

Touch And Go

Mars III

[Chorus:]

Heads rush and faces blush when the fader gets touched
There's not much time to rhyme and sometimes it's not enough
Touch mics, touch Christ, when we speak life through songs
It's tough to touch lives and then to have to move on

[Verse:]

I'm breaking the monotony, give heads frontal lobotomies
My melody is harmony, thoughts darker than mahogany
I'm letting the rhythm hit 'em with pendulum swings I'm thinkin
g
Break the maximum down to minimum, these battles, I'll keep win
nin 'em
Vocal ships I'm sinking, sendin 'em home with pink slips
Taking their jobs in the interim, sign autographs with ink tips
Delinquent micro-marathon, the dawn of information
Hyperventilating on smoke signals from my nation
Pacing myself like Reggie Miller while I'm taking
Shots at the oppressors, politicians, pimps and pagans
Breaking promises to children only leads to broken dreams
We take it back to the beginning and stay fly by any means
It's like a chemical reaction when we enter your subliminal
In NC-17, Restricted, PG, or General
Collapse your ventricle, you'll live again, begin again
Call your Congressman in Washington, say, "it's not about the B
enjamins!"
It's interesting, they start what they don't intend on finishin
g
They think nobody's listening, they're screaming like Sam Kenni
son
Remebering my rent, I stretch my pennies to a nickel
My mind drifts to Galgotha to see the man in the middle
See some are fickle, they stick you, shoot you down like a pist
ol
Grip, grapple mics like a shackle, down and ready for battle
I dabble in what you like, extend the boundaries of sound
Dialect with derelicts and give the homeless a pound
In all this found fans and I hope they understand
Does the man control the mic or does the mic control the man
In all this found fans and I pray you understand
Does the man control the mic or does the mic control the man?