

Microphone check, microphone check

I'm a blue scholar worker studying the art of labor to create  
Flavor to relate to listeners, alleviate the danger associated with stranger  
s  
Isn't it strange how we estrange ourselves from our neighbors?  
Enables us through music to connect, releasing fluids in our neck  
With the rhythmic forward movement of our heads and back again  
Indeed as we succeed the pioneers  
Maybe give back all that we've been taking through the years  
I bleed, for what I believe to be the truth, nurturing the seed planted in t  
he fertile youth  
The poetry, hangin from the branches eat the fruit  
Pluck the most succulent, and suck upon the juice  
So what's up with you, frequently they ask  
Been hibernating writin till the last page cypherin the past days by  
Bypassing the lies and the bullshit  
Get up off the mic, and save it for the ??bull hit??

It's the blue school, class is in session  
Ask us a question, cause class is in session  
(Repeat x4)

I'm an exile, motherland stepchild, metropolis dwellin middle Americas priso  
ner of war  
Combat the paper till the blankness is gone  
Listen now, talk about the beat after the song  
Astronomical, cause that is just a modest measurement  
Of my ability to represent my family correct because I be about it,  
Ain't no other way to say it  
Discovered my potential when I stayed late to tape it in the basement  
With an ancient karaoke stereo in lieu of a studio, we made due with everyth  
in  
Layin around, and if I'm not mistaken isn't that improvisation what hip-  
hop Is all about  
If you poppin at the lip then I will sock you in the mouth  
Sonically to render you the opposite of loud  
Apology accepted in advance, I think its kinda cool at one point  
That you thought you had a chance

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a veteran's fate written on pages of mixtapes  
I'm all about a government that citizens dictate  
Sick of fuckin dealin with the presidents mistakes  
To sit back and rant is just misplaced anger  
So I cradle, pens, from now until the fable ends  
Taken friends for granted, but now I've got to make amends  
Callin out the big talk small walkin cowards  
High above the ground yo we shakin out your tower  
And demandin our money back, plus reimbursement  
For parkin and shit, I put my heart in this shit  
Yo my arteries connect to the amplifier wire,  
Music make the flames in my inner fire higher  
I reinvent the language in the image of a dancer

Contorting where the floor becomes an answer  
Blue school graduate dog, after this last verse  
When the revolution comes we're gonna shoot your ass first

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(Repeat x4)

..strapped for protection, whatever you do  
Whatever you say, step up front. Be good at what you do.  
At least be good at something. Writing, reading, producing, DJing, umm, cooking, cleaning, doing laundry, something. Learn an art, a trade, be somebody.