

Blue Scholars

"Fire For The People"

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now what I spit, it's medicine for the sick
an attempt to get a grip before it all starts to slip
and be the call and response from the bottomless pit
I remain nonchalant when the drama get thick
the last call, ballin' up my palm in a fist
the most common misperception is this
drop a tape rock a show sign a line
hit the road hit some hoes videos
next you know, you'll be bawlin and shit
but you'll be calling it quits
when all the cards start to fall in the ditch
cause temptation is so hard to resist
no there's no such thing as an unjustified existence
except perhaps a few thousand rappers in this
business
finish what I start scientifically, strategically
specifically addressin' the oblivion we livin' in
my brethren and sisteren, I'm speaking are you
listening
freedom being imprisoned by the television image
if you let it instead get affected by your habitat
ask a few questions, quit a few bad habits and after
that
handle this similar to how Xavier McDaniel did in '86
we're talking just a little less shit
and lately being mindful of the babies I admit
but at nighttime I sit serenaded by the blues of a
skyline hue
reminding me of a time when the old was new

and I spark a fire for the cold and the dark
peace and war both pumpin' soul in my heart
and though they can't keep what they stole from the art
and they love to see beef 'cause it throws us apart
more fire for the people
say more jobs for the people
and more books for the people
and more music for the people

as the world hurls towards seven billion more listeners
seven hundred plus see the killed and held prisoners

seven thousand one hundred islands I been missing
cause I grind seven to five, at night I'm writing
scriptures
as hot as the block as cold contradictions
pen drips with honesty I don't author fiction
go to competition the bone that they try to pick with me
and learn the moral lesson and marching forward to
victory
no flag waving celebrating your invasion
you call it thanksgiving, we call it thankstaking
everybody looking for the ladder not the answer to the
question
waiting till the cancer's in regression
fresh from the northwest the hottest thing lately
like white celebrities buying black and brown babies
got the town crazy over beats rhymes and life
peace with adobo grease, eggs and brown rice

and I spark a fire for the cold in the dark
peace and war both pumpin' soul in my heart
and though they can't keep what they stole from the art
they love to see beef 'cause it throws us apart
more fire for the people
more food for the people
more homes for the people
more clothes for the people
more schools for the people
more land for the people
more life for the people

yo, I've seen souls get sold so coldly
see what a dollar can do to the tired and true
I speak boldly, composed of a melody told
whenever we hold the memory close
no telling when the reaper fed a post and snatch a fan
something that you can't capture with the camera lens
amalgamation of a bolo and a hammerin' pen
the truth hurts, no wonder people rather pretend
I annihilate a fake persona for spare change
everybody, self included, is fair game
inherited the trait to make both ends meet
often make a brother feel like he gotta compete
but with each release I reach for peace
others quit to reach for the pigs from here to beacon to
bridge
'cause see, freedom of speech don't apply if you're
silent
I shout like I'm trying to get heard on the island

and I spark the fire for the cold in the dark
peace and war both pumpin' soul in my heart

and though they can't keep what they stole from the art
and they love to see beef 'cause it throws us apart
more fire for the people
more peace for the people
more life for the people
more love for the people
more love for the people
more love for the people
more love for the people

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