

## Evening Breeze

Bliss n Eso

Let those windows sink  
Feel the evening breeze  
Let's just zone out  
Now come on, now people breathe  
It's the moment where the show  
Has got you soakin' up the vibe  
Dim the lights and bring the mics  
We're gonna show you somethin' live

(Gon' do it like this)  
See, they won't catch me  
I'm way too fast  
In a world gone mad  
I'm a break these bars  
Won't chase these cars  
Don't make me laugh  
I'm a drop some insight  
To blaze this grass  
And I'm off again  
That nutty motherfucker  
Straight droppin' gems  
Mister anti-government  
Stops the trend  
I don't believe no lies  
Like cops are friends

And this hip-hop  
Is right where I left it  
Think about the people  
That my rhymes have affected  
My mind is a weapon  
My life is a wreck  
And whenever I spit  
It's divine intervention  
Satan now is the face of a job  
So I break him down  
And trade places with God  
I made that sound  
And gave face to the loss  
To create my crown  
Out of paper and rocks

So if you're livin' in the cold  
There's some scissors in the bowl  
To make a motherfuckin' mix  
Until this bitch is on a roll  
The news is proof  
Life is tragic when killing  
So I choose to use my  
Magic verses your millions (ha ha)

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Where's the party at  
Let's hit the fort  
Get her poppin' like a bottle  
That spits a cork  
This track is a drug that Bliss endorse  
(Will ya listen to it?)  
Nah, it's for your whip to snort  
So pop it in your...  
And your ritzy porsche  
And when you listen, sport  
You feel a buzz  
Well your Vista's forced  
To turn it up 'til the shit distorts  
And damn near OD  
Make your system short  
Oh lord, low and behold  
The big truck and basilla  
Got the show on the road  
And these fuckin' haters  
Act all cocky  
Try to cut us down  
Like we tall poppies  
Man, we grassroots  
That retort the shoot  
I mouth off in the face  
Of the corporate suit  
So force the troops  
That won't fall short in the stoop  
Their severed arms sold  
For a sore salute

So freeze, please cats  
Now breathe, relax  
And let the poem set the tone  
'cause under every ego  
Is flesh and bone  
Now sway, right left and zone  
Got the crowd lookin'  
Like a giant metronome  
Let's go to my world  
Give my record a spin  
Let the melody massage  
And beckon you in

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... is humbled with love  
My style's down to earth  
When I hover above  
I'm so fresh, so clean  
That if I'm covered in mud  
I make the mess just seem  
Like it's bubble and suds

I got a knack for this rappin' shit  
If you don't know, ask Amiss  
Who's that dope flow activist  
A grown bloke, but a wacky kid  
Well it's your very own  
Loco Captain Bliss

And I'm a hang glide  
Over your franchise  
'til the music seems  
Like a lucid dream  
Then I wake in the morning  
And I shave my head  
Then have non-believers  
Come and make my bed  
And while they're making bread  
I gotta shake my head  
'cause I'm the bloke  
That flows broke to make the rent  
So relax, and let your brain breathe  
In a hammock amid the daydreams

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