

## Blue Scholars

### "Cinemetropolis"

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This is the scene you been seeing all your life  
The one inside a dream you repeated every night  
For 24 frames every second through the light  
Projected through the screen you been paying for  
despite  
What you see and what you hear, contrary to your sight  
Everything you ever learned that you never had to live  
Might've heard from a story teller medium  
Pictures, words, scriptures to cinema script  
Writing a verse  
From this city emerges a new generation of babies  
Who came out of the womb, glued to the tube  
With plans and aspirations to prove beyond doubt  
We are stars too, even if it's just cartoons  
My animated hands that I got from the  
Genes of my island native fam I could never not be  
I'm here to make them scream like a Hitchcock dame  
Whether analog, dig it all, shit is all the same  
An American tradition, a narrative for fiction  
A Hamilton for tickets, the public is addicted  
Just think for a second how much we've been  
conditioned  
To root for the Doughboys, the O-Dogs, the Bishops  
Sided with them villains, in spite of what they heeded  
He said she gotta have it, she said she didn't need it  
And even if she see it, she will probably not believe it  
If it ain't bein' projected in a wide screen theatre  
If it spins on a reel, it's gotta be real  
But 'real' in real life just remind us of film  
And now you saying something's like a movie when it's  
real  
Like a film's much realer than anything you feel  
In a Cinemetropolis (in a Cinemetropolis)  
In a Cinemetropolis (in a Cinemetropolis)  
In a Cinemetropolis (in a Cinemetropolis)  
In a Cinemetropolis...  
They try to say we bad kids from the start  
Grandchildren of Marx and Coca-Cola, yet quoting  
Godard  
And you saying that everything is cinema since

The moving pictures in the center of your living room  
telling you shit  
Like you'll never be shit, walk away from all your  
dreams  
Spark up, drop a lighter on a trail of gasoline  
Leading back to the vehicle you crashed before you  
came  
Never looking back, cut, boom, end of scene  
We've been gunning for that hundred and some  
change  
The flicks and the flickering flames that been going the  
same length  
Doing battle with the powers that be  
That'll be no longer in position when the power's  
getting seized  
So cameras we got redirected from the poor  
I directed for my people, \*Lino Brocka with the horn\*  
When the brother yelled 'action' it wasn't just for his act  
'Cause he wanted to see the masses get they asses out  
the door (get up)  
My marvelous marksmanship is sharp, shit is hard  
But we make it look not, we auteurs  
The Godfather poster on the wall, 14  
With a movie in my head, writing's the next thing  
So we shot y'all 35 millimeter rockstars  
How about some hardcore senior to your sophomores  
Flyer than a Concorde landing on your concourse  
Rolling with the vanguard, burning down your arthouse  
If it's spinning on a reel, it's gotta be real  
But 'real' in real life just remind you of film  
And now you saying something's like a movie when it's  
real  
Blade running like a samurai, killing himself  
In a Cinemetropolis (in a Cinemetropolis)  
In a Cinemetropolis (in a Cinemetropolis)  
In a Cinemetropolis (in a Cinemetropolis)  
In a Cinemetropolis...\*

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