Things Have Just Started

Here I am motherfucker... Here I am Told you I was coming didn't I tell ya? YEAHHH!

Ahh shit, I think we just fucked up the industry 'Cause every tom dick and dumb cunt is dissing me B-l-i-s-s plus Eso and Izm So this is dedicated to you, so you best go and listen Now don't you try to tell me what hip hop is not You don't own that motherfucker man, you got it pops? I'm gonna chop the crops, I'm gonna cop the rocks I'm gonna cock the glock and they're gonna pop the shot But us? What we gonna try and do is rock the spot We hot to trot, it's not our fault we top the lot and you just can't hack it can you? You lost the plot So put your wack album out and I'ma watch it flop So calm my cock and quit acting tough You mad at us 'cause at a show you lack the punch To pack in cunts and hear em' all react at once With every front-row minger trying to snatch your nuts Your rapping sucks, ya faggot chumps, the facts are rough "I'ma sell out man" that just cracks me up So back the fuck up, at all of the lessons when you step to me and don't you dare ever try to question my integrity Even your meanest diss is like a harmless joke Dude I'm right here, quit dissing the bar of soap You farmers choke knowing that my style is ill You can hate us all you want but you can't deny the sKill so fire at will and any song you tired of still won't even affect me, I just smile and chill So please it's over someone give me a drum roll You numb skulls can take it straight up the bum hole

Hit me hit me high, hit me hit me low
It don't really matter 'cause you know we're gonna grow
It's Working... It's working
"You god damn right"
It's working
"And that's a guaranteed fact"
Hit me hit me high, hit me hit me low
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It's Working... It's working
"Bliss N Eso is back"

Ya see Bliss N Eso's back and that's a guaranteed banger If you haven't seen us then you haven't seen hammers Hit concrete and then bloom something beautiful 'cause this song means there's no room for the usual So get off my gonads, I'm proud and broke Where my head is a notepad in a cloud of smoke Jealous rats in the city, they know I'm king 'cause I remodel the world with the flow I bring See you rap for the cash and I pity your job My style's wild like a child from the city of God And Eso's headspace is something you can't touch Head-bobbing at me is like fucking with hard drugs

In the park drunk living it up With my state to state crews not giving a fuck we stay "fresh" even when shit gets so bad that we gotta be those fathers for kids with no dads And that's how we bust and build this Put my heart in a track bro, touch the real shit There's no word to describe how real it's been but it feels like flying down steep hills on wheely bins I did it my way, I self-promote This ain't Bentley's parked out the front of wealthy homes This is for those who's words arn't usually heard who can grab that mic and bloody prove what they're worth I'm not a player at a picnic with my biscuit comped I'm not the type to ask kiss the boss I'm the blackout that wipes out like 50 blocks that middle finger up kids give the cops

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