

Blue Scholars

"The Ave"

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I be a patient man waiting for the rain to come down My feet touch the ground but my head's in the clouds I be Prometheus Brown stealing the fire out of heaven The setting is several city blocks off the 71 stop I walk about the district, distracted by The decadent madness of all the undergraduate addicts Club rats, heads, space cadets and pragmatics One of the few places that they coexist on the planet Whatever happened to the avenue before the summer of 2002 Lounging with crew on 42nd My how time flies when we're waiting for the chariot Eating vegan sandwiches with cannabis subtracting our sobriety Pondering society itself He's eyeing me like I ain't going to bring it to his health He don't want it, 'cause certainly he knows he's just another Sucker without his fraternity brothers to back him up [Chorus: 2x] Campus Parkway up to 41st 42nd 43rd 45th and up to 47th To the edge of the bubble, all delinquents they laugh, saying Fuck class, get your education on The Ave I be a patient man, waiting and checking for the sound Of potential break records up at Second Time Around In fact, we made this track from a sample we jacked, From some vinyl we dug up out of the crates on The Ave Rats escape the lab infestations in all There be cracks on the sidewalk made from the fall A natty dreadlock strumming on his broken guitar Singing Babylon Fall outside of the bookstore I purchased a journal in which the verses I recite, reside I write vividly to capture the vibe I'm like "Hey kid, walk straight, master your high If you listen you can hear the eye of the city cry" The sound is often drowned by hollering scholars Intoxicated so save it for the coffee shop philosophers The so-called artists, the poets and the prophets Scenery is changing, and nobody can stop it [Chorus: 2x]

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