

## **Bliss N Eso**

# **"Hip Hop Blues"**

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(Verse 1)

Man I've been around the block and I've seen a lot of faces made a lot of friends and drunk a lot of cases oh my, we just take people up, so high, to find faith in the love. Welcome to the old pictured house on the hilltop, midnight movies screen while my quill jots, a chilled spot, a foreign place just follow the user his name is Norman Baits and he will seat you in my head when I'm performing late and you can feel how I miss my girls warm embrace. This is a lonely road I can't ignore the fate cause only know I was born to make is hip hop freedom until the craving is over in a land of starving MCs and shady promoters. Hey bliss raps for the country, yeah that's a nifty assumption well it is the green and gold yeah the 50s and 100s. it's like were modern day rap slaves on a crap wage but in the 6 pack with 10 cats backstage sleeping on floors, fast food sipping on \_\_\_? \_\_\_, economy class pimp bitch piss in a bottle. To read our name on a flyer, yeah I'm a crack the shits I need a magnifying glass, yo this is backwards bliss like I'm a shit in the shower and I'm a jump in the shitter, cause were the kids with the powers but the runts of the litter but now you cunts are just bitter cause we must crap gold nuggets, yo they digging our shit that we made from no budget, but I'm still selling kicks stuffed in a cell cooped up in them all but I keep tracking though hell for this.

(Chorus)

Hip hop movement you got a pit stops view and it's a colourful world if you adapt to life but can't feel ya real if it is black and white. This is a hip hop movement you got a pit stops view and it's a colourful world if you adapt to life but can't feel ya real if it is black and white.

(Verse 2)

Yo yes it Esoterik and Bliss is an intelligent twist of life (it strikes) that fights hell with a kiss, upper class always looks and gives me shit cause I'm a white kid that bounces on a beat like Jimmy Cliff. Singing this, got me high like music was drug oh shit tell 'em why

coz I do this for the love but there's no love. Cash will kill your marriages you know I'm so chat to chill in chariots. But were broke and can't afford the fast life so we flow like hover boards in half pipe. I think when I drink till the whole case drunk, in a cold world killing the \_\_\_? \_\_\_. They live in a mansion I live in a she'd but when I spit it hits like an intimate head rub, so Grammy's for the gangsters playin the part, one love for my heirs that can savour the art cause when I write I rhyme like a day in the park and use mother natures rib cage as a harp and look forward to the future like Sydney in December and express an experience like Jimmy on a bender. Avenger whole view of looking at shit, see things of fishermen with a hook in your lip and this is Bliss n Esotericism suffering pressure you put these mother fucker together and nothing is fresher.

(DJ scratches)

(Chorus)

This is hip hop blues man you got a Hitchcock view and it's colourful world if you adapt to life but can't feel ya real if it is black and white. This is hip hop blues man you got a Hitchcock view and it's colourful world if you adapt to life but can't feel ya real if it is black and white.

(Verse 3)

It builds bliss when you're round us cause we built this from the ground up and it still hits like a town truck with a steal fist that hasn't found love. But when he does he remembers what it's like to live in this world as one despite our differences, change is here and the vision is ours within seconds the pavement was littered with flowers you know the rapping is shady you know I mean she's so blow and your shits still only close to so, so. Oh no did I just feel the \_\_\_? \_\_\_ and not conform to whatever the fuck you say hot is? You're living off old school props, give it up fool you lost, our spitting will hold you hostage for that gold your rock it's bullshit ops meditate. Their Bliss n Esotericism fuckers get it straight.

(Girl singing)

(Chorus)

This is hip hop blues man you got a Hitchcock view and it's colourful world if you adapt to life but can't feel ya real if it is black and white. This is hip hop blues man you got a Hitchcock view and it's colourful world if you adapt to life but can't feel ya real if it is black and

white.

Maybe that'll teach ya's.

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