

Blue Scholars

"Inkwell"

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Yo, you ever go outside at night,
look up into the sky, into the big, immense sky,
and think to yourself that's a big sky!
Like an inkwell,
In a city that's been waiting to blow since big butts and
team spirit
Many make music you can hear it,
secluded in the upper left dominantly grey-shaded sky
Every other day, sorta like today
Just a little bit wetter And cold in the winter
Proximity to water make the soul a little gentler
Out of towners don't be knowin about the best-kepts
Ain't nothing better than the summer in the northwest
Microphone check 1-206
Through the smoke, who da smoke, can I get a quick
fix
To lift this eye to the level of needle in the sky
Lookin over the sound against the shores of the suicide
capital
Bust the magical dust, grammatically just (?) the
satellite
What makes seattle tight?
The fruits of this ripe in spite of all the bull,
And last second changes of plans _____
And prodigal sons, whose motto is run whenever
possible
Watch Mr officer shoot before he aims
And claims self-defense in the name of the citizenry
Spd's spread the city like an STD
I'm rollin' rainier bumpin bets carefree
While the people sleep, I must speak till they wake
Let me push my pen to create
Beat, seat rhymes and life
Each time I write the fire ignites
I light the sky
There's an infinite inkwell high above the city
Dip the pen steadily, sing the melody
They paved rock candy and put up a parking lot
It was a spot for them and it was hot
And then the cops lit it up when the thugs fisticuffs
Then the mayor was quick to up and pin it on hip hop

Shows got dropped for us in the block crush
What's left of the scene, rose up from the dust
It must have been many times overfrustrated
To watch the downfall of those who could've made it
live
Some waited for the next mixalot to blow
Others made moves said 'shit we got to grow' but
Time moves slow when the clock's overweight
Meaning those who wait as opposed to create
But those who make bread and not break the mold
I was only 19 but my rhymes were bold
When the things got for real I got up in the fold
And put up into practice all that I was told
Wickedia came up and showed love
We called ourselves 'Phase' and ironically it was
Became the last kid still writing at 9-5
B-town ciphers with tale and justify
Moved to the city started posing as a journalist
To get press passes and prove instead
Put down the pen, picked up the mic
Came in for competitor's heads
And when I got down severin several losin
Started getting down with hella producers
They welcomed me into the big house
But they didn't feel the city so they moved back south
And other dudes weren't even worth it to work with
And if I see wonders about to believe a word of it
You get two double zero one
The trouble just begun to bear fruit
At the end of a troubling youth, Sabzi got me to speak
over beats
Like the key to unlock me, and I'll be damned
Ten years the summer I began I'm still up in the lab
Other people sleep I must speak til they wake
Now let me push this pen to create
While the people sleep I must speak til they wake
Now let me push this pen to create
A Beat's, rhymes and life
Each time I write the fire ignites
I light the sky
There's an infinite inkwell high above the city
Dip the pen steadily, sing the melody (repeat)

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