

## Mars III "Compound Fractures"

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[Verse 1: syntaxtheterrific]

I'm a patriarch b-boy breaking bones in the park  
After dark, my blows like body rock the beat within your  
heart

I've been sent to set apart, make the swift leg lame  
Touch my hand to your hip to cripple physical frames  
I'm braining body handicapping snapping judgment  
just the same

Entertain to leave ya'll limping pimping strut with a  
cane

The pain is incidental pencil spit in sentence fragments  
Character gets crushed like catching hands in kitchen  
cabinets

Be breaking bad habits, turn the table on them  
Manufacture compound fractures with the stroke of my  
pen

Syntax has spoken to men (kid gets me open within)  
I leave you broken like Ken Swift doing cranial spins  
Soul bend and break men sending bones through the  
skin

When words are fresh I'm ripping flesh, paper sheets  
or melanin

I tend to pop limbs out of joint with the points I make  
Your soul's without control like overweights on roller  
skates

Correct mistakes, Syntax deflates fake over-inflated  
egos

On beaches in Brazil screaming, "Just Say No To  
Speedos!!"

In suburbs telling white kids they look stupid wearing  
corn rows

In Hugh Hefner's mansion tape recording over pornos  
There's hurt before the healing and wreck before the  
rescue

Dirt before the cleansing and dark before the view  
Wrong before redemption, hip-hop to break your neck  
Cuz God gives us life to live once we got no life left

[Hook]

[Verse 2: manCHILD]

Mind, body and soul heir squares off in circles

Tear kicks and snares to pieces and shreds while  
breaking bread  
Bred to break you, no mistake dude, take 2 fake crews  
Deepspace you to your face too, like an earthquake  
when I make moves  
Leave you naked like He made you to longer hide  
things  
Masked as bright schemed politics from the left or the  
right wing  
Spiked words do the right thing, lust for chicks in tight  
jeans  
But it's all obviously faker than a Van Damme fight  
scene  
Your mind's a white screen, the underworld's  
projecting pipe dreams  
Wise mic fiends contact you with bone cracking  
fractures  
Syntaxtheterrific spits rage amaze-on  
Just to warn you cool cats the thin ice that you skate on  
Levels dangerous like radon, laced with syntactical  
blows  
Expose heads like photos to Jehovah, broken at His feet  
Rock hard like concrete to glorify the Most High?  
Regardless, I rip flawlessly raw like e-coli  
I've been told I ran wild, but still my die hard fans smile  
For that drop-you-where-you-stand style, soul heir the  
manCHILD  
I AM stands miles above the current lifestyle that  
you've chosen  
Sounds ill but you'll be whole once you're broken

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