

## **Mars Ill "Rap Fans"**

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[Verse 1: manCHILD]

I vent my anger on you strangers that I've never even met

As I employ endangered medium of recordable cassettes

To audibly connect, it oughtta be correct

Tattoo my name on your eardrum to make sure you don't forget

My faith and art that I protect leaves heads twitching like Torretts

As I vomit my opinion over volatile soundsets

Project through drums pounding, dumfounding the shallow

And keeping true heads smiling in the shadows

Baffle you with battle-tested methods from a distinguished master-linguist

Extinguishing the meaningless rhetoric and jargon

Leave the wack missing in action, their picture on milk cartons

As my tongue burns like arson, opponents begging me for pardon

No crates stacked with records with my picture on the cover

But that's far from the point at hand on one had to the other

From foreign sands to your motherland to your dreamy wonderland

ManCHILD spits so rap fans can understand the Son of Man.

[Hook:]

In stadiums with packed stands or just you and your mans

This jam is for the real rap fans

ManCHILD commands where you stand from Japan to San Fran

This jam if for the real rap fans

From NYC down to where the ATLiens land

This jam is for the real rap fans

Urban lands, desert sands, rock wherever you can

This jam is for the real rap fans

[Verse 2: Sharlok Poems]

Lyrics of steel, my flow heavy as anvils  
Thoughts spread long and wide as cotton fields  
Many play hard make me scream Actors guild  
Bad actors getting killed first episode of the season  
Stop rhyming for one reason cuz the ink pen stopped  
bleeding  
Prick your finger the needle and start thinking  
Into crowd I'm sinking, stage diving for the rap fans  
Speak mine across the land like Robert Gaines with  
aerosol cans  
Truth from mouth expands like rubber band being  
snapped back  
Many crews are called wack because rhyme skills they  
lack  
From the mouth words drag like dog with broke back  
I'm floor bound, thumb tack off the walls with mine  
With divine heart soul and mind and my mic skates  
Numbers of souls saved climbing like Cali's crime rate  
Like these record crates, flipping through beats  
rhymes and life  
Sharlok Poems and manCHILD for rap fans delight

[Hook:]

In stadiums with packed stands or just you and your  
mans  
This jam is for the real rap fans  
Sharlok commands where you stand from Japan to San  
Fran  
This jam is for the real rap fans  
From NYC down to where the Californians stand  
Urban lands, desert sands rock wherever you can  
This jam is for the real rap fans

[Verse 3: manCHILD]

Fanatics buying records like the junk was pornographic  
Fly rhymes get you higher than an addict in an attic  
Don't stop for red lights and the mic directs the traffic  
Climb Everest just to see the best correctly stab it  
Blood, sweat and tears for years because you gotta  
have it  
Mother hip-hop sticks my lyrics to the fridge with a  
magnet  
So fat when I bust raps, the doc told me to cut back  
But I make tracks for all of you cats and you don't want  
that  
The backpack assassins, fatty marker taggin  
Black and Anglo Saxon, any race you can imagine  
Holding down your area to start a chain reaction  
The fans deserve a hand cuz you made rap the main  
attraction

If you listen for the love and you're sick of all the  
babbling  
I rain down like the weather, bring the pain like a  
contraction  
Clearer than cellophane on plexiglass style  
It's Sharlok Poems and soul heir the manCHILD  
While the wack stack grands and don't care if you clap  
hands  
I take a stand and make a jam for the real rap fans  
Take a stand and make a jam for the real rap fans  
Take a stand and make jams for the real rap fans

[Hook x4]

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