

Blue Scholars

"North By Northwest"

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(verse)

Live from occupied Duwamish territory
Where Carlos Bulosan once lived to tell the story
Of the brain, sweat, and glory of mic checks and men
Who fight the destination we were destined to end

Left the writing on the walls in the halls of the Nippon
Kan
Others transform, majority Decepticons
But my conception of the Walkman's rotation,
Is you live in the upper left you've got to have patience

Cause ain't no urban radio stations about to play us
Unless you sign the dotted and make your songs
brainless
While you waitin' for the mention in the pages of "The
Stranger"
You can find me in the basement makin' heaters for
later

And yes, we all need a little paper to strive
But the monsters in your town will put a limp in your
stride
I exhibit all the time like I'm pimpin' your ride
And we've been living in conditions we're tired of

Come on and rise up

(chorus)

Two Scholars rock fresh, North by Northwest
And it's still no rest 'cause we're not finished yet
We're broke, but not broken
Cold, but not frozen
Lost but not forgotten, we're kickin' the doors open

Two Scholars rock fresh, North by Northwest
And it's still no rest 'cause we're not finished yet
We're broke, but not broken
Cold, but not frozen
Movin' in slow motion, it's that Northwest classic

(verse)

Nine eight double-one eight, the alphabetically 2nd to
last state
Never finished in last place
Like the Mariners for 3 years straight

From prescriptions we administer the medicine
For people still afflicted with acute two-oh-sickness
We exist between the gold and the green
I paint the soul of the scene

Under towers of power, dodging the over Over-fiend
daily
Causing bones to decay, they say is so far away
Couldn't possibly make it, I seen modesty fade
And awful lot of hate, but none of which was said to my
face

I confide inside, my son, but with a fire made of purple
I'm a writer for the art, I keep it sharpened with
rehearsal
The worst is when they mark us to target a market that
we're
not even a part of
If your CD's in Target it means you got distribution, but
we still
pushin' units
With our own two homegrown since youth

Thought you knew

(chorus)

(verse)

And they say desegregation was a big step forward
But integration only covered up a rotten core
The surface might've changed but the cauldron is still
hot
Now we more politically correct with less real talk

They say we liberal but literally not
When the cops bend us over while upholding the law
Despite the sight of coffee shops on every single block
Nearby its supply and demand for the rock

It's two types of crack, one legal, one felonious
The lumpenprole push keys like Thelonious
The corporation pushing blood with the beans
I heard people moving up here for the love of the green

New homes, new stores, still a hood underneath

No good how we chilling in the gut of the beast
A national question, with no answer in the least
It's no resting 'til the cancer meets defeat

(chorus)

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