

## Blue Scholars

### "Self Portrait"

Visit "[Self Portrait](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Always writing... always revising)

Shorty feels the pressure on his shoulders as he's liftin it  
Wonders why the elders always tell him not to question it  
Options at the bottom of the ladder got him desperate  
But all he ever wanted was a weapon to protect him with  
Riding a 36 through the veins of the beacon  
The water is the heart, its rainin when its beatin  
In the city that I sleep in I'm dreamin while I'm awake  
The miserable escape but theyre too high to ponder faith  
But who am I, to use their plight to illustrate a rhyme  
With everything around me that I've never had to live  
But I observe the inner qualities to serve the people properly  
Tell them that their freedom isn't found in private property  
Prostitutes are more than just the folks who sell their bodies  
See this shit applies to those whos souls are a commodity  
I can hear the colony callin me back to be  
The bullet in the belly while they lock, load, and squeeze

Rebel with a pen lettin off buckshots in threes  
Rewriting what it is into what it ought to be  
They made a mockery out of the possibility  
But under constant revision is the poem that I be

Rebel with a pen lettin off buckshots in threes  
Rewriting what it is into what it ought to be  
I be the emcee in the place not to be  
But under constant revision is the poem that I be

Shorty feels oppression on his shoulders as he's liftin it  
Wonders why the elders always tell him not to question it

Conjuring the courage just to conquer what's been killin  
him

He says it's fucked up cause he knows no other  
synonym

Hidden from the truth, seen youths turned to troops  
Whose goal at 21 is to turn 22, true tuition's too high  
and those with the privilege to pay don't listen, it's a  
shame, go figurin

The name of the father, the son and holy lyrics  
I suppose those who know what I'm sayin when they  
hear it

Might rage against the system, or hate me for dissin  
The house in which they live in as a slave to the rhythm  
But I walk the broken sidewalk paved with the magic  
Of those who walk past it, just to survive traffic  
If paybacks a bitch, then gravity's a bastard  
Avenues I used to call familiar turned backward  
Rebel with a pen lettin off buckshots in threes  
Rewriting what it is into what it ought to be  
They made a mockery out of the possibility  
But under constant revision is the poem that I be

Rebel with a pen lettin off buckshots in threes  
Rewriting what it is into what it ought to be  
I be the emcee in the place not to be  
But under constant revision is the poem that I be

Yo.. shorty's getting grown old enough to read the  
messages

Understands the elders as he then begins to question  
them

One generation handed down what they've inherited  
Another generation rewriting the master narrative  
Older folks overdose on broken hopes often  
Children then begin to grow comatose and lost up  
In the clutches of the wickedest fingers  
Indicative of the systems inhibited  
Ability to listen to the voice of the dyin who've been  
tired of cryin

Nightsticks fall where projectiles are flyin  
Through a straight path narrow like the gap between  
heaven and hell

They skip class cause they goin to jail, true  
Students prevail when the knowledge is passed  
But others seem to fail sittin flat on their ass  
And now I be the emcee in the place not be  
Under constant revision in the poem that I be

Rebel with a pen lettin off buckshots in threes  
Rewriting what it is into what it ought to be  
I be the emcee in the place not to be

But under constant revision is the poem that I be

Visit [Blue Scholars](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.