

Flying Through The City

Bliss n Eso

All engines go. Yo, I'mmm ready for blast off
We've been in the building, they're looking for car spots
I got the pedal to the metal in a monster truck
A full tank and a constant rush.

I just jump to the front like a track at Daytona
With a super fat 28 pack of crayolas
I colour the canvas, the tycoon of my tunes
I fly through like a tycoon at high noon.

I'm a runaway slave on a runaway train
Trying to turn pain to a summer day rave
Motherfuckers make way cause I spit like a shotgun
I'm here to stay like bitch I got top bunk.

From the boy who dared to dream to be bigger
The supersonic sunset sight scenery flipper
The stereo slideshow, blaze a bag of good crop
Here we go, my folk wave the flag of Woodstock.

The visual is epic, my lyrics are a head-trip
And trust when I bust I got the minerals to bless it
They're all sheep to my cattle dog rhyming
Cause my fleet's more street than the Paddle pop lion.

It's alright in the city, people look nice, kind of pretty
Even though it's a little dirty, it's alright in the city
If you know where to go
If u know where to go.

Boombox on blast, blazed in a kombi
I walk what I talk and it's shaking the concrete
Chase my jet stream, I'm going into the heavens
My great escape where I live as a legend.

So press play and set it to soothe
The styles us, making waves when we get in the groove
They hear us broadcast from a beautiful bungalow
Our rumble grows like the hooves of the buffalo
So go, go Johnny go go go
Go Johnny go
So BnE the black sheep have you any cool
Yes sir, yes sir, 3 lads full
And I roll with dope rhymes and a lot of kin
Hitting summertime coastline metropolitans
Flying through the lights in the centre of the civic
1 life, bet I'm going to live it, going to bend her to the limit.

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I'm a mad monkey having lunch with stray cats
On a grand brumby with the luck of saint pat
In my damn undies with a blunt and 8-track
Mad hungry like I'm Nudge from Hey Dad

I'm on a level that you'll never be mate
You'd Need to finish every game that's ever been made
So get ready for my Syd City committee
Moose dog Macka, shitty bo bitty.

In my hang glider, got my eye socket in my Spy Optics
I been hot, slingshot in my sky rocket
Fly in my flock, air platoon
Pop the pop 1 hit wonder hot air balloons
Drop the top in the summer, got to blare the tunes
I'm a skinny white boy, give papa bear some room
Shit we rock no matter the weather
The bold BnE is back, Bigger, Badder and Better and we're.

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Love on the street in the city, Summertime's mean in the city
Baby it's great in the city, just a little bit of hate, what a pity.