

## **Bliss N Eso**

# **"Gorilla Militia"**

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### **"Gorilla Militia"**

Aw yeah, just gettin' warmed up in here  
I'm a lay it down like this, yo  
We didn't rush it  
Kick back and bubbled slow  
Didn't suck dick  
Hit gas and rumbled roads  
Now, can you hear this  
Magic grumble grow  
We move like the drums  
Tic-tac and bumped a toe  
Spit facts with swift raps  
Untouchable with syntax  
To bitchslap a slumber

With impact to hit past a Hubble probe  
Spin back to fit massive summer shows  
(One, two, three, four...)  
I'll tunes, trip acid undertones  
... that sit past the country's coast  
What if after this batch the bubble blows  
Lord knows where the chit-chat  
And mumble's stowed  
Thrust in the ringmaster's Thunderdome  
... with big cats with Wonder Dough

But through all the mish-mash  
I wonder, bro  
With that shit  
I predict tragic troubles so  
I bring it back  
To this patch and drummers know  
Make peace to whiplash  
Up under his dome  
And pitch black with knick-knacks  
I fumble flow to fit tracks  
And this cracks the puzzle's code  
And infact since slick chaps  
Have bummed me clothes  
We're trailblazin' a lit path by jungle's glow  
So with a spliff...

I sit back in the Bliss bachelor's bungalow

Direct from the shit shack  
At Lover's Grove  
I sit back with a six-pack and...  
'cause this lad will  
Bring back a bucket-load  
... thick hash  
And zigzags on buffaloes  
I twist raps, I flip raps, you f\*\*kin' know  
So kick back, Big Macka's comin' home  
No rich rags, I kick back  
So it's touch and go  
(One, two, three, four...)  
So splish splash, click clack  
Let's bust a flow  
(Aw yeah...)

Yo, when I start to get busy  
I'm off from Sin City  
There's no turning back  
Once Macka's on the track  
I'm like Jack Frost  
With a heatwave of new shit  
(One, two, three, four...)  
So back off as I reclaim this music  
Yo, I'm a tell it how it is  
This is B.E.I. and I ain't  
Sellin' out for shit, so  
Now you know who  
Spits the raw sound  
And taught these kids  
How to kick the door down  
Hours in the air, run for cover  
This world loves hatin'  
As the young may suffer  
It's like there's a  
Huge hunt for butter  
But, funny thing is we  
All try to hunt for cover

(One, two, three, four...  
Crank this bitch! it's BNE... BNE...)

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