

Blue Scholars

"27"

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Yes and we begin where we left off. Leaving off where,
pretty much
begin. March with me y'all.

On my 27th round trip around the sun
Counting every blessing, reminicing on the drum
But not for a second ever forgetting where I'm from
Others grip the gun, my weapon is my tongue

In the military slum
Manuever through the sewer that the children call the
river
We coming home to dinner, make the kitchen smell
shitty
and shorty felt the pressure on his shoulders but really
I jumped out the window whenever pops would hit me
an 8 bit nintendo got replaced with the endo
eventually my pen would be the means to escape
Was 8 in '88 in the 808 state
where the 808 kick was my heartbeat
It got me in Honolulu, Hawaii to contemplate a career
With no pinoy's kickin' raps anywhere near
Except for my peers
Fathers all gone the better parts of the year
At the ship yard watching mom wipe away the tears
It was hard, but she stayed strong watching four kids
I can see how tradition makes us do what we do
Like keeping things in plastic so this shit will stay new
some things we gotta lose, some things are worth
keeping
It wasn't all bad, but wasn't all peaches
I'ma teach my son to respect his elders
but not before they give him respect first, expected

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And I still got cassette tapes with tape on top of 'em
maybe I should auction 'em
Lately I've been rockin' 'em
Some of them I coped, but all the rest I went and
pocketed
Never was the talkitive type
After "The Chronic" it dropped
Before "The Infamous" my sentiments penned
The beginning of the story where the logic begins
Went bargain bin digging, the medicine made for
listening
Never afraid to question conditions that we were living
in
Even if we decided to live it up a little bit
Underwear and socks: what I mostly got for
Christmases
And if you ever played ball with chinelas on
This one's for y'all, 'cause once and for all
If you ever held a San Miguel bottle in your palm
Or the blocks that you used to stomp upon are gone
Or all the above, then let this be the song
The steps might be short, but the march is long, come
on

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