

The Abolition Of Manchild

Mars III

[Verse 1:]

Double down stroke, pound my head on concrete til it cracks
Double take, doubled over from this double cross on my back
Doubled my pleasure and pain with the quickest double timing
On the double, single out these cats that's having trouble rhyming
Triple threat vet, set it straight while rookies muddle through
Just call me the 23rd letter because I double you
Knuckle through other crews with jabs, hooks, uppercuts and combinations
Patience, you can't get inside the levelheaded thoroughbred
The one who sets the foundation for movement like a riverbed
Don't subscribe to gun talk, so I give a what what your trigger said
Spit leaded graphite, keep my heart in my hand so that I can grasp life
Police the depths of my soul with a billy club and flashlight
That's right, the underworld has numbered my days
The track plays as I stumble across the stage
And rage against my rage in the sight of fleeting time
Because it's not the grapes of wrath that produce the sweetest wine
I bleed rhymes when I'm wounded, seems to happen more and more
Lie face down in a puddle of my own metaphors on the floor
And my heart pumps the art, so what will happen if I pass on
They could never last long, so the band plays my sad song

[Verse 2:]

Soul Heir the manCHILD 2001, dead on arrival
Skin beneath his fingernails points to a struggle for survival
Clutching doubles of his vinyl with rigamortous in his throat
In his mouth, we found the words for the greatest song he never wrote
He was stabbed, choked, hung, burned, drowned
Strapped to the ground, forced to listen to thug rap gagged and bound
This manCHILD took hip-hop where no one else could take her
For that he was dragged for 40 blocks behind a Lincoln Navigator
Until it crashed into a pacer, flipped and landed on his neck
Blasting Gloria Gaynor's "I will Survive" from the tape deck
A blank check inside his pocket because you can't cash respect
In a word, his dental records spun at 33 1/3
Keeping his word through pain and death through static and distortion
Defeated 333 emcees post mortem
So, check your local listings to see his body on display
Soul Heir the manCHILD survived by his family and his DJ

[Verse 3:]

Look through the eyes of a manCHILDless world so I can see
I don't like the way my beloved artform looks without me
A barren wasteland, artists afraid to face fans
Where they seek and destroy b-boys, forbidding them to breakdance
Where no one takes a chance because the patterns stand in place
Follow the formula, play the part, and you'll get more than you can take
Where they raise hell to be a man and no man searches for the answers
Without me, it's all just hype men, dat tapes, and back up dancers
Hold my banner for knowledge, wisdom and understand integrity
Every city Mars ILL goes, I leave another piece of my legacy
And if I thought ya'll would benefit, I'd paint manCHILD out of the picture
They fall and keep it to themselves, so I'll stand and deliver
Consider this, I understand this game is hit or miss
Whether graf writer, b-boy, turntablist or lyricist
This is serious, like water to a flame, able to cain
If you stopped doing what you do today would hip-hop stay the same?

If your name never graced a marquis, what are we losing?
If nothing changes in that world then tell me, what's your contribution?
Do you emancipate enslaved minds, or you just want to feel free?
It's not easy, but manCHILD's here because you need me