

Blue Scholars

"Selfportrait"

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Shorty feels the pressure on his shoulders as he's
lifting 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 raining when its beatin
In the city that I sleep in I'm dreaming while I'm awake
The miserable escape and they're 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 whose souls are a
commodity
I can hear the colony calling me back to be
The bullet in the belly while they lock, load, and
squeeze

Rebel with a pen letting 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 letting 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 lifting
it
Wonders why the elders always tell him not to question
it
Conjuring the courage just to conquer whats been

killing 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 figure, in

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

Might rage against the system, or hate me for dissing
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, gravity's a bastard
Avenues I used to call familiar turned backward

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(ad libs)

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 dying who've been
tired of crying
Nightsticks fall where projectiles are flying
Through a straight path narrow like the gap between
heaven and hell
They skip class cause they know it's a jail, true
Students prevail when the knowledge is passed
But others sent to fail sitting flat on their ass
And now I be the emcee in the place not be
Under constant revision is the poem that I be

Rebel with a pen letting off buckshots in threes
Rewriting what it is into what it ought to be
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