

Mars Ill "Next Door"

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(Verse #1)

If the eyes are the windows of the soul, then the mouth
is the door/

Where the pieces exit freely way beyond your control/
And theyÂ're not yours anymore. Walk tall in bent
stride/

And propaganda lies on the gentle side of genocide/
Words are used, broken, twisted and misquoted/
The gossip was probably true the first time somebody
told it/

And slanderÂ's just a well-intentioned public
exposition/

That should have been handled man to man as
something different/

The bum decisions are done and repeated like that/
Bite my tongue in half as an example of how to fight
back/

Write raps and raise a family. Build with the like-
minded/

Honor hides itself in strange faces. IÂ'm always glad to
find it/

IÂ'm reminded of the wonder of this world in which we
live/

How we kill ourselves to have but find freedom when
we give/

Climb reason and forgive in a quest for all that is/
IÂ'm standing right beside you Â'cause this is where I
live/

(Hook)

IÂ'm the voice in the distance, the image in the
foreground/

DonÂ't have much, but whatÂ's mine is yours now/
CanÂ't put your finger on it, but youÂ've seen me
around/

Wherever youÂ're at, IÂ'm just a couple doors down/
(Repeat)

(Verse #2)

ItÂ's like 4 in the morning and IÂ'm still here/
WasnÂ't Â'til 3:45 that I started thinking clear/
Concern, anger, sadness, and now my heart is blinking

tears/
Take these necessary steps to my art can reach my
peers/
Iâ've abused my voice so much that itâ's hard to sing
this year/
And my own songs canâ't echo in my set of ringing
ears/
Pages filled top to bottom with confidence and stinging
fear/
That no one understands what I speak and they canâ't
hear/
So Iâ'll say it twice as loud and Iâ'll mean every word/
Canâ't keep it in my mouth until their peace is
disturbed/
From the least to the first, we can see where you hurt/
And we dedicate this now, every beat, every verse/
Every breath, every thought, every prayer, every stage/
Every show, every moment, every night, every day/
Everything that we say and everything that we do/
Itâ's dedicated to you. Itâ's dedicated to youâ...

(Hook)

(Verse #3)

The moments that Iâ'm walking through affect the way
I talk to you/
And this is what Iâ'm called to do. Itâ's almost like Iâ'm
stalking you/
Youâ're tired of falling through the cracks from all the
broken promises/
And itâ's tough to hear the voice of reason through
these busted monitors/
And as honest as I am, I canâ't hide behind the fa?ade/
I just wanna bring my people a little closer to God/
If Iâ'm martyred on MARTA, it was probably my time/
But weâ're here now, hands on, transforming your
mind/
So if I ask you how youâ're doing, donâ't smile and
say, â"Fine.â"/
â'Cause itâ's written all over your face honey, and I
ainâ't blind/
Me and mine, we spill our guts, â'cause without it,
weâ'd go nuts/
The music is therapeutic, so just let it pick you up/
And hold you tight. Move a little closer to the light/
Be careful when you listen â'cause it might just change
your life/
And when you see me in the supermarket, just smile
and say, â"Hello.â"/
And add me to the list of all the people that you
knowâ...

(Hook)

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