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

Lyrics submitted by calv.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/