

Mars Ill "Sideline Speech"

Visit "[Sideline Speech](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Verse #1, manchild)

I got these blind musicians watching me listen to their songs/
And I think they're catching on there's a chance that I might not belong/
They got it wrong behind the rabid barks for justice/
Where you can support the cause from where the movement never touches/
Dearly beloved, I can see the devastation so clearly/
And the night sky protects me when I'm running with the moon/
I wanna help the lepers, I just don't want their sickness near me/
I guess if you can't sing the song, you can try to hum the tune/
I got these dues I'm paying and I guess I'm almost even/
When I was stepping to the A.M., I could have sworn I caught ya'll sleeping/
I rhyme for a reason beyond the regional limits that block them/
My double-sided tongue is sharp and it can't be boxed in/
They're caught between some rock/rap fusion garbage/
And a hard place to taste the truth and everybody makes do/
HEY YOU! Yeah, I'm sorry, you don't get to play today/
But after my crew wins the game, you can soak the coach with Gatorade/
It's safe to say you're a ways away from the action/
Your image is imaginary and this song is love-tapping you on the shoulder/
And asking, "Is this what you had planned?"/
While I'm slapping 'em senseless, you can feel free to bystand...

(Hook)

Can't really see from the cheap seats. Can't hear unless you listen/
Can't get on the field and play if you don't got the

right equipment/
Can't hear what you're saying unless you step up to
the mic/
Wanna see life? Well this is what it looks like/
Can't see from the cheap seats. Can't hear unless
you listen/
Can't get on the field and play if you don't got the
right equipment/
Can't hear what you're saying unless you step up to
the mic/
Wanna see life? Well this is what it sounds like...

(Verse #2, manchild)

Conspiracy theorist backpackers, you don't have to
run any faster/
The government's not really after you, kiddo, you're
just a rapper/
But slave masters to exist, so point at them and wave
your fist/
Media's agenda becomes the mark on your head and
plus your wrist/
This is just in case you doubted that Mars ILL was about
it/
We linked with Bigg Justoleum for this public service
announcement/
You are not your outfit or the car that you drive/
Commercials keep you needing what you don't really
need to survive/
You grow sedated, addicted to a lifestyle/
Planned parents become barren, juggling a choice and
a child/
Of course it's a trial to speak loud and walk straight/
I've found a voice is a terrible thing to waste/
Wake Up! Take up your cross-section of the populace
and follow/
You're not promised tomorrow/
So just move, move, we can't stop speaking until they
all know/
We're not promised tomorrow...

(Hook)

(Verse #3, Bigg Jus)

Seminal mimicry trickery gloomy cavalry garrisons/
Who battle charlatans who love night targeting/
The faintest comparison imbalance crucially
embarrassing/
So woefully inadequate/
Staring at other rhyme ancient and tailored so
massive/
Armchair quarterback chemical ali HAZMAT/

You're just a little boy in a bubble with unrealistic
dreams of a rap body double/
And rhyming as a meal-ticket/
That's why this culture got you lovesick/
Born word eternal, life orbit, Keebler elf timing/
Couldn't even flow on beat if the kick and snares were
color coded/
With dreams of a new bullet-proof 7 all dubs and
silvery/
But you lack any bass in your voice, cadence or
delivery/
And there's already been two Agatha Christie
unsolved rapper murder mysteries/
Don't let the sharks smell the bloody chum in the
water/
And start a feeding frenzy/
Sometimes I feeling like I'm in an underground
purgatory/
Trapped between materialistic playa gunfire/
And suburban nerdy voice, funny voice falsetto/
War prone with a howitzer patrolling the 33rd parallel
rhyming no fly zones/
With homeland security all tainted and corrupted/
If you ain't coming with that '88 Daddy Kane R-A-W/
Like it was on the eve of destruction/
Trust me, don't even touch it/
Or get left on the side of the road and circled by
buzzards/
Or fossilized in some tar pit/
We call it craps now they be triple and doubling it/
Ever since Tupac's style gave birth to quintuplets/
Biting is not a birthright, you starry eyed chipmunk/
Gazing in the 18-wheeler headlights, waiting for the
collision/
Soccer-mommy waste of battle ammunition/
So younguns, we lop 'em off earlier than
circumcision/
Stay hidden, Jiminy Crickets and all is forgiven/
This was craft worked at Dust's crib/
Then manchild slid to haunted gorilla silver back
mountain lion of Judah/
These bear paws hide zirconium claws made for
pouncing/
Even though I don't eat meat anymore/
It's just order of selection prototype/
MC's look tasty like melon, tofu and curry rice.
Mmmmmm/
Succulent with the slightest hint of lime/
Way up in the nosebleed seats with torn ACL's on the
sidelines/
Coming rougher than one time with colorful things that

go bump in the night/
And magical 180 reverse suplex clotheslines/
You need to slow down and think twice/
You ain't a risk taker with the flow. You're a risk taker
with your life...

(Hook)

Visit [Mars III](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.