

Blue Scholars

"Motion Movement"

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It's been long years gone since we rocked the linoleum
Blasting the broken boom box open closing and
The most awkward b-boy stance you can imagine
Grab the mic trading my backspin for rapping
Back when the sinners dance, dancers were listeners
Answers to caller response chance ridiculous
Pants demanded sagging, never bigger than our
britches
But the britches burned, britches were scratched
Our sins were repented for much later
Hey yo DJ blessed the crowd with the sign of the cross
fader
In time we find things to refine the mind at the same
time, the heart articulating mine
I think it's amazing kids are waiting outside
Habitual leaders at the solidarity of this ritual see
Each individual reach out, speak to teach the invisible
how to be invincible

Chorus (2x):

Motion, movement
Architects, blueprints
Showing, grooving
Teachers, students
Reaching for truth in a self-revolution
The roof is on fire, what's your solution?

This be the sum, of love plus one
Mold breaking, soul searching
My carriage is my feet on point and hella deep like sea
urchins
Indeed be certain
Proceed to test your reflex knee jerk
And hid it behind a curtain on the stage
Burning inside with rage
Rewrote the script, with my voice inside of the page
I've decided the ways
Previously paved for me to walk
Will never see, me, nor my footprints
I stalk in the nighttime
Avaying(?) our hands to the sky

Like the clock at midnight
Convinced of my demise
Concluded that the crowd throws their hands in the air
Because the sky is falling no one else seems to care
or want a piece of the pie, not a generous share
Can I possibly prove, my intentions are there
I'm just a word in a rhyme, and a kick in the snare
Swimming in inkwells to find if my spirit is there
But you can find me inside of a pen waiting to burst
Drowning in the reservoir quenching my thirst
My first love's second home was my headphones
First time I wrote what I felt because I said so
So, unless there's any protest allow me to begin
The weather's never deep enough to wash away the
sins
So I drop it on the one, my tongue be the drum
Beating meaning to the beat to defeat what we've
become

Chorus (2x)

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