

Blue Scholars

"Back Home"

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And it begins like...

This, yo

Uh, and it begins where we left a brother chased
after by death until he catches his breath
We embarked upon a long march too weary to rest
Now tell me who would ever have guessed that at the
top of the west
A party rocker and a poet might collectively have
written another chapter
In this fight against this self-described right, but not
righteous
It's highly unlikely we'll take it lightly when 1000 of my
compatriots
are evacuatin' nightly
From one ave to another, University to Beacon
The body was never meant neither to last to be beaten
But Buddhas in the streets teachin' a lesson to kids in
the cold
And if I tell all of mine there's other stories to be told,
Had a lot of good brothas either my age or younger
Who copped the 1st album when it dropped now gone
under
And they say progress but the fact is
Dr. Martin Luther King's legacy is lookin' like the street
we named after
him
Permanently under construction, the people hustlin'
Despite the pain and sufferin' the energy we've
mustered in
South side Seattle there's a whole lot happenin'
Where so called soul mates are stabbin' each other's
scapulas
Melancholy hopeful I capture the present moment we
consummated the
marriage of beats, rhymes, and atonement
In each mind resides a potential so potent they make
us think that we
ain't got it
If we did then we'd control shit
Organizin' and prioritizin' what's important

I'm just tryin' to raise the scene while the homies have abortions
No distortion to the static
I hold the mic and pass it to the future schools in session but there
won't be any classes
Happy to see family back, from ten months in Iraq
For fallen comrades rockin' a black wrist band
It's just a glimpse of what you missed when you gone
We held you down and kept chanting now "bring 'em back home"

We say bring 'em back home,
For my brothas and my sistas who've been gone too long
We say bring 'em back home, and I don't wanna have to keep on
singin' this song
We say bring 'em back home, for my brothas and my sistas who've
been gone too long we say
Bring 'em back home, and I don't wanna have to keep on singin' this
song

And somewhere a soldier kissed his family goodbye
And he was walking like a warrior the water in his eyes
He left in late September said he'll be back in July
Now the child is asking mommy "Why did daddy have to die?"
She says he fought for freedom, but she knows it's just a lie
'Cause her father was a veteran with benefits denied
Now the fire in her eyes burn brighter with the passin' of the minutes
into hours and the hours into days and
Days turned to night, nights turned to face the other way
One sister strong holding down the whole family
It's just one in over three thousand casualties and back home we
battle with the apathy
We chantin' now

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So next time you see recruiters in your school or your
crib
Tell 'em thank you for the offer but you'd rather you
lived
We got more than just our bodies to offer
So fuck a coffin wrapped in red, white, and blue,
withdraw passed due
We disgusted with the fact we pay taxes to build tanks
Still dropping one twomp and a half to fill tanks
Got a china-mans chance to fill banks like Phil Banks
For soldiers in the future givin' thanks in advance we
say

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