[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 covenents 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]
Other Mars Ill songs