

# 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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I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday  
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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