

Mars ILL f/ Bigg Jus

"Sideline Speech"

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[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 y'all 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]

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