

Mad Tight

Bliss n Eso

Yo, check me out right here

You see, these rappers are unhappy
With the price of the gold card
While on this mic I'm like
Ice in a cold glass
There's no doubt
I manhandle a track
And break this bitch down
Like Bam Bam with his bat
You players act pussy
Like Jessica Rabbit
I'mma hit you with some shit
That get ya head in a hammock
I'm that poet burst
On that park bench to smoke
The only Superman that knows
Clark Kent's a joke

A fist fuck freedom
I fight for my right
To hit the lab with a pad
And have the time of my life
You're damn right,
I been sparkin' up the highs
Takin' flight in the night
With my armored butterflies
But notice I throw bricks
I'm heaven sent, bro
It's no shit, my flow's sick
I represent, so
Drown in my dreams
When you look at my eyes
And just bounce to the beat
And prove the boogie's alive

Hey yo, Sydney (what what)
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight

Hey yo, Brissy (what what)
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight

See, i dream to be
On TV flashin' my balls
Throwin' it up for my lads
Like graff on a wall
That's right, we gotta maintain
And struggle through the drama
And stay on the rise
Like bubbles in my lager
But right now
You better make some way
For new talent that pretty much

Covers state to state
But when it's all said and done
I'll be riding the back
Of Uncle Sam gettin' drunk
With my eyes on his cash

Why you pursuin' the cash, bro?
I'm doin' the math flows
Spittin' more dirty shit
Than players chewin' tobacco
Raggin' they glassfuls
And how they pimp slap hoes
But I think I'll be less bored
Watchin grass grow, asshole
I'm not a new face
I know this record shit's
A big loot race
They asked to see my tour budget
I held up my shoelace
You could only afford two plane tickets
And some toothpaste
Hey yo, Eso, help me
Shove Izm in my suitcase

Hey yo, Melbourne (what what)
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight

Adelaide, (what what)
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight

So you got the first record
At the hip hop store
Yeah, that shit was fresh
Man, but this is sophomore
(aw yeah)
And I ain't even gotta ask
If you feel us
You know that Bliss N Eso throws
The illest bash in the village
Oh you know, bro
It's those nutty loco kids
Get the crowd bouncin' like
A sea of cats on pogo sticks
We on that next level
Droppin' turds, bombin' ya whole plane
2008 rap Jonathan Coltrane

My lab was built great
Plush leather couches and silk drapes
Try furniture made out of planks
Of wooden milk crates
We both underground blokes
Spittin' profound quotes
Sippin' the local lager
Mingling with the town folk
Just two white boys
And a half Arab man
Travel the land in an
Old busted thrash caravan

See, hip hop finds us
When we feel all lost
So we gon' ride this motherfucker
'til the wheels fall off

Hey yo, Perth (what what)
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight

Hey yo, Tassie (what what)
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight

Hey yo, Canberra (what what)
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight

Byron Bay, (what what)
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight

To the rest of the land
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight
Your style is mad tight

Your style is mad tight [x8]