

The blue is for the color of the collar of my mother
And my father plus the scholars that we be,
The blue is for the nighttime moon, swingin' tune
Of every bluesman singin' what its like to not be free
I want to be the come-to with movin' the music among the masses
Hit the spot rock upon sight like Medusa as the true surpass the wick
ed
Used to sneak in shows without a ticket
'Till I slowly got familiar with the local promoters
Hopin to blow, focused on the open mic
Not claimin' to be the dopest I just want to be noticed
To find producers in the circuit to work with,
For certain it was hurtin' at first fuckin' with studio virgins
To purge the wack, I download the upgraded version
Now performin' our percussion
Constructed up by the Persian beatmaker extraordinaire
You talk about the journey but we're takin' it there
Payin' a fair, say it again said

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And my father plus the scholars that we be
The blue is for the water and sky
In the middle of the fire I burn to find the light in the darkness
The blue is for the color of the bruise we use to be reminded
That the body isn't made to be timeless

Blue is for the ocean we cross to foreign lands
Where we work with our hands, and home is where we stand
Where the poetry swims, in the lunacy of moonshine light
Reflected right upon the surface of skin
Verses burst out the pen, like it hurt not to be written
You immature amateur writers is copy kittens
In the coffee shop kids are spitting individualistic
Petty bourgie pseudo revolutionary bullshit
Or miss this resistance is more than just a fist in a wristband
And incense, that won't make you free, fuck a bachelors degree
I'd much rather defeat the evil thieves in my scenery
Seemingly detached, indeed as we proceed to see the heathen meet his
match
And everything we not givin' up, we take it back
I bleed upon a track, my verse written in red
The blue is for the balance yes and everything I said, I said

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