

Blue School

Blue Scholars

Microphone check, microphone check

I'm a blue scholar worker studying the art of labor to create
Flavor to relate to listeners, alleviate the danger associated with stranger
s
Isn't it strange how we estrange ourselves from our neighbors?
Enables us through music to connect, releasing fluids in our neck
With the rhythmic forward movement of our heads and back again
Indeed as we succeed the pioneers
Maybe give back all that we've been taking through the years
I bleed, for what I believe to be the truth, nurturing the seed planted in t
he fertile youth
The poetry, hangin from the branches eat the fruit
Pluck the most succulent, and suck upon the juice
So what's up with you, frequently they ask
Been hibernating writin till the last page cypherin the past days by
Bypassing the lies and the bullshit
Get up off the mic, and save it for the ??bull hit??

It's the blue school, class is in session
Ask us a question, cause class is in session
(Repeat x4)

I'm an exile, motherland stepchild, metropolis dwellin middle Americas priso
ner of war
Combat the paper till the blankness is gone
Listen now, talk about the beat after the song
Astronomical, cause that is just a modest measurement
Of my ability to represent my family correct because I be about it,
Ain't no other way to say it
Discovered my potential when I stayed late to tape it in the basement
With an ancient karaoke stereo in lieu of a studio, we made due with everyth
in
Layin around, and if I'm not mistaken isn't that improvisation what hip-
hop Is all about
If you poppin at the lip then I will sock you in the mouth
Sonically to render you the opposite of loud
Apology accepted in advance, I think its kinda cool at one point
That you thought you had a chance

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(Repeat x4)

a veteran's fate written on pages of mixtapes
I'm all about a government that citizens dictate
Sick of fuckin dealin with the presidents mistakes
To sit back and rant is just misplaced anger
So I cradle, pens, from now until the fable ends
Taken friends for granted, but now I've got to make amends
Callin out the big talk small walkin cowards
High above the ground yo we shakin out your tower
And demandin our money back, plus reimbursement
For parkin and shit, I put my heart in this shit
Yo my arteries connect to the amplifier wire,
Music make the flames in my inner fire higher
I reinvent the language in the image of a dancer

Contorting where the floor becomes an answer
Blue school graduate dog, after this last verse
When the revolution comes we're gonna shoot your ass first

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(Repeat x4)

..strapped for protection, whatever you do
Whatever you say, step up front. Be good at what you do.
At least be good at something. Writing, reading, producing, DJing, umm, cooking, cleaning, doing laundry, something. Learn an art, a trade, be somebody.