

## **Mars III**

# **"Black Market"**

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(feat. Playdough)

[Verse 1: manCHILD]

The black market, where blue blooded emcees split red seas since it started

Where beyond gold and platinum is the target

Rockin it with real skill leaves greenhorns green with envy

And rappin about your cherry red Benz still seems empty

Where blue collar rhyme sayers really mean what they be speakin

And the cat you rhyme behind's not donned by yellow streaks and

Every week at open mics we paint the clouds with silver lining

Perfect rhymes can't be achieved, but every moment is defining

On time to spray your mind with some surrealist imagery

Plus feed 5000 emcees with a single simile

I got a metaphor, like just introduced to quadruplets

Most heads want more, so I expose them like a nudist

Yo, you're Alicia Silverstone type clueless to the fact

That we bring El Shaddai to ciphers at points all across the map

So black, take it to my chest, you know I'll bring it back to you

The black-market, be white hot, or leave here black and blue.

[Hook: x2]

Underground is the sound of rebirth

So my turf keeps me locked down with the Godsound under earth

While I'm destined for the sky, Adonai is the target

Still I can't escape the Black Market

[Verse 2: Playdough]

Deep into the black record crack while I'm incognito

Disguised for surprise dressed down in tuxedo

With the mushpot, Christ and hip-hop I'm steady jugglin

And bargain in the jargon in the Church where I'm  
smugglin my rhymes  
That's the crime so they label me a criminal  
Now people in the steeple gotta keep rap subliminal  
Or unseen and heard not a word to the pews  
They fear the ill tattoos, plus my check one twos  
Nevertheless I press, keeping raps righteous  
They wanna test my effervesce, cuz it's so effortless  
On metronomes, their fleet can't defeat my poem  
I circle the globe to make the whole world my home  
But cancel that, this is only the place I travel at  
So I'm wandering sound for holy ground habitat  
Where the rabbits at? Under the earth working my  
phono  
You searching for your crew while I'm flying Han Solo

[Hook]

[Verse 3: ManCHILD]

I call shots like a referee, fighting for your destiny  
Sound the reverie, settle the score like a refugee  
Selected pedigree when I rock so steadily  
And then burn the ideals of the world in effigy

[Playdough]

while me and Freddie B. are more underground than  
they could ever be  
We're reverently riding blue skies we're seeing  
seldomly  
From pushing envelope with cross hairs and scope  
Locked onto the bullseye, so watch it as I pull my

[manCHILD]

Hollow tipped scripts come equipped to spit darts  
I'll take my shot in the dark, it ain't a walk in the park  
Finish to start, these cats are still jacking the art  
But me, I dominate the market that's as black as their  
heart

[Playdough]

Inside the ventricles, I flip it around to make  
receptacles  
And fill with Mars ILL Harmonic is apostolic  
And intercede, so you no longer bleed the night  
I'm chasing shadows in sound battles, filling markets  
with light.

[Hook x2]

