

School

Masta Killa

What are you doing home from school so early?
You shouldn't be back for another two hours
Now answer me... what are you doing home?
(I got suspended) Suspended? For what?
(Nothing) A good student like you, don't get suspended for nothing
Now why were you sent home? (Cuz I'm black!)

Bangin' on the lunchroom table, I used to spectate
And watch some of the M.C. greats
Throw verses back and forth, I didn't have the heart to step forth
I used to take it home to write some of my own
But still I wasn't ready to touch the mic-phone
The back staircases of school was filled with blunt residue
A broken lightbulb and the crew, a man or two
Bangin' on the wall while a few M.C.'s, shoot the breeze
I'm just passin' through, I might've took two off the trees
We fiend for this hip hop quarantine
Listen out for the walkie talkies of the Dean (security coming...)
beat switch

Bododo.. school!
Sat in the back of the class with my hand up
Two wild security guards, grabbed my man up
Threw him in detention for 5 days suspension
Cuz he said, the teacher was lyin about the Indians
Tryin to dumb us with the story of Columbus
And brain-numb us, when all you see, that came from us
They copy-carvin, I learned about God and
Taggin Wu logo on the book margin
Intense like a New York riot, she stood quiet
And asked me, could she speak to me in private
(Mr. Diggs, you actin' like a fool...) Huh?
(You know these rules that we have in these schools) Yeah..
(You and your friends think ya'll cool) Why?
(Cuz ya'll walk through these halls with the 12 jewels)
Phat shoe laces and tri-colored sneakers
I stood like a man then I questioned my teacher
Why don't we speak about the wisdom of the sages?
And how did Europe black out in the dark ages?
And when they got light did they white-wash the pages?
And the inquisition, why was Christian thrown in cages?
And why wuld they try to destroy the nation?
With their birth control and bring control floridation?
And why it seems that half the school is racist?
She said "Diggs, to the office!" We about faces..

Handed my paper with the proper title
Who wrote the holy Koran or Bible?
Bein' that person with the scent ability
Makes me responsible for the uncivil
The next morning as I entered the building
A cypher goin' on and the Gods is building
My hot chocolate spillin', after 5th period
Let's cut out, go bag some chicks up at Tilden
Wonderful had the rental, "Nobody Beats the Biz"
Instrumental, attractin' a few
Nothin' really poppin', let's slide to Clara Barton

Bumped into a few good brothers from Morgas Martin
Mentioned Norman Thomas, had chicks
That'll hit flicks, and take you shopping, true indeed
I thought Sarah J. had the one that I need
Mary Burtrum, Julia Richmond, is it fashion?
Elijah Whitney sing the song with me
Sisters from Washington Irv. swing a arm
Brothers in death, pull the fire alarm
Rude ones flow rapness, Western House money makers
Maxwell thunder hip shakers..

They not on my level, but I can sit with the O.G.'s from there
And make it major, youknowwhatimean? (That's what's nigga)
Right, but, we not doing that until we get this business settled
And even while we doing that, we try'nna get the Wu-Tang niggaz
Cuz I love them niggaz, I feel as though
They represent the east coast, how we represent the west coast
And I love them... *echoes*