

# Mexican Spit Fire

Bliss n Eso

OK Senoir  
I'm reloaded!

(Moochy moochy)

Calling all guards to catch the chaps at large  
You pack the bong brother? changing of the Avon Guard  
You Cats on charge?  
Well I ask you can I kick it?

Well that's the magic ticket

I'm the usher in the theatre, Screenin' Jack Slater  
It's my never ending story that creates my fantasia  
Poetical landscaper who bakes the mad flavours  
Puff the magic on my rough track and hey,  
It's my damn nature  
Pu- Puffin the herb  
Ohhhh Lord this is track murder  
Hit the town with 73... in my backburner  
Bliss the broadcaster - Bringing you the live data  
I hold my lightsaber swinging through the skyscrapers

Feel the gorgeous air travel to my fortress lair  
(It's the invisible, extravagant extrordinaire)  
I project my words on the canvas of the promised land  
Picture this hollowman standing as a hologram

Welcome to my wonderful world of word wizardry

(B-B-B-B-Bounce to the beat)

Welcome to my wonderful world of word wizardry  
(wizardry, wizardry (b-b-b-bounce to the beat))

Yo! I teach monkeys how to wrestle  
In a spandex suit  
Then send them to steal Roger Ramjets boots  
A circle of psychos, I hang with the realest,  
To shoot sh\*t with a gang of gorillas  
They call me Mad Max a Million  
The abstract chamelion  
Who gets his hustle on in a jam packed pavillion  
I'm sunlight for those, who live in the dark  
So let me grab the bat and send this b\*tch out the park

Yeah

I'm the mack with no money  
Still livin it up like mr happy go lucky  
Every kid wants to fly  
Every dog has his day  
So everything I write is another wall that I break

Duck down, when I'm coming through the door  
Jugglin chainsaws and running from the law  
It's a bird, It's a plane, Nah it's me when I write,

Flippin off you motherf\*cka's on my BMX bike

Welcome to my wonderful world of word wizardry

(B-B-B-B-Bounce to the beat)

Welcome to my wonderful world of word wizardry  
(wizardry, wizardry (b-b-b-bounce to the beat))

In this human culture  
My soul has just diffused my motor  
And I'm a pull the f\*\*kin plug on this human Choser  
I'm a keep rappin till they catch the supernova  
Straight start slangin out the back of my lunar rover  
I'm that moon strider, that looney tune writer  
That parachute lagoon diver  
Air balloon glider

It's Shako, the twelve monkey time transporter  
Audio, NVA the rhyme transformer

I take world famous models to an all you can eat  
Rib House then back to mine to slaughter the meat  
I'm an audio freak and by a quater to three,  
You'll get a hum dum dinger when you order from me  
I made a porno for free, at Oporto's with three,  
Midget bitches call me audio thief

It's lumber jack Macca here to open your mind up  
He's verbally violent like Oprah's vagina

Wise Up

(In tune-in tune-in tune-tune-tune-tune)