

# Joe Metro

## Blue Scholars

I reach between the skin of the street with each step  
walking closer to my final destination of death  
when I'm laying to rest  
I'm only saving my breath  
the Northwest fills my lungs, kills the pain in my chest  
take six quarters out of the pocket  
and drop it in the box, hop the 48 off to pay homage  
it stops often, I jot my observations watching  
citizens walking off the Joe Metropolitan  
proletariates and wayward sons  
with old phillipino men speaking in their native tongue  
and the day has just begun, greeted by the sent of a bum  
smelling something like beer, barf, and dung  
a brother in Jabro's? in the back all alone  
marinating in a pair of half broken headphones  
mumbling rhymes, same time begin to pen mine  
appreciating God's design  
rewind sister  
reminds me of a smile in the back of my memory  
wonder if i see her again will she remember me  
im not trying to holler i swear  
im just weary of the way we hop a ride and sit there and stare  
prepare for my nine O'clock work meeting  
a couple pale folks slide right by with no greeting  
but the people with my phenotype follow with a head nod up  
cuz we acknowledge that the shit fucked up  
north of Martin Luther King, a straight war zone  
detours through the concrete cranes and bulldozers  
know the hill is not over still  
every block got a coffee shop its overkill  
folkers know the deal  
dope to see Khalil back  
the medicine is good again  
the feeling of leaving and coming back to your hood again  
is priceless  
I write this  
our lives are in crisis  
most talk but dont walk the path of the righteous  
despite this

I measure each step  
walking closer to my final destination of death  
when I'm laying to rest  
I'm only saving my breath  
the Northwest fills my lungs, kills the pain in my chest  
clutch the moment  
a transfer in my hands, still listening  
looking out the window to the gold and the green  
and the sun might be shining but it's colder than it seems  
the weather is dialectical, there's no in between  
in walks an old soul  
a first nation native cat chizzled like a totum pole  
no words  
as he stands and looks over us  
he gets off and says have a good day you foreigners  
I crack a smile one time for the acknowledgement  
northbound, now we start to pick up more college kids  
they try to study on the ride  
to make up for the fact they probably kicked it hard last night  
and I ponder if it's time save up and get a car  
and pay for the gas that we're taking from the war  
I'd miss all the colorful faces  
the places and spaces that I've embraced  
with the faith that I can rest and raise kids here  
even with these cats set tripping  
bringing 95 back again  
same old conditions  
from Reagan, from Bush to Clinton to Bush the second  
no matter the neighborhood and city you repping  
it's getting serious yall  
you can even hear the rebel call  
getting off, leaving heli-pieces on the walls  
seen it all, sitting sideways with my townmates  
only place left where majority is brown faced  
now we headed downtown to trade the labor for cash  
I thank the navigator once and walk fast  
I walk past, the next round of cats to jump on it  
locked in deep thought, we ride around in silence  
across Resolve Bridge, I watch each step  
walking closer to my final destination of death  
when I'm laying to rest  
I'm only saving my breath  
the Northwest fills my lungs kills the pain in my chest  
I remain blessed  
stepping on rain with each step

eyes heavy from the lack of the cousin of death  
when I'm laying to rest  
I'm only saving my breath  
the Northwest fills my lungs yall you know the rest  
you know the rest  
(you know the rest)  
you know the rest  
it's like that yall  
(that yall)  
it's like that yall  
(that yall)  
and that's all

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Lyrics submitted by calv.

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