Blue Scholars "Bruise Brothers"

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The Blue Is For The Color Of The Collar Of My Mother And My Father Plus The Scholars That We Be, The Blue Is For The Nighttime Moon, Swingin Tune Of Every Bluesman Singin What it's Like To Not Be Free I Want To Be The Come-To With Movin The Music Among The Masses

Hit The Spot Rock Upon Sight Like Medusa As The True Surpass The Wicked

Used To Sneak In Shows Without A Ticket
Till I Slowly Got Familiar With The Local Promoters
Hopin To Blow, Focused On The Open Mic
Not Claimin To Be The Dopest I Just Want To Be Noticed
To Find Producers In The Circuit To Work With,
For Certain It Was Hurtin At First Fuckin With Studio
Virgins

To Purge The Wack, I Download The Upgraded Version Now Performin Our Percussion Constructed Up By The Persian Beatmaker Extraordinaire

You Talk About The Journey But Weâre Takin It There Payin A Fair, Say It Again Said

Blue Is For The Color Of The Collar Of My Mother And My Father Plus The Scholars That We Be The Blue Is For The Water And Sky In The Middle Of The Fire I Burn To Find The Light In The Darkness

The Blue Is For The Color Of The Bruise We Use To Be Reminded

That The Body IsnA¢t Made To Be Timeless

Blue Is For The Ocean We Cross To Foreign Lands Where We Work With Our Hands, And Home Is Where We Stand

Where The Poetry Swims, In The Lunacy Of Moonshine Light

Reflected Right Upon The Surface Of Skin Verses Burst Out The Pen, Like It Hurt Not To Be Written You Immature Amateur Writers Is Copy Kittens In The Coffeeshop Kids Are Spitting Individualistic Petty Bourgie Pseudo Revolutionary ??Bullshit?? ??Or Miss This?? Resistance Is More Than Just A Fist In A Wristband
And Incense, That Wont Make You Free, Fuck A
Bachelors Degree
Iâd Much Rather Defeat The Evil Thieves In My
Scenery
Seemingly Detached, Indeed As We Proceed To See
The Heathen Meet His Match
And Everything We Not Givin Up, We Take It Back
I Bleed Upon A Track, My Verse Written In Red
The Blue Is For The Balance Yes And Everything I Said, I
Said

Blue Is For The Color Of The Collar Of My Mother
And My Father Plus The Scholars That We Be
The Blue Is For The Water And Sky
In The Middle Of The Fire I Burn To Find The Light In
The Darkness
The Blue Is For The Color Of The Bruise We Use To Be
Reminded
That The Body Isnât Made To Be Timeless

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