And then burn the ideals of the world in effigy

(Playdough)

while me and Freddie B. are more underground than they could ever be  
We're reverently riding blue skies we're seeing seldomly  
From pushing envelope with cross hairs and scope  
Locked onto the bullseye, so watch it as I pull my

(manCHILD)

Hollow tipped scripts come equipped to spit darts  
I'll take my shot in the dark, it ain't a walk in the park  
Finish to start, these cats are still jacking the art  
But me, I dominate the market that's as black as their heart

(Playdough)

Inside the ventricles, I flip it around to make receptacles

And fill with Mars ILL Harmonic is apostolic  
And intercede, so you no longer bleed the night  
I'm chasing shadows in sound battles, filling markets with light.

(Hook) - 2X