

Rap Fans

Mars III

[Verse 1: manCHILD]

I vent my anger on you strangers that I've never even met
As I employ endangered medium of recordable cassettes
To audibly connect, it oughtta be correct
Tattoo my name on your eardrum to make sure you don't forget
My faith and art that I protect leaves heads twitching like Torretts
As I vomit my opinion over volatile soundsets
Project through drums pounding, dumfounding the shallow
And keeping true heads smiling in the shadows
Baffle you with battle-tested methods from a distinguished master-linguist
Extinguishing the meaningless rhetoric and jargon
Leave the wack missing in action, their picture on milk cartons
As my tongue burns like arson, opponents begging me for pardon
No crates stacked with records with my picture on the cover
But that's far from the point at hand on one had to the other
From foreign sands to your motherland to your dreamy wonderland
ManCHILD spits so rap fans can understand the Son of Man.

[Hook:]

In stadiums with packed stands or just you and your mans
This jam is for the real rap fans
ManCHILD commands where you stand from Japan to San Fran
This jam if for the real rap fans
From NYC down to where the ATLiens land
This jam is for the real rap fans
Urban lands, desert sands, rock wherever you can
This jam is for the real rap fans

[Verse 2: Sharlok Poems]

Lyrics of steel, my flow heavy as anvils
Thoughts spread long and wide as cotton fields
Many play hard make me scream Actors guild
Bad actors getting killed first episode of the season
Stop rhyming for one reason cuz the ink pen stopped bleeding
Prick your finger the needle and start thinking
Into crowd I'm sinking, stage diving for the rap fans
Speak mine across the land like Robert Gaines with aerosol cans
Truth from mouth expands like rubber band being snapped back
Many crews are called wack because rhyme skills they lack
From the mouth words drag like dog with broke back
I'm floor bound, thumb tack off the walls with mine
With divine heart soul and mind and my mic skates
Numbers of souls saved climbing like Cali's crime rate
Like these record crates, flipping through beats rhymes and life
Sharlok Poems and manCHILD for rap fans delight

[Hook:]

In stadiums with packed stands or just you and your mans
This jam is for the real rap fans
Sharlok commands where you stand from Japan to San Fran
This jam is for the real rap fans
From NYC down to where the Californians stand
Urban lands, desert sands rock wherever you can
This jam is for the real rap fans

[Verse 3: manCHILD]

Fanatics buying records like the junk was pornographic

Fly rhymes get you higher than an addict in an attic
Don't stop for red lights and the mic directs the traffic
Climb Everest just to see the best correctly stab it
Blood, sweat and tears for years because you gotta have it
Mother hip-hop sticks my lyrics to the fridge with a magnet
So fat when I bust raps, the doc told me to cut back
But I make tracks for all of you cats and you don't want that
The backpack assassins, fatty marker taggin
Black and Anglo Saxon, any race you can imagine
Holding down your area to start a chain reaction
The fans deserve a hand cuz you made rap the main attraction
If you listen for the love and you're sick of all the babbling
I rain down like the weather, bring the pain like a contraction
Clearer than cellophane on plexiglass style
It's Sharlok Poems and soul heir the manCHILD
While the wack stack grands and don't care if you clap hands
I take a stand and make a jam for the real rap fans
Take a stand and make a jam for the real rap fans
Take a stand and make jams for the real rap fans

[Hook x4]