

Happy In My Hoody

Bliss n Eso

Direct from the secret garden
Next to my hovering castle
I break it down fresh
Like the crunch of the apple
Shit, so I just plug in my channel
It's that nutty motherf**ker
With a bundle of cashews

In his head, I just sled
As the jungle unravels
With my satchel, my lasso
I jumped on my camel
Set forth with my pallet
And my colouring pastels
Jonathan Swift-ly writing
His Gulliver's Travels
At the bliss brewery
Guzzle a bubbling glass full
Went under my chateau
Where I hung up my shadow
From the mantle
Free from the government shackles
I can handle anything
The governor tackles
They have grappled deep
With these troublesome vandals
You can catch me in my hoody
When I come to the battle
In my crooked canoe
Pick the puddle to paddle
Still that wonderful chap
Who tipped the slumbering cattle

I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday
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If you ain't f**kin' with us
Then you ain't going my way
I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday,
With caps and kicks
Pack the spliff full of high grade
I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday
And I can't see you
If you're coming at me sideways... bitch

(Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls,
Welcome to something you've never seen before.)

It's the rainy days
Versus the endless summer
The place she made
God bless my mother
It's the laws they make
The laws I break
The highs, the lows, the windy roads
The knowledge in rhyme
Versus the bullets in your pistol

The dollars they dive for
The pusher with a pit bull
The too cool for school
The never under pressure
The rebel with a cause
Who's ready for whatever

So! catch me in my hoody
I'm flipping off the pigs
Don't come around here
There's no shitting where I live
My whole platoon reps one love daily
Mad like Stewy
Yelling f**k you, pay me
On the double
'cause I'm trouble if you don't
Motherf**ker, there's no
Muzzle on my nose
I'm a bite back, you like that
(Hell yeah, kick it Macka)
I don't need a bike rack
I ride that shitty tractor

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Cats love it
'cause the flow look hot
Like the body of a coupe
With a cream drop top
Let's go, readjust
Kids, strap your belts
Let's take a little ride
To the wishing well
That well which
Inside my wish had fell
Where this wretched witch
Then cast a spell
And she must've used hers
Like twice as strong
'cause it made me wanna smoke
Like Cheech and Chong

Right or wrong
I was hooked
I had found my calling
I couldn't get enough
Of this downwards falling
It's not to say
The sound on earth was boring
But I knew that underground
Was worth exploring
So I packed my bags
And I grabbed my swag

And I haven't been back since then

Since then, you can catch me
In my hoody on a friday
Gettin' pissy with the lads on the highway
Blazin' one to Frank Sinatra, did it my way
I can't believe
We're getting paid for getting sideways

(Kiddies, please block your ears, this next guy gets a bit noisy...)

Where my dingoes at
We had to trample the track
Hyjak the straw
That broke the camel's back
Got my whole career in shambles
But I'm handling that
Watch you leave in an ambulance
And we sampling that
That's the sound of the city
We drop ounces of sticky
Right round like Mr. Whippy
Catch me in my hoody
Getting blazed again
Right now the weed
I smoke the sleeve
It's made of hemp
I got to pay the rent
You motherf**kers should know
Don't make me beat you down
With a phone like Russell Crowe

I flip a couple of shows
Hustle a bundle of smoke
Watch the bills crumble and chuckle
Like oh shit I'm rich
Feel so important
'til I wake the next day
It's gone by the morning
Raw like Michael Moore
Got the government strung out
I kicked a rhyme about Howard
He got kicked the f**k out

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