

Get Loose

Bliss n Eso

Bliss n Eso Hyjak bring it precise
We singing it nice fresher than a minger on ice
If yall're up in this bitch lets start breaking something
Aint this bumpin? Every fucking patron jumpin
And this came from nothin fuck radio airwaves
Shit to save I've got my hair shaved (well thats fair play.)
To all my troops get your boots stampin
You got me booze slammin I'm a loose cannon
I found my companion, IZM was so blind
Passed out on the shitter five minutes to showtime
You hoes fine? Well even if you're not fly
Cock eyed with a head that looks like a drop eye
Turn it clockwise on your volume meter
All you lads screamin out like you callin beaver
Wakin up all you sleepers
Shits so fucking loud like we bombin speakers

It goes
Grab your parner Dosey Doe
To the rhythm of the rhymer with the dopest flow
(Yee ha)
My crews sussin this bitch
(Aw yeah)
Let's get loose up in this bitch
[X2]

Are they ready for this? I don't think they are
We ain't weight lifters but still game to raise the bar
Face it we're basically state of the art
Delegate your danger its like demons playin the harp
You playing proud I'll take my mike and go the distance
Video eqiopment for christmas, now you think you can spit this?
We made our own path rollin, we rim spinning
We just stolen a ??
But you're me they're jealous we controllin our destiny
I'm the piece of the puzzle that been dipped in LSE
Fella you seein the RTI lightin weed
Why the fuck are you photo id'ing your photo id
Bad guy you need to point your finger at
Slap you in the face with a dick attached to a fucking cricket bat
Bring it back, rocking Sydney nightly
You the finest weed the .. west side to the sea like

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To all my troops getin loose get your boots stampin
Where ya at? Aw yeah
To all my troops getin loose get your boots stampin
Where ya at? Aw yeah

Awww shit, another track I can bless

With psychadellic side effects got Hyjak in the tress
I'm chillin like I'm feeling bro rolling skunk
While Bliss is butt naked bloody bowling drunk
Man you know what's up that authentic shit
Less Bling Bling bro and more penmanship
And I'll send this shit to the moon and back
Then burn something backstage where my crew is at
See there's a couple of things that I've wanted all year
To live off this mike and be sponsored by beer
Since that won't happen imma show you a trick
How to piss and walk while you're smoking a spliff
And it's making them sick lower class blowin smoke
In the face of the rich while I spit his kids
Like takin the trip and imma tear these walls down
So buff tuff pricks can stare these balls down

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