

Mars Ill "Piecemeal"

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(Verse #1)

Iâ€™m the explicit version without the illicit cursing/
I sit atop these radio-friendly missing persons/
A diversion from the 9-to-5 grind that youâ€™ve been
working/
An answered prayer, we strike the match that keeps
desire burning/
This perverted graduating class is looking for the
backdoor/
It goes disco, ska, neo-soul and rapcore/
Collision cracks a smile on a pile of shredded
documents/
Thereâ€™s only so long youâ€™ll piggyback on our
accomplishments/
You tried to say that it was virtue versus common
sense/
Guilt trip, thatâ€™s all it is, so swallow pride and call it
quits/
The vaulted lips can fall off with the crabs in a bucket/
In a land of rusty logic and 500 dollar budgets/
But I canâ€™t believe the hype. See itâ€™s not the way that
Iâ€™m programmed/
I read between the lines and fingertips when you fold
hands/
In five years, theyâ€™ll know what I know and youâ€™ll
have no fans/
And Iâ€™ll still be making classic records as an old
manâ€¦

(Hook)

If you know the words, you can sing these songs/
And keep your hands to the sky so I can read your
palm/
We break it into pieces so all ears can listen/

We break it into pieces so all ears can listen/

(Verse #2)

Thereâ€™s a lot of politicians and lottery tickets selling
folly/
Parlor-tricking hollow promise breaking hearts and
wallets/
Economics downtrodden. The stock market is

struggling/
And all the sorrow's packaged up and Fed-Exed to the
government/
Subsidizing happiness, mandate what you believe in/
But knowing's more than seeing now we're choking
on the freedom/
That we're breathing, and we all take a beating/
When we treat God like a distant cousin 'cause we're
so ashamed/
And faith is more than Sunday School and sermons on
the weekend/
Speaking loud and pointing fingers and deciding
who's to blame/
Blatant accusations knock fam out the frame/
I write the way I write because there's power in the
name/
And Christ is not a catch phrase or bumper-sticker tag
line/
It cheapens what He did and who He is to all his people/
We're on different pages of the same book. Believe
me, that's fine/
Just don't get offended when Dust drops the
needle...

(Hook)

(Verse #3)

Too hot for TV, radio, magazines and movies/
Put in work off the clock while the sign reads "Off-
Duty"/
Sign verses, "Yours Truly," pollute the stream of
consciousness/
I'm calling public libraries and begging 'em for
sponsorship/
I'm the type of guy that's real easy to get honest
with/
Never mind the fact that in rap I'm like a monolith/
The archetype pondering breaking the bonds that hold
us/
In a monstrous move that's reminiscent of the Kold
Krush/
Mold my will 'til it resembles divine covenants/
Share the cup of Christ inside of this blessed suffering/
Divide my publishing so the word can spread and
scatter/
Over every inch of global territory much faster/
Cast lots for a chance to advance my point of view/
In an avalanche of rap fans and it all starts with you/
If all hearts could do their part beyond what we feel/
We'd make it in one shot. But for now, we'll do it
piecemeal...

(Hook)

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