

## Hyjak f/ BLiss n Esso, Kye, Torcha

### "Test"

Visit "[Test](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus: Kye]

MC's wanted a test  
And when they do we lay'em all to rest  
Stuck up on this train of thought  
We like to move with our heads held high always  
connecting live  
MC's wanted to test  
And when they do we lay'em all to rest  
Cos I ain't see no matter of fact  
We straight spitten at these poison lines for we  
infiltrate rhymes

[Verse 1: Hyjak]

Before I check the mic  
I bless it with pesticide  
Thanks for tryin, test the rhyme  
Be laid to rest while I wreck the next in line  
They yet to find getting shaky and nervous  
I turn faces red like we'll playin skirmish  
Merciless city's nurser this  
Don't wanna test the skills  
Yes it's ill you best to chill  
Or get the test that kills  
It's over with, most pretend to pose a threat  
Can't cope with the facts that Jak who don't exist  
Forget battling Casper The Ghost I'd rather smoke this  
spliff  
In the casino with sulsa dip beating poker chips  
Obnoxious kids keep poppin shit  
And I'mma do the helicopter  
Turn this hip hop gig into a mosh pit  
Play soccer with their ribs, watch this  
Move and propeller proves that whoever starts crossing  
this  
Line of fire, a live wire when I rock rhymes  
Tryna stop mine?  
You in the wrong place, the wrong time

[Chorus: Kye]

[Verse 2: Eso]

Congratulations (good evening), welcome to the woods  
Where the magic takes place between a fellowship of  
hoods  
Poetry thats pure and you can tell our shits the goods  
So underground you wouldn't sell it if you could  
I'm that lyricist your parents warned you about  
That sound that got you tearin down the walls in your  
house  
So if you come to a live show  
I'm the brother with a bundle of hydro  
That have you go lucky, come with his eyes closed  
And each bum booderhead(??) who'se figured it out  
Out there in the world while you sit on the couch  
My rhymes are fly like I live in the clouds  
Thats why my presence is a permament dick in your  
mouth  
It's Eso (hell yeh)  
Your local fucking nutter  
When I spit my shit I blow the fucking club up  
I base jumped a build when no man wills  
You must be trippin if you thinkin Sydney don't have  
skills

[Chorus: Kye]

[Verse 3: Bliss]

Trudging with mud high, jacking off coffin lids  
A midnight grave robber following government prints  
Holding a torch watched by silent gnomes  
Looking for bling bling, all I got was a pile of bones  
These are violent poems, lets fly back to my island  
home  
Muds pissing in bottles and Jak's high getting the pilot  
stoned  
Oh shit I'm just flirting with freedom  
It's got me lurking this evening for some purpose and  
meaning  
Not just these birds that I'm freaking  
Leaving them chirping and squeaking  
It's for the person thats dreaming  
Seeking the words that I'm speaking  
Now when he heard them he was shocked and dead  
still  
He said he felt like Neo he had popped the red pill  
So rap is a product to make a mil when your sellin it  
To a land of consumers where skill is irrelevant  
So come chill with my regiment, the big witty force  
I'm with the underground resistance of Sin City  
Orphanage

[Verse 4: Torcha]

I rap on the weekend the battle was decent  
But see when MC's test I get rattled and see red  
Smack a contestant with the mic 'til the batteries dead  
See if I lose I still remain undefeated  
"We've had better punches" I don't believe it  
Cos if you did the kid wouldn't be down bleeding  
Breathe in (relax torch) I'm just sick of your joint  
Roaming unhyped just like Sydney with no Centre Point  
I inject the true cerumen if you stuck in dilerium  
Your probably the one contestant who wanted to fuck  
Merriam  
A recovering alco back on the beer again  
Just the MC's who test I put that fear in them

Visit [Hyjak f/ BLiss n Esso, Kye, Torcha](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.