

Black Market

Mars III

[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: x2]

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 x2]