

Shuck and Jive

Mars III

[Verse 1]

I wrap my hand around the sound
Downtown, found the lost bound to the ground
With gravitational pull as the world spun me around
'Til evangelists drown the souls they baptize in the river
And every nickel for the poor in pocket to make each conman richer
Flip that channel mister, blister on my thumb becomes the next scarred back
Crack of the whip, slave to habit, tighten my grip
Spit any which way but loose
Lips lose my intrest and truth becomes a simple excuse, a pimp with a noose
See, there's a harlot behind the wheel and she's advocating sex drive, no speed limit
Saying self-control is just a futile exercise
I'm too wise to believe her, but it's the other cats i worry about
People seem to be sheep and theyre hypnotized by word of mouth
Maybe if i speak a little louder and i talk a little nonsense
Be a little more abnoxious and not quite so freaking honest
If i sacrifice my integrity as a person and an artist
I could grab these kids' attention and possibly dominate the market
If i lived the rockstar lifestyle and became an alcoholic
I could slyfully kiss the underground goodbye but i can't call it
If i got blunted, i could crack the billboard top 100
Then get clean and sober again and watch my popularity plummet
But see i got a better idea, what if i stand right here
And hold a force so incredible, i could end your favorite rapper's career
I speak my mind so boost the monitors to make sure i'm thinking clear
And while you're at it, turn up the house, cause i want everyone to hear
I had a couple people ask me "what's your motto for this year?"
I guess it's "no need to fear because god is right here
Step to the rear and observe or stand in the front and experience life"
Rock the mic and change your life and it's fair to say

[Hook]

It goes stick, move, show, prove, blow fuse
Grow and let these people know the struggles that you go through
It's beautiful to do what all those skeptics say you can't
But they don't wanna hear the music, they just want to see you dance
Stick, move, show, prove, blow fuse
Grow and let these people know the struggles that you go through
The music's beautiful, but see, it doesn't stand a chance
'Cause they don't want to hear me rappin, they just want to see me dance

[Verse 2]

Original man, man handle mandibles
It's man to law, man-eating cannibals
Hand to hand versus man to man versus
Man versus machine type verses written down by man-children
It's man-one and man-kind seems to fit the description it's every man for himself as manic Depression sets in mind your manners, hold you head, don't forget to study your lessons
Manipulate the sound man, and the headliners manager
Mangle the manhood, leave em standing right there like mannequins
Maniacal man of war, with man-power for a one-man
Show, i glow and leave the whole front row with a suntan
Humanistic man hunt through manhattan on winter days
I'm half man and half amazed at all the games that man plays

Man down, alert the press man, confess to the crime
Because the present is mine, every stitch in time defines the essence
Man listen, man, just follow my lead, we'll make a killing man
This just in man, manchild has left the building

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[Verse 3]

They told me that god is just an after thought and that faith is just a feeling
So watch me climb this double helix to the top and touch the ceiling
Paint six pointed dayglow stars above my head and lay flat on my back
Daydream about the chosen one and wait for the roof to collapse
It's cool to react to surroundings around me (?), waive theories unsoundly
But i know its yeshua ???? who inspires each magnum open
Hold this focus, throw thoughts against the wall to see what sticks
Peel it off, write it down, make it rhyme and write a hit
I want em to hear, see, smell, taste, feel what i have to say
Make a gay rapper pull away and say "sorry, i don't go that way"
This here's a one-
sided conversation piece, thats leakin through your speakers
Keep it between your close a couple thousand friend if you can help it
Broken dreams, hold em close or let em go, i just don't know
I'll sing these songs and say "i'm sorry" for the friends i used to know
Broken dreams, hold em close or let em go, i just don't know
I'll sing these songs and say "i'm sorry" for the friends i used to know
Well, hello there mr. morning, we haven't seen you in quite a while
We left the darkness with the miles we travelled in the last cage we rattled
The last stage we opened a can of "this is how you do it correctly" on
Help the seekers break the bounds they couldn't seem to get beyond
Hold a proper perception of god and life forms
His life forms conditions and circumstances where every soul is born
With a polluted view of forward motion developed tools that fuel emotion
Takin what's inside and put it outside and refuse to shuck and jive

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