

## **Bliss N Eso "Greenhouse"**

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### **"Greenhouse"**

I know you've met all the rest of them...  
... but, seriously...

Have you ever met a hippie  
From the city called Sydney?  
An emcee who's no joke  
And blows smoke like a chimney  
No? well, get with me (bitch)  
I'm bound to break the barricades babbling  
A hundred thousand fucking savage apes

So welcome everybody to my bud's imagination  
Where my heart sings blues  
And drunken affirmations  
The flowers in the pavement  
Are there to salvage hip-hop  
Crooked and loopy in the greenhouse  
Like alfred hitchcock

Hundreds acting brainless  
So something has to change, kids  
Or else this axe is mine  
Forever hunting on the rangers  
I elevate the cause  
While I celebrate the force  
The words rotate the stress  
And meditation bores

Hey yo, put 'em up, throw 'em up  
Do your thing and grow the stuff  
It's the words, now ya heard,  
Repeat the name and know the suss  
It's bliss 'n eso and they  
Gobble our sound down  
And get off the ground  
And wobble around

Hey yo, put 'em up, throw 'em up  
Everybody grows the stuff  
It's the words, now ya heard,

Repeat the name and know the suss  
It's bliss 'n eso and they  
Gobble our sound down  
And get the whole land to wobble around

When they make you a partner  
I'm starting to not believe in this legion  
'cause we be growing fresh words  
And it's not leaving this region  
We heard farm wide, stars collide  
Ain't no finer carnival  
The state that always scrape the hull  
Free from rhyme or barnacles

On our vessel, prepared for voyage sea  
Packin' on beef to serve me  
Scurvy won't corrupt my buoyancy  
And we arrived at the bash like migrants  
And the reception was grand  
'cause we re-hashed that vibrance  
That they once had but lost  
To a sea of starving cats  
So the harvest was brought  
By these three charming chaps

... the right cogs loose  
To break free from that farm  
And bring the right pro-duce  
For this rappin' sitcom  
A program laughter  
T0 make you think it's good  
But really it's just a toe jam cracker  
And they feedin' you, it's like a  
Flea market full of dumb shits (of dumb shit)  
'cause we remarkable...

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Repeat the name and know the suss  
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And get off the ground  
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Hey yo, put 'em up, throw 'em up  
Everybody grows the stuff  
It's the words, now ya heard,  
Repeat the name and know the suss  
It's bliss 'n eso and they  
Gobble our sound down

And get the whole land to wobble around  
(It's the greenhouse)

You're bound to get hooked  
On the ink I bleed on my soul sketchbook  
Accepted at the entrance  
I paid without cash  
Stared dragons in their eyes  
And laid them out flat  
Perverted poets watching the fairies fly  
It's underground and stay in the trench  
When the canary dies  
It's eso, if you didn't know the king's name  
And every time I fly  
The colors of my wings change

Loud burpin', hanggliding  
Cloud surfin', man I been here for years  
You've just never looked  
That furry feathered book  
Holds my thoughts on voodoo sex  
Do your thing, flew over  
The motherfuckin' cuckoo's nest  
Who you think it is? me  
I cry colors, an only child  
Who wishes he had five brothers

I'm up next, bitch  
And I represent proudly  
Born and raised in  
The year of the rowdy  
Allow me to let my dog loose  
On your beach mouse  
A monkey with a mic  
In a mahogany treehouse  
Read the sign, it says keep out  
I keep it lit and blown  
In the big bad greenhouse

Hey yo, put 'em up, throw 'em up  
Do your thing and grow the stuff  
It's the words, now ya heard,  
Repeat the name and know the suss  
It's bliss 'n eso and they  
Gobble our sound down  
And get off the ground  
And wobble around

Hey yo, put 'em up, throw 'em up  
Everybody grows the stuff  
It's the words, now ya heard,

Repeat the name and know the suss  
It's bliss 'n eso and they  
Gobble our sound down  
And get the whole land to wobble around  
(It's the greenhouse... makin' it hot)

Man, at least I'm not lying  
Tryin' to recoup the bait  
Then buyin' the used loop you take  
You're lying about the loop you make  
You fallin' short of the hoop, you's fake  
While my troop can make  
Any shot we shoot and take  
We keep it down to earth  
Where grassroots don't break

And that's just the feelin'  
These words will make  
And all the flakin', make an offer  
Is bringin' regurgitation  
And it's filthy just thinkin'  
About the hand one set  
My words were spiccity-span  
But my biggity hands  
Still kept that penmanship

So though I wrote like three books  
It's right on the news page  
And uh, no we're not on street hooks  
Our style is engaged  
Not a stroke past midnight  
And all through the club  
Not a emcee stirred  
Not even a rappin' thug

Just a clown being me  
So jelly pumpin' see  
Where do they go  
They had to return that flow  
To the rental company  
Oh! so people, let loose  
And wobble your frame  
They say, where ya grow your words?  
I tell 'em, boggle, the game

Hey yo, put 'em up, throw 'em up  
Do your thing and grow the stuff  
It's the words, now ya heard,  
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