

# Compound Fractures

Mars III

[Verse 1: syntaxtheterrific]

I'm a patriarch b-boy breaking bones in the park  
After dark, my blows like body rock the beat within your heart  
I've been sent to set apart, make the swift leg lame  
Touch my hand to your hip to cripple physical frames  
I'm braining body handicapping snapping judgment just the same  
Entertain to leave ya'll limping pimping strut with a cane  
The pain is incidental pencil spit in sentence fragments  
Character gets crushed like catching hands in kitchen cabinets  
Be breaking bad habits, turn the table on them  
Manufacture compound fractures with the stroke of my pen  
Syntax has spoken to men (kid gets me open within)  
I leave you broken like Ken Swift doing cranial spins  
Soul bend and break men sending bones through the skin  
When words are fresh I'm ripping flesh, paper sheets or melanin  
I tend to pop limbs out of joint with the points I make  
Your soul's without control like overweights on roller skates  
Correct mistakes, Syntax deflates fake over-inflated egos  
On beaches in Brazil screaming, "Just Say No To Speedos!!"  
In suburbs telling white kids they look stupid wearing corn rows  
In Hugh Hefner's mansion tape recording over pornos  
There's hurt before the healing and wreck before the rescue  
Dirt before the cleansing and dark before the view  
Wrong before redemption, hip-hop to break your neck  
Cuz God gives us life to live once we got no life left

[Hook]

[Verse 2: manCHILD]

Mind, body and soul heir squares off in circles  
Tear kicks and snares to pieces and shreds while breaking bread  
Bred to break you, no mistake dude, take 2 fake crews  
Deepspace you to your face too, like an earthquake when I make moves  
Leave you naked like He made you to longer hide things  
Masked as bright schemed politics from the left or the right wing  
Spiked words do the right thing, lust for chicks in tight jeans  
But it's all obviously faker than a Van Damme fight scene  
Your mind's a white screen, the underworld's projecting pipe dreams  
Wise mic fiends contact you with bone cracking fractures  
Syntaxtheterrific spits rage amaze-on  
Just to warn you cool cats the thin ice that you skate on  
Levels dangerous like radon, laced with syntactical blows  
Expose heads like photos to Jehovah, broken at His feet  
Rock hard like concrete to glorify the Most High?  
Regardless, I rip flawlessly raw like e-coli  
I've been told I ran wild, but still my die hard fans smile  
For that drop-you-where-you-stand style, soul heir the manCHILD  
I AM stands miles above the current lifestyle that you've chosen  
Sounds ill but you'll be whole once you're broken