

## Mars Ill "Afterlife"

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(Verse #1)

I live the high life with lowlifes who want life to go/  
Down the middle of the marketplace where souls are  
bought and sold/  
In Rap Olympics, forfeit when the starting pistol  
sounds/  
Make my words like safety nets so I can catch heads on  
the way down/  
Found limits the breath that I breathe in this life that I  
lead/  
It's where the city's smog infested skyline infects  
my lifetime/  
Bring sentences to life like, "See spot run across the  
freeway"/  
You can catch it on the Fox News instant replay/  
I start the finished product minus the first sign of a  
blemish/  
Trek towards the infinite if I can break this line of  
scrimmage/  
Skywalk through clones attacking me, myself and  
Samuel Jackson/  
To live life firsthand 'til the second hand is reversed/  
Blurt words written down, world wishing I'd curse  
them out/  
So they can call me a hypocrite and disrespect what  
I'm about/  
Flirt with disastrous methods, lessons pressed on  
earthquakes/  
Make soundtracks for your life with every move that I  
make...

(Hook)

My life moves and it changes and it grows/  
My life, I fight for life throughout the highs and lows/  
My life is sacrifice, open wounds and broken habits/  
My life, come here, take a second look at it/  
My life moves and it changes and it grows/  
My life, I fight for life throughout the highs and lows/  
My life is just a token, a tool for you to see with/  
It's my life, but here, you can take it if you need it...

(Verse #2)

I got my mind on money that I buried inside the  
backyard/  
Slaves to the industry push the plow, get their backs  
scarred/  
Iâ€™m thinking how to snatch your shotgun before you  
shoot it/  
The mountains are all snowcapped but the beaches are  
all polluted/  
I still walk the narrow path tightrope style, eyes open to  
the trials/  
While most of yaâ€™ll stay in denial/  
Hold on like a child to whatâ€™s real, the rest falls by the  
wayside/  
Trace the hands of time to touch the face of El  
Shaddai/  
But some of yaâ€™ll donâ€™t play right, you bite backs and  
attack life/  
My back to the wall, eyes glued to the eyes of Christ/  
Thatâ€™s right, fan base is where open ears can listen/  
Bump big business, my fast ball shatters the  
competition/  
Win at least the division for the vision and still insisting/  
That we can gain the power, run the labels and make  
the decisions/  
My life, write songs for you and the people on your  
block/  
Itâ€™ll blast on 88 whether the majors want it or not/  
Just breathe. Breathe in the pain that comes with the  
growing/  
Kiss the ground I walk upon and thank my God for the  
whole thing/  
Take the bull by the horns because I gotta do  
something/  
A nation of manchildren is now under constructionâ€¦

(Hook)

(Verse #3)

Iâ€™ve slap-boxed with my brother and broken bread  
with whose buying/  
Crouching tiger to hidden gratitude, impossible for me  
to see/  
The divine schematics or divide the triune through  
mathematics/  
Stand with a mic in my right hand with the left clutching  
a crucifix/  
I havenâ€™t felt this worn down since I last listened to  
Ludacris/  
But Iâ€™m born new every morning, look in the mirror  
asking â€œWho is this?â€/  
See the battle scars Iâ€™ve earned, oh yeah, I remember

now/  
Iâ€™m the one who builds Â’til walls are torn down, so  
what now?/  
The crowd disperses, dry wit falls off my person/  
Manifest destiny, show my faith through action in  
remixed versions/  
Dress the wounded with compassion no matter whoâ€™s  
the victor/  
Expose the world to the Sonâ€™s light and I hope they all  
get blistered/  
A mystery of life lived and you canâ€™t know until you  
live this/  
Â’Til you fall on your face everyday and ask Him for  
forgiveness/  
Hide my rage where I canâ€™t find it Â’cause it always  
keeps me blinded/  
Iâ€™m still living my life and this here is just a  
reminderÂ…

(Hook)

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