School's In

J-Live

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Welcome
to the voice response registration system
of True School University
representing universally
you have added
hip hop ethics
one two zero
for those that don't know
school's inwho got the nerve ta
write a jam that you can swerve ta
over tracks so fat, the nickname, Big Bertha
It's probably the kid that half the crews have never hearda
whose mind travels further
than sex, drugs, and murder
so when you play the role of the timeless inserter
I'm sorry if you're 85 and you would have preferred a
album full of ignorance
the place is an experience
before the reasons why
for the sake of sounding fly, but I
grade your style without the curve
Cause you don't deserve to
receive the grade that might let you build up the nerve to
bite the rhyme that feeds you
I need you to listen
my words are whet with crystal-clear wisdom so they glisten
and I fill in the blanks for all the answers that you're missing
I'm rolling with the mongoose, cause snakes is steady hissing
to expose my flaws like salt in sores
since they cannot be reformed I simply kill 'em by the fours
so in other words, nah man, skip the explanation
see that what the rewind's for, so be patient

Cause this is the direction that my pen should be draggin'
to transform your dollar cabs into bandwagonsChorus:
J-Live with the mic is like a chef with a blade
no doubt
man I cut ya like lumber
(repeat)you see somewhere in between the old school and the new school
a master of the next school
came to teach the now school
Cause business class was steady playing old tricks on new fools
so everybody rocks jewels, but can't nobody drop jewels
one-track-minded, blinded, thinking only pop's cool
supply & demand rules, replaced by A&R rules
a scholar of the next school
who wasn't trying to hear that
so principals and teachers abroad began to fear that
"If this guy makes an impact on the students that we play,
they'll end up having way too much control over their grades!"
see grades will equal status for power, so just like college
you're so caught up in letter grades, you skip the 'F'ing knowledge
See that's how music knowledge switch from listener to maker
And that's why music maker switch from listener to faker
so when the listener graduates to be an artist
you still enslaved by the principles because they're heartless
first they make you imitate another man's skill
now you use your power for another man's will
move the crowd's mental when they tell you sit still
move the crowds pockets instead to get the bread
yeah that's what the students gather from what the principal said
they make you think the world bleeds green instead of read
but class is in session now so all that stuff is dead
I'm coming through with knowledge and wisdom to fill your headChorus:
J-Live with the mic is like a chef with a blade
no doubt
man I cut ya like lumber
(repeat X 3)"now wait a minute
what the hell does chopping trees have to do with culinary?"
that's the spirit kid, analyse the lyric
from the moment that you hear it, see, cause most don't have the skill to
utilize their ears' function as a garbage filter
so their brain gets clogged and congested
by the time and the effort that's invested in illusion
and by the time's definition of reality
by the time you get the facts, they're outnumbered in confusion
so I come, to get shit off my chest and up in you
and I come, to make you feel at home with your power

and I come, to plant seeds of responsibility
Cause I come, harder than a sleepless cold shower
refining and refreshing
reprimanding those who claim they're representing by demanding clarity
Cause when a mouthfull don't equal an eyeful, an earful sound awful
at least that's how it seems to me
so I lead by example in my sound-proof room
and the comp gets trampled on my wack-proof stage
and my answers be ample in the packed classroom
Cause my thoughts are reflected on an ink-filled page

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