

# Burnt Offering

Blue Scholars

(I don't know what to writeâ?| Oh well, yo)

I offer nothing but the uncertain promise  
That I'll honestly pursue the crooked path of the conscious  
Not just another body in the battle for the soul  
Never sold self for its weight in platinum and gold but  
Man we're getting grown  
Wisdom got us thinking in the interest of our children even if they ain't be  
en given their flesh  
Their bones  
Their homes or their names yet  
I'm aiming for the change in my pocket for the payback  
The change augmented by the government to nothing  
The change of a whirlwind unraveling the coming of that next shit  
I can't wait for when it comes, shit  
It better be worth the shit that I paid most my life with  
It's nice when it rains sometime  
Cleansing minds in my habitat  
Imagine that I'm digging to find  
What was hidden by the myth of a god up in the sky  
Knowing that She meant for me to rhyme

So I  
Give thanks to the most, the least that I can do  
I wear this skin to find the me inside of you  
When I dream that I'm dreaming I feel most alive  
Sacrifice nights  
Write to survive  
Proper hand gestures conjure ancestors  
Drinking from the bottle that was meant  
For the message that was sent from the tired and the true  
I give thanks to the most, the least that I can do

Way back I used to call upon the Father often  
I fought the devil last night and almost lost â??  
Now I'm drinking bottled water  
Flushing out the toxins  
Vomiting and coughing feeling closer to the coffin  
Than I ever had  
Every morning that I arrive  
Is a night that I survive  
Just to be alive sipping chai  
Listening to my favorite DJ  
Communicate the music, what my rhymes would say  
If they were written  
With a needle  
To the groove  
Of a paper  
Stylus to papyrus, record to the player  
It's more than just therapy or excessive energy  
I undo the mechanism meant to imprison me  
Spiritually  
The view from up is not enough  
I dwell below to find the god that I rebuff  
Redesigned, redefined what it meant to be divine  
Knowing that She meant for me to rhyme

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Our Father

My art is Heaven, hallowed be  
The drums beating me and my tongue into submission  
I can hardly speak breathing this indelible high  
From an endless supply of Godspeed, and I need  
A brand new prayer to read  
Seems the old ones grew tons of mold 'cause they're narrow as hell  
Sometimes they be thinking that this heavens for sale  
Worse than that, they still think God is a male  
But  
Moms used to hang up pictures of white Jesus  
Fist clutching rosary beads, over the years  
I began to question this Father Almighty  
Made in His image but don't look nothing like me  
But we be the children of the most high  
Ghosts of the colonized lost in the time  
Redesign, redefine what it meant to be divine  
Knowing that She meant for me to rhyme