

## Southside Revival

Blue Scholars

Hungry is an adjective attached to my philosophy, it's  
Gotta be, progress revolves around economy  
And I can see the consequence of capital first-hand,  
Monorail construction pushed the tenants off the land  
My people, get ready, it's about to get heavy, and when  
I'm not humbled then I got fam to check me  
Silence won't protect me so I check one-two, and fight  
Without fighting like the joint by Sun Tzu  
On the hill, adjacent to Boeing Field, you can hear the  
Planes flying over me behind my vocals  
We speak in the Beacon Hill slang with a wonderful  
Blend of black language and immigrant accent  
And if the sun's out, half the kids will be absent, I'm  
Navigating streets, sometimes it's like a labyrinth  
I paint my voice while Sabzi builds the canvas to  
Translate my ancestors anthems

It's a southside revival, put your hands high, let your  
Arms be the pillars that be holdin' up the sky  
I heard a few heads say that hip-hop was dead, no it's  
Not  
It's just malnourished and underfed (x2)

Now the reason that they killed made the reason that we  
Came to be  
Trying to eat and organize simultaneously, but instead  
Most will settle for less  
I can't front I give a fuck if Ronald Reagan is dead  
He turned segments of the population into crack fiends,  
Eradicated everything we gained in the '60's  
Back to square 1, let's revise the strategy to reload  
The gun and bring about a radical change son  
These tough talking cowards ain't hard, they'll bounce  
On the squad when it's time to go to war  
Like George Bush did to the National Guard, real world-

Like swordplay, vernacular shark  
Veterans of American wars, they get home maladjusted  
With post-traumatic stress syndrome  
Peace to my big brother, leavin' in a week, stay safe  
In the Middle East, brah, get home safe

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I'm convinced that a return to the basics is needed, I  
Like blizzes that burn long like DVS pieces  
My speech releases fire from the beast within. I  
Acknowledge it's a game, I justify my need to win  
Now, some get hip and some choose to stay ignorant,  
Friction leads to fire now the cauldron is simmering  
World champion B-Boys up in Jefferson, brothers gotta  
Document for those not remembering  
Both Props and Flavor magazines, rest in peace, I

Breath deep, proceed to clutch a mic and bless her  
Dream  
You say there's no time to study, people look, you got  
Time to take a shit then you got time to read a book  
I proceed to leave my footprints embedded on the block  
My first-born is learning to walk upon  
Cops pour salt over the market, the south end is  
Marching, we dedicate this song to the dearly departed

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