

# 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?