

Mars Ill "Breathe Slow"

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(Verse #1)

It's the beginning of the 9th inning and I'm winning/
You'll find me mind-bending inside of each five-
minute time limit/
And it's documented, we're breaking bones of
contention/
Fine tuning what's spinning and expanding my
dominion/
These upper-handed dimensions all contributed to the
folklore/
Got rappers raising their standards, fans demanding
what they'd hoped for/
Cramming letters in a bottle. We'll just call it a test
tube/
My style is Aristotle mixed with Krush Groove (So Just
Move!)/
And watch my verses cut through when you hear the
words I Love You/
Break off a piece of my heard tucked into every record
groove/
And you'll walk different in these corrective shoes/
But you'll recognize the revolution and act out what
most don't get to do/
You'll take what's meant for you, no longer survive
on what they pass down/
Win or lose, you'll live your life knowing you never
backed down/
'Cause man shall not live by the bottle alone/
I keep a fist raised to the sky so you can follow me
home, it goes.../

(Hook)

If you know like we know, BREATHE SLOW/
BREATHE SLOW... (Repeat)

(Verse #2)

Until my body cracks the pavement and shakes the
face of the basement/
Lacing the foundation with scars that sacrifice is bound
to leave/
Break inner-city boundaries so suburbanites are down
to see/

This cultural way of life and how music is more than
sound to me/
But freedom's lungs are heavy from pushing these
smoke signals out/
And we've become so disillusioned that we're
scared to notice/
The eviction notice speaking its clout with screams and
shouts, but trust me/
Clarity's waiting there on the other side of your focus/
So snatch the breath from blasphemy emphatically/
Transform naturally, control the art before it masters
me/
Breathe slow and hold the hand of whoever you can
reach for/
Touch the ones you've never seen before 'til the
common good is restored/
'Til the homeless are all execs and capitalism yields
to ethics/
'Til janitors live in mansions and schoolteachers can
push a Lexus/
'Til beef is deaded and debt is erased or collected/
'Til the projects and country clubs are now and
forever connected/
I'll speak my messages 'til they get it/
Until you're touched by something sacred and love is
all that you're left with/
Blessed is the head that shares the crown that he
possesses/
Consider yourselves my brethren and this song is my
confession/
'Cause man shall not live by the bottle alone/
I keep a fist raised to the sky so you can follow me
home/
And all your problems can't be solved by one call on
the phone/
I keep a fist raised to the sky so you can follow me
home, it goes...

(Hook)

(Verse #3)

Right before you rock a show, BREATHE SLOW/
When a promoter owes you dough, BREATHE SLOW/
When your career doesn't blow [up], BREATHE SLOW/
You bounced five checks in a row, BREATHE SLOW/
If you're tired of being po, BREATHE SLOW/
You can't see the status quo, BREATHE SLOW/
You got more cons than pros, BREATHE SLOW/
You got fisticuffs to throw, BREATHE SLOW/
Ayo, your boss told you no, BREATHE SLOW/
Say Mars ILL told you so, BREATHE SLOW/

You gotta suffer to grow, BREATHE SLOW/
Shine your light until you glow, BREATHE SLOWÂ...

(Hook)

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