

Mars Ill

"Sphere Of Hip-hop Pt. 2"

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[Verse 1:]

It's there and it's here, it's far and it's near
All my hopes and all my fears are manifested in the
sphere
It's distorted but it's clear, it's my enemy and my peer
It's as wack as radio rap and it's dooper than Premier
It's all of what you see and it's all of what you hear
It's Def Jams, it's So So Def, it's On Def Ears
It makes you cheer and lets you chill, it saves and it
kills
It's unbelievably creative and it's run of the mill
It's fake and it's real, it's politics and it's skills
It takes up all my money, but it pays all of my bills
Still it's simple to decipher and difficult to discern
It's hip-hop, it's paid in full, it's hard to earn
It's you must learn and I got it made, it's who's the man
It's brothers gotta work it out, it's parents just don't
understand
It's overblown and underhanded, Pacific to Atlantic
Watching all your dreams get shattered and all your
wishes granted
Where ignorance runs rampant and knowledge reigns
supreme
Where loyalty's highly regarded but everybody
switches teams
It's closet aficionados and It's microphone fiends
It's where we say what we mean by any means for
Elohim
It's all that you despise and everything that you hold
dear
It's war and peace, it's this and that, it's hip-hop and it's
the sphere
It's all that you despise and everything that you hold
dear
Yin and Yang, it's love and hate, it's hip-hop and it's the
sphere

[Verse 2:]

It's up and it's down, It's free and it's bound
It's sight and it's sound, it's mainstream, it's
underground
Profound and common sense, it's past and present

tense
It's dollars, it's cents it's guilt it's innocence
It's bent and it's sober, it's on my mind and on my
shoulders
It's the Bronx, it's Queensbridge, I forgot, the bridge is
over
It's New York, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Minnesota
It's hip-hop, it's even freaking North and South Dakota
It's contained within my headphones but still it blows
my speakers
It's big willie wannabes and it's Poor Righteous
Teachers
It's living for the moment and it's dying over nothing
It's we're all in the same gang and it's headed for self
destruction
It's tougher than leather, it's no one can do it better
It's ripping a freestyle and it's your writtens to the letter
It's a sling and a stone and it's fully automatic
It's the sphere of hip-hop, peace to Plastic

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