

## **Manhattan Transfer F/ Smokey Robinson**

### **"School's In"**

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Welcome  
to the voice response registration system  
of True School University  
representing universally  
you have added  
hip hop ethics  
one two zero  
for those that don't know  
school's in

who got the nerve ta  
write a jam that you can swerve ta  
over tracks so fat, the nickname, Big Bertha  
It's probably the kid that half the crews have never  
hearda  
whose mind travels further  
than sex, drugs, and murder  
so when you play the role of the timeless inserter  
I'm sorry if you're 85 and you would have preferred a  
album full of ignorance  
the place is an experience  
before the reasons why  
for the sake of sounding fly  
but I  
grade your style without the curve  
cuz you don't deserve to  
receive the grade that might let you build up the nerve  
to  
bite the rhyme that feeds you  
I need you to listen  
my words are whet with crystal-clear wisdom so they  
glisten  
and I fill in the blanks for all the answers that you're  
missing  
I'm rolling with the mongoose, cuz snakes is steady  
hissing  
to expose my flaws like salt in sores  
since they cannot be reformed I simply kill 'em by the  
fours  
so in other words, nah man, skip the explanation  
see that what the rewind's for, so be patient

cuz this is the direction that my pen should be draggin'  
to transform your dollar cabs into bandwagons

Chorus:

J-Live with the mic is like a chef with a blade  
no doubt  
man I cut ya like lumber  
(repeat)

you see somewhere in between the old school and the  
new school  
a master of the next school  
came to teach the now school  
cuz business class was steady playing old tricks on  
new fools  
so everybody rocks jewels, but can't nobody drop  
jewels  
one-track-minded, blinded, thinking only pop's cool  
supply & demand rules, replaced by A&R rules  
a scholar of the next school  
who wasn't trying to hear that  
so principals and teachers abroad began to fear that  
"If this guy makes an impact on the students that we  
play,  
they'll end up having way too much control over their  
grades!"  
see grades will equal status for power, so just like  
college  
you're so caught up in letter grades, you skip the 'F'ing  
knowledge  
(I didn't get this line -- I know I'm missing something)  
so when the listener  
graduates to be an artist  
you still enslaved by the principles because they're  
heartless  
first they make you imitate another man's skill  
now you use your power for another man's will  
move the crowd's mental when they tell you sit still  
move the crowds pockets instead to get the bread  
yeah that's what the students gather from what the  
principal said  
they make you think the world bleeds green instead of  
read  
but class is in session now so all that stuff is dead  
I'm coming through with knowledge and wisdom to fill  
your head

Chorus:

J-Live with the mic is like a chef with a blade  
no doubt  
man I cut ya like lumber

(repeat X 3)

"now wait a minute  
what the hell does chopping trees have to do with  
culinary?"  
that's the spirit kid, analyse the lyric  
from the moment that you hear it, see, cuz most don't  
have the skill to  
utilize their ears' function as a garbage filter  
so their brain gets clogged and congested  
by the time and the effort that's invested in illusion  
and by the time's definition of reality  
by the time you get the facts, they're outnumbered in  
confusion  
so I come, to get shit off my chest and up in you  
and I come, to make you feel at home with your power  
and I come, to plant seeds of responsibility  
cuz I come, harder than a sleepless cold shower  
refining and refreshing  
reprimanding  
those who claim they're representing by demanding  
clarity  
cuz when a mouthfull don't equal an eyefull, an earfull  
sound awful  
at least that's how it seems to me  
so I lead by example in my sound-proof room  
and the comp gets trampled on my wack-proof stage  
and my answers be ample in the packed classroom  
cuz my thoughts are reflected on an ink-filled page

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