

# Mars III, Lump Sum

Dear Dad, the class began, hands were held and arms were open  
Moments stolen from the globe and life's blood was always spoken  
One was chosen for another. Broke my will against your wisdom  
Pushed my face towards the light so I could cultivate the vision  
Made decisions for the unit. Hard times, you moved us through it  
By each word and every movement, you're the one who showed me what truth is  
Thanks for the blueprint passed down. I'll grip it by the cover  
Plus you showed me how to love my wife by the way you treat my mother  
And Mom, you sacrificed your body, scarred beneath the weight  
To usher my soul into the universe, human contact, you were first  
Through the worst I had to offer, caught his mercy in your stare  
You were there. Patched my wounds and protected me with your prayers  
Gave me food when I was hungry. Gave me love when I was empty  
Gave me a look of knowing solitude when I said where God would send me  
Thanks for the days and the nights, the laughter and the fights  
Teaching me wrong from right, Mom, the first woman in my life  
To my brother, thanks for the beatdowns and the harassment  
In you I learned to express my views with heated passion  
Followed your footsteps good or bad, so please get the facts straight  
My big brother introduced me to this and gave me my first rap tape  
I watched you grow up, thrive, prosper and self destruct  
Find the jewel in circumstances that sucked but still you stuck  
A husband and a father, a brother and a son  
Kevin, I'm so proud of the man that you've become  
Pam, Jeff, Billy, Cliff, Paine, David, Terry, Chris, Ricky  
The names stick with me, the names stick with me  
Jason Lee, Ben Heaton, Josh Cleveland, Eric Sartain  
Trent Gibson saw the best and the worst I've ever given  
Syntax, I'd bend back the sky and shift the balance  
I thank you for your strong mind, your friendship and your talent  
Your example to all that witness 'cause there's no 'I' in crew  
You inspire me brother 'cause I can see Christ in you  
Dust, where to start? The art's answer to my question  
Blessed from lessons together that's always led to progression  
This profession needs your genius to show cats what it's about  
You keep making the music and I'll keep running my mouth  
Playdough, Harry Krum, enough heart for every alias  
Thanks for helping me carry the torch as we take these kids  
Listener, Illtripp, Fred B, Recon  
Rabbi, Manuel, Sev Statik and Sivion  
It's on until we change the face and finish what we started  
I'm thankful that you're all a part of this  
Yeah it's on until we change expression, finish what we started  
Deepspace5, it's never stopping  
Mary, I don't have the words to get across my feelings  
I breathe a purer form of oxygen when I'm staring at your face  
I can rise above my limits and break through this vaulted ceiling  
I'm a better man today because you occupy my space  
I hit the road, you hold it down and shun the glory  
I'll be the mouthpiece for your heart and I'll tell the world our story  
Thanks for bearing our children. Thanks for sharing your life  
Thanks for saying, 'Yes,' May. Thanks for being my wife  
To my daughters and all unborn and future seeds  
I look at the world through your eyes and you always help me see  
Inspiration in your innocence and the future in your face  
I write these songs so I can make your world a better place  
And that's all to say that all that I am is a collection of souls  
That God has used to touch me. Changed a reflection  
Made a man from a simple stick-figure  
And if I've ever met you, then you helped him paint the picture..

[Repeat 3X]