

## Lip Service

Mars III

Backmask patterns into the track master flashdance  
Actual fact: reality rap, grab hands  
To fill the Gap band with black thought philosophy  
Crack down, we didn't come here to back down  
Back of my hand  
I quote, holding thirty psalms  
And everything we move through is real until it's gone  
We pay rent and tax bend backs and spin wax  
In an original blend that gives fans what trend lacks  
In a fraction of a surface scratch live into now  
ManCHILD spits venomous and drenches the whole crowd  
In sentences more style we finish and tore down  
You can build it how we see it from the ceiling to the ground  
It's feeling and it's sound when we take pole position  
Gotta listen to me, myself and my coalition  
It's my rendition of real world feel good speech  
Clutch the cloud if you want, but you gotta be willing to reach

x2

All right, we're here and it's gonna be all right  
Tell your ma to leave on the porch light  
Rock for a fortnight, killing the mic with purpose  
Mars Ill we give you so much more than Lip Service

Said it with my eyes closed  
My freestyle's a sideshow  
Opposition won't listen  
They're blown off the hydro  
My goal is giving sight to a blind soul  
Five fold till I die slow (die slow)  
Lie low and motivate with everything that I know  
My pen and pad tend to follow where my mind goes  
Cry for the people living inside of the prison

Of a system of statistics, programs, and typos  
Idols are American made they sell and trade  
But I want to fill the role the good Samaritan played  
And lay my life across my words, cause this is all I have  
Sign petitions and creeds as well as autographs  
I'm never falling flat, cause I'm never falling off  
I'm never being bought by promises and hollow talk  
I can't forget the cross, or the lessons I been taught  
Keep my feet on the straight and narrow path that I walk

It's not a force that stings and plots the course of things  
You can't afford the means to overlord my team  
Because the source can bring a simple choice between  
A little war and peace, which way the fork will lead  
Either/Or you'll think that life is boring lean  
So metamorph a dream and you can soar with wings  
You can court your queen with no divorce of things  
And then you're sure to sing no longer raw but free  
It's like a forward thing because your soul is clean  
The mere talk will sling into the Lord's esteem  
The way it pours from me, you'll never core perceive  
When we're on tour you'll see, it's "give you more for free"  
And when we're forced to meet, you'll just adore the means

And make the shores agree, this sound is yours to cling  
You'll never bore, or be finished before we leave  
My name is manCHILD I just report the scene