

Bliss N Eso

"Evening Breeze"

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"Evening Breeze"

(feat. Kye)

Let those windows sink
Feel the evening breeze
Let's just zone out
Now come on, now people breathe
It's the moment where the show
Has got you soakin' up the vibe
Dim the lights and bring the mics
We're gonna show you somethin' live

(Gon' do it like this)
See, they won't catch me
I'm way too fast
In a world gone mad
I'm a break these bars
Won't chase these cars
Don't make me laugh
I'm a drop some insight
To blaze this grass
And I'm off again
That nutty motherfucker
Straight droppin' gems
Mister anti-government
Stops the trend
I don't believe no lies
Like cops are friends

And this hip-hop
Is right where I left it
Think about the people
That my rhymes have affected
My mind is a weapon
My life is a wreck
And whenever I spit
It's divine intervention
Satan now is the face of a job
So I break him down
And trade places with God
I made that sound
And gave face to the loss

To create my crown
Out of paper and rocks

So if you're livin' in the cold
There's some scissors in the bowl
To make a motherfuckin' mix
Until this bitch is on a roll
The news is proof
Life is tragic when killing
So I choose to use my
Magic verses your millions (ha ha)

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Where's the party at
Let's hit the fort
Get her poppin' like a bottle
That spits a cork
This track is a drug that Bliss endorse
(Will ya listen to it?)
Nah, it's for your whip to snort
So pop it in your...
And your ritzy porsche
And when you listen, sport
You feel a buzz
Well your Vista's forced
To turn it up 'til the shit distorts
And damn near OD
Make your system short
Oh lord, low and behold
The big truck and basilla
Got the show on the road
And these fuckin' haters
Act all cocky
Try to cut us down
Like we tall poppies
Man, we grassroots
That retort the shoot
I mouth off in the face
Of the corporate suit
So force the troops
That won't fall short in the stoop
Their severed arms sold
For a sore salute

So freeze, please cats
Now breathe, relax
And let the poem set the tone
'cause under every ego
Is flesh and bone
Now sway, right left and zone
Got the crowd lookin'
Like a giant metronome
Let's go to my world
Give my record a spin
Let the melody massage
And beckon you in

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... is humbled with love
My style's down to earth
When I hover above
I'm so fresh, so clean
That if I'm covered in mud
I make the mess just seem
Like it's bubble and suds
I got a knack for this rappin' shit
If you don't know, ask Amiss
Who's that dope flow activist
A grown bloke, but a wacky kid
Well it's your very own
Loco Captain Bliss

And I'm a hang glide
Over your franchise
'til the music seems
Like a lucid dream
Then I wake in the morning
And I shave my head
Then have non-believers
Come and make my bed
And while they're making bread
I gotta shake my head
'cause I'm the bloke
That flows broke to make the rent
So relax, and let your brain breathe
In a hammock amid the daydreams

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