

Blue Scholars

"Yuri Kochiyama"

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Oh, yeah!
I got that third world militant, still think it's relevant,
Even if them kids copped the shirts and stopped wearin'
'em.
Humbled in the presence of the veterans
And not the ones who picked up their guns,
But who picked up their brethren and sister and
History in the making I was witnessin',
Listenin', seein' this old Japanese lady with a sticker on
her
walker, said "Free Mumia" and
This was before the Trustafarians were sayin' it.
Taking it for granted that we talk about the 60's and,
Never get to talk to anybody who done live this shit and
still exist
Or better yet, shit, she still resist, speaking to a myriad
of young,
dumb and ignorant kids
I was one of 'em,
Stuck around lingering,
Said that "It's a privilege to meet you in person" and,
She took my hand, said "It's good to meet you too",
And when I'm out of school asked me what I'm gonna
do,
I had to think about it, but truth is I knew
That it was something for the youth and shit
Truly I'd probably be a teacher if the music didn't make
enough
To make me wanna gamble on it's sustenance,
And that's why I'm writing this, to tell ya'll
From a scholar

[Chorus]

When I grow up I wanna be just like Yuri Kochiyama.
Holla, swear to my kasamas
When I grow up I wanna be just like Yuri Kochiyama.
And if she ever hear this its an honor
Cause when I grow up I wanna be just like Yuri
Kochiyama.
Imma, serve the people proper,
When I grow up I wanna be like Yuri Kochiyama.

When I grow up I wanna be like Yuri Kochiyama.
When I grow up I wanna be like Yuri Kochiyama.

I see the picture up in Life magazine
You were sittin' front seat for Malcolm's last speech.
Saw the first man with the shotgun (Boom)
Two more came to get the job done.
Now who would've thought that it'd be you holding
him?
I wonder what you felt when his eyes were going dim.
And if he never died, would we know that he exists?
Or would he have been the leader that we always seem
to miss?
Now there's no taking back whatever happens in our
midst
You remind me that it's more than just a martyr and a
myth.
You could've said it quits many times ever since and
you find
There will always be a reason for the fist.
The last one to hold him could've been somebody else
You'd still be remembered for the people that you
helped.
They said to keep trying but never losing hope,
Revolutionaries die, but the revolution don't.
And it won't and I put that
On my momma

[Chorus]

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