

Blue Scholars

"No Rest For the Weary"

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[Verse 1]

There's no rest for the weary just another day grinding
up stones
Till they turn into dust, it's tough, dimes in the rough
Diamonds ain't enough to cover up a corrupted and
fucked up legacy of strange fruit
Bloody whips and small pox, trigger-happy cocks
Barbed wire and fire water, y'all it don't stop
Whether colonizing game with the cross and the sword
I threw the first spear and said "I declare war!"
I'm a battle-scar wearing heir apparent
Descendants of a long lineage of proletariat and
peasant

[Hook]

So check the work ethic and the name
The lessons might change but the essence of the
message is the same
So when they say anything
Say "why is it?"
Class is in session 'til the teacher gets a pink slip
I ride the rhythm and vibe a little whine talk
Head get the concrete to line wit' your spine

[Verse 2]

I speak to find peace but its war all the time
It's deep like the drive from Renton to Shoreline
I'm a more mindful guy ever since finding out that
I'm about to be a father and doubt is not an option
And now I can't be getting crunk and faded as often
So get your hands dirty 'cause a prayer ain't enough
Boss, what cross?
We got crucified by buckshots
One million Jesuses and Judas got his nuts off
Pages torn out the memory of those who remain
shackled
in the chains of international capital gain
They claim civilize with they animal ways
Peace to Oakland, I've never been a fan of the A's
But some days you can find me inscribed in my soul on
the page every crime has an alibi

Disciplined and organized is how I handle my
New jacks are spending mad time on their battle
rhymes
I can't knock it if you find it entertaining
I rep those whose labor ain't compensated

[Hook]

So check the work ethic and the name
The lessons might change but the essence of the
message is the same
So when they say anything
Say "why is it?"
Class is in session 'til the teacher gets a pink slip
Forty to a class, no wonder we delinquent
Half the school district never make it to
commencement

[Verse 3]

I've been the spine of the track until it snaps
Pops working overtime and he got a broken back
Got three little sisters, one brother in Iraq
And mom prays novenas to keep the fam intake
But the song ain't a song waiting for God to answer
Brothers call me "Dog", they got the letters backwards
I'm back with a plan of attack to reposes my
Main face in history y'all who wanna test
My capacity to spit caliber shit into a rhythmic lesson
And entertainment's a legitimate weapon
Igniting the cipher sessions I'm deciphering life
And blended both theory into practice I write
Vernacular and actual fact
Got no posturing
A thousand points and fingers I defied every one of
them
I ride for my brethren who carry the burden
of a future uncertain 'til the fall of the curtain
You better move
Hold your head high soldier, it ain't over yet
That's why we call it a struggle
You're supposed to sweat

[Hook]

Check the work ethic and the name
The lessons might change but the essence of the
message is the same
So when they say anything
Say "why is it?"
Class is in session 'til the teacher gets a pink slip
Crazy landlady tried to switch up on the lease
If she raises up the rent again it's time to say "peace"

Peace, peace and that's my piece
It's still all about the bullet in the belly of the beast
From the East my brother we came
The lessons might change but the essence of the
message is the same
So when they say anything
Say "why is it?"
Class is in session 'til the teacher gets a pink slip
So keep marching 'til your feet split open
"No Rest For The Weary" Blue Scholars keep going

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