

Mars Ill "Unsound"

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[Verse 1:]

Excuse me, am I unsound because I sound
uncomparably creative?
Cause I create and expound astoundingly, is that why
you're intimidated?
I make my music for the few who can appreciate the
extent of what I do
My opinions on what's dope appropriately differ from
you
Like Gentiles differ from Jews, that's true
But I wait my mailbox daily for a new Labkilik tape
More crews should place weight on what you're saying
when the mic's on
Yo, if Pete Nice and Serch really do a reunion song
I'm calling all the request shows yelling "3rd Bass is
the bomb!!"
I long for the days when being talented meant you
were first
The subculture remains the same but it seems the
earth is reversed
So I write scripts in pantomime, whip the cat of nine
Spit the battle rhyme that shifts the paradigm
Split space and time open to reveal I'm dope in any
period
On point like a pyramid in a myriad of rhyme styles.
(are my methods unsound?)
Cause I climb the Nile and swim the Ozarks
Blend street smarts with prose with God-given skill but
still
My genetic strands don't come close to composing who
I am
Some will never understand this combination of child
and man.

[Verse 2:]

Believe it or not, it's the blue-eyed believer in the
Hebrew Messiah
Yeshua, Elohim, intergalactical designer
Divine like the Styler, eye on the prize like a fighter
As I strike with the fist of righteousness to your orifice
To the torturous who who have tortured us with your
audible lies

I get you open with the hopes that I can open your eyes
When I rise to the occasion like my name was Walter
Payton
Inflection of my tone makes certain points hit home
Roam from here to Italy
Such a deep impact on hip-hop you'd think maybe a
comet was hitting me
Spitting ill soliloquies in a symphony of similes
Connected with the Sphere cause I can't stand this
industry.
(are my methods unsound?)
I'm tired of floods of words without a single drop of
reason
Tired of cats that change styles like the seasons
They're still rhyming montone directly on the
metronome now
If I battle you in the forest and you fall is there a
sound?

[Verse 3:]

Like a 6 step to a windmill to a headspin combination
We move from notebooks to tapes to the ears of my
congregation
Through tears of aggravation, from another generation
come my peers
Or maybe from a completely different galaxy
I burn fallacies like calories but still the fattest at
mastering musical alchemy
Sniping radio rap stars from the balcony
Funny how crystal clearly I'm thinking
But my ideas are shared by no man
At least none that have spoken up this point
But my broken record of a mind hits the same groove
repeatedly
I touch on subjects that need to be addressed but
who's feeling me?
I'm stealing the intellect of astrophysicists
A brain surgeon lyricist
As ill as this is who'll hear and understand me?
I wonder will He open the souls and minds eyes of the
lost before I exhaust my duration
If it costs my life, my mind, my music, my very
reputation
My God will see my oddities as perfectly honed talents
The world seems bound by evil now but I'll bow my
head to tip the balance

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