

Freeze Framework

Mars III

when i heard about the word of mouth
it was all out in the open
silly saps sat back and exchange stories how they've been broken
they holdin' the punchlines, hopin' i won't notice
them blowin' the cover, cuz i'm blowin' their mind to show 'em what dope is
you pull the soul, spit from the stage, my open bull pit
pokin' dagger rappers with this jagged-edge-ed full clip
speech patterns --- past the crime scene to find you (canvas? carries?)
take a platinum album times two
and that's potentially the status
breakin' fake factions on infractions
taught rakim how to rhyme and qbert crab scratchin' (no)
snap fashion conscience trash talk is at the door
interrogate their entourage and ask 'em what they came for
well tonight you got bored with those 200 cable channels
decided to come out here and congregate with all the mammals and geeks
beautiful people, saints, sinners, and creeps
the cover charge ain't cheap, so get yaself outta ya seat (self outta ya sea
t)
but really, let's get back to the topic again
fellas say "ho!" if you're ready for the show to begin
and ladies say "ow!" if it hurts to smile sometimes
so frown if you need to, everybody knows the time
cuz if it's easy it ain't real
not perfect? it could be right
let's embrace all our flaws here tonight (here tonight)
ya, if it's easy it ain't real
not perfect? it could be right
let's embrace all those flaws here tonight (that's right)
aight, stop! stand at attention!
take a frame from right now and freeze the image
stuff that picture in your pocket before the future commences
when you read the book of life you gotta look at every sentence
stop! this moment is perfect so pay attention
snap the shot and learn from its dimensions
and don't be afraid to mention imperfections ever
freeze the framework and hold the second here for forever
i got a chipped tooth and my lungs are scarred
i never clean my car, i'm not a star
use improper grammar it's "who i are"
barely hear in my right ear (huh?)
talk to a microphone and called it a rap career (that ain't a career)
i can't go left, can't jump enough to dunk, type clumsy
i fall on my face like i was drunk (he ain't drunk)
confront strangers and debate on socio-political issues
set up a roadblock in your driveway, dare you to try to get through
eat too much fast food, own one pair of shoes
if life is a poker game i'm holdin' a pair of 2's
i talk a lot, matter of fact after this you'll find me rappin'
in the back of the parking lot, randomly callin' shots
i watch too much tv
i think the characters on friends are really my friends
and possibly that they can see me
it's a problem, i know, i need to try to take it easy
but then phone rings and wifey tells me it's george and weezy
please, b! i'm watchin' my family viewed in 3-d
it's like they never find richard dawson when no one will believe me

my bones ache when i'm awake, sometimes it's more than i can take
but i say it all on tape if i think that you can relate
i learn from my mistakes and make my people congregate
hold the world on my shoulders until my blessed back breaks
here's the weight that carries words over air waves repeatedly:
god fills all the gaps that you see in me
aight, stop! stand at attention!
take a frame from right now and freeze the image
stuff that picture in your pocket before the future commences
when you read the book of life you gotta look at every sentence
stop! this moment is perfect so pay attention
snap the shot and learn from its dimensions
and don't be afraid to mention imperfections ever
freeze the framework and hold the second here for forever
Other Mars Ill songs