

Yea check it

Man I never said I rap from slums or I pack a gun
But look around and at what that old booms bat's become
Banging bullets, bitches, beamers, rebels, and blunts
And I'm just trying to be myself and stay ahead of the bunch
And muster up a buck for this rap peddler's lunch
But at crunch time man these rhymes seem never enough
And shit what the fuck you think we give um on stage
Whose spinning those synonyms living on a minimum wage
Chippin' away flipping the page just ink in the pain
Contained in this modern day age citizen Cain
But fuck it in a perfect storm you don't abandon ship
We stand with fists and spit tattered manuscripts
Navigating off moonshine and spin these rhymes
Into cloth in our sails on a crimson tide
And every song we wrote while on this boat
Was raised to catch the wind of the common folk
Armies of mad troops unite and work underground
Harvesting grass roots to fight and stare adversity down
A worldwide revolution on a fleet of these boats
Scrubbing the decks of the craft that keeps us afloat

It's like I'll feel like that one day MC fortairerIt's the hip hop community

It's from the MC It's peace love and unity
This is worldwide (you know the struggle)
Worldwide (you know the hustle)
This is a worldwide sound sea
Hip-hop community
Rappers with no boundaries
They can do anything
This is worldwide (you know the struggle)
Worldwide (you know the hustle)
(I love you)

Octa from France (Eso)

Bliss N Eso

This is hip hop blues that what we're talking about
There's a part of every MC that's walking this route

There's no margin to my magic, there's no borders to my writing
There's no part to end the madness hit that all of us are fighting
And it's funny to think that countries can link
Through peace on a page to the blood that runs through my ink
So let's celebrate the fact that I levitate a track
And the devils I do away with will never make it back
This bricks, bats, and badgers - pigs, rats, and taxes
Five finger discounts for kids acting savage
And that's the way that game is played
Peace and war putting pressure on the same days
I'm trying to maintain, keep a focused mind
That's probably why their rhymes aren't as dope as mine
See I fight for the free bro fuck their money
I steal toilet paper from local public dunnies
And there's nothing funny about that or how broke we get
So to the system shit I show no respect

And that television it got um brain washed
Different names it's a shame it's the same song
That's why we huddle and burn this broccoli
Cause they know it takes a lifetime to earn the lottery

[Hook]