

# 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