

## Mars Ill "Planes And Trains"

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(Verse #1, Pigeon John)

I live on the road, a modern day hobo/  
Trained to eat quick and expect the low blow/  
Get what you can from a dried up hole/  
In the land of the lost, cowboys in the sand/  
And my soul is the coal, and my life is the flame/  
And it's burning to earn all the lights and the fame/  
And it's turning to ash every step towards cash/  
And I'm losing it fast so I mash on the gas/  
But it's too late/  
My fate is a broken-hearted freshman even before my  
first date/  
And I smile at my call, another yes, yes ya'll/  
With every summer, there's fall/  
So I just rock in my chair while they rock to the beat/  
A whole trainload of fresh meat/  
And it's so sweet how they dream, their young hearts  
beam/  
But they really don't know what it means, but they will  
though...

(Hook)

(There by subway train)  
Another day booked, I'm a fish on a hook now/  
(There by subway train)  
It's too late to turn out my ride 'til I die now/  
(There by subway train)  
Hitching a ride into town with my hands out/  
(There by subway train)  
I gotta go now, gotta go now, gotta go now...

(Verse #2, manchild)

Took my car to the MARTA station, train to the airport/  
Feet to the bare floor, fists to declare war/  
Fame as a flare, tore pain from your stare/  
Used the game as a springboard, my name's at your  
in-store/  
Kick to the snare drum, get here to there, son/  
They stick to the chair like chicks that get their hair  
done/  
Spit this to spare none, rhyme liquid in rare form/  
Commit to prayer born, brought heat to stay warm/

Rap is my two cents, backed by the movement/  
Sacrificed my words to give you Pigeon John and  
Blueprint/  
Pleased just to thank you, hang with a strange few/  
Five to the Deepspace, stay the same just to change  
you/  
Pen to the notepad, mind to the starshine/  
Knee to the groundwork, 'cause right now is our time/  
Plane to the down south, MARTA to the train stop/  
Walked to the car and drove back to the block...

(Hook)

(Verse #3, Blueprint)

Are we there yet? Let me know, I'm feeling restless/  
From traveling up what feels like stair steps/  
And I hope it doesn't make me weak when I start to  
question/  
How far I'm willing to go to deliver this message/  
But the point of no return is where we're all at/  
It's easier to push forward than to go back/  
And since I can't go back to life before rap/  
I'ma play this game and boost all my stats/  
I was born at a time when you earned respect/  
For the rhyme and the way you made words connect/  
Not the money that you made or the girls you sexed/  
A concept you obviously haven't heard of yet/  
I did more shows in a month than you did in your life/  
Ate gas station food, stayed up late nights/  
Met a couple women that I'd like to make my wife/  
And realized that I'd travel anywhere for mics...

(Hook)

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