

Blue Scholars

"Bananas"

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Uh, uh, mmm, mmm? mmm? yup, yeah, uh

Those who front an' don't really want trouble
Step to the side like an S1W
The NW north of NWA's place of origin
Originators of the first general strike
Roots of our labor is thick
Still awaiting the fruits of our labor to get higher than a
747 jet
But when we say, "now," they say, "not yet"
They don't feel it, but give it respect
There's no hard feelings more paper to collect
Though I can care less
Family is fed, clothes on they back, shelter over head
When debts climb higher than paychecks can reach
Whoever asks next for a free CD will catch a bad one
Trust this, believe you, me
Probably tens of thousands of people just like me in a
town, in a town
In a town not big enough for ego to breath
You plead unity but never build the bridges between
And if you travel to the next town
You might find that shit's surprising
They all act just like us
Carrying the legacy of people divided
Plagued by infighting and tight knit surviving
People on the outside look and write about it
Choose the safe route to fit they own palate
Ignore the rest at the same time the rest get restless
And blame it on the other's success
It gets twisted
Crab in a barrel existence
Where no amount of noise make the powerful listen
Power's within us all, pistols are drawn
We about to shine like Mr. Sinister's arm
And the songs that they sold to the devils are gone
We all vagabonds, home is whatever we stand upon
Take a picture, they'll last longer
I think they forgot that songs last forever
It's a whole lot of cheddar at the top now
Fuck tryna climb up, let's bring the top down

Bring it down, bring it, bring it down, down down, bring
it down,
let's bring it down, ah

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