

## Morning Tea

Blue Scholars

Do you ever go outside at night  
Look up into the sky, into the big, immense sky  
And think to yourself, "that's a big sky, like an inkwell."  
In a city that's been waiting the blow  
Since big butts and teen spirit  
Many make music, you hear it  
Secluded in the upper left, dominantly gray  
Shaded skies any other day  
Sorta like the bay  
Just a little bit wetter and cold in the winter  
Proximity to water make the soul a little gentler  
Out of town they don't be knowing about the best kept  
Aint nothing better than the summer in the Northwest  
Microphone check: 1-206  
Who just spoke through the smoke can I get a quick fix to lift  
This eye to the level of the needle in the sky  
Looking over the sound against the shores of the Suicide Capital  
Bust a magical dust, grammatically adjust the satellite  
What makes Seattle tight  
The fruit's a bit ripe in spite of all the mold  
And last second changes of plans like on hold  
And prodigal sons whose model is run whenever possible  
Watch Mr. Officer shoot before he aims and claims self defense  
In the name of the citizen free  
SPD's spread the city like an STD  
I'm rolling Rainier bugging "Let's get free"  
While the people sleep, I'ma speak 'till they wake

Now let me push my pen to create

The beats, rhymes in life  
Each time I write  
The fire ignites, I light the sky  
There's an infinite Inkwell  
High above the city  
Dip the pen steadily, sing the melody

Your beats, rhymes in life  
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They paved rock candy and put up a parking lot  
It was a spot for a minute was hotter  
Then the cops lit it up when the thugs fist the cuffs  
And the mayor was quick to up and pin it on hip-hop  
Shows got dropped when the cinder block crushed  
What's left of the scene grows up from the dust  
There must have been many times over-  
frustrated to watch the downfall of those who could have made it  
While some waited for the next Mix-a-lot to flow  
Others made moves, said "Shit, we ought to grow"  
But time moves slow when the clock's overweight  
Eating those who wait, as opposed to create  
But those who make bread do not break the mold

I was only nineteen, but my rhymes were bold  
And when things got for real I got up in the bowl  
And put them in to practice all that I was told  
Wicked's eye that came up and showed up  
We call ourselves fate and ironically, it was  
Became the last kid still writing at 9 to 5  
In B-town Syphus we can't even justify  
Moved to the city, started posing as a journalist  
To get press passes and ask kids for murder so we prove instead  
Put down the pen, picked up the mic  
Taken from competitors heads  
And when I got done severing severable losers  
Started getting down with hella producers  
Main group welcomed me into the big house, but they didn't feel the city so  
they moved back south  
And other dudes weren't even worth it to work with  
And if I see wonders about to be word a worth I'll jot  
Begin 2 double zero 1, the struggle just begun to bear fruit  
At the end of a troubling youth  
Sobs have got me  
To speak over beats like the key to unlock me  
And I'll be damned  
10 years to the summer I began I'm still up in the lab  
And while the people sleep I'ma speak 'till they wake  
Now let me push this pen to create  
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