

Soldier On

Bliss n Eso

Yo, bliss n eso is like back and fourth like jack n torch and trust me,
We tap the source and rap with force but fuck me,
These rappin dorks are crap of course,
So why when we do a show its always as these whack cats support,
And why do there tracks go north and ares go nowhere,
Why do I lack a porche why is it no fair,
Please pull your fuckin skirt up
I'm proud of everything we've done
And everything we've worked for,

And I wouldn't read you shit if I could I feel darko,
Coz if I open for ya'll its still our show,
Bliss, I'm just a brother with a given goal
So don't you dare try too shove me in that pigeon hole
Of being boring and lame,
The game fortunate fame,
When I just walk the darkness with a torch and a flame
When its pooring with rain,
I drop gems in the drizzle
And stay forgin are name,
Where my pen is a chsel,
Where my mind is a malet,
I'm rhyming the alice,
And gallop through sleepy hollows to the side of a palet

Man I could dive in the sunrise,
I could swim in this breeze,
This poem makes me a jungle and I'm swinging from trees,
What could u possibly utter to be like stopping us brother,
When we out on the road man all we got is each other sloggin it out (cumon)
On the sundick round circuit
Just running a muck
Its like a three clowned circus,
But we found purpose too speak our minds,
Through beats and rhymes,
And we ain't even reached our prime,
I'm just a poetry peddler
Who found the lavish gold
And you can see it too it's just down this rabbit hole

Oh I've been marching for so long,
Representing where I'm from
When I make these songs it makes me strong so I can soldier on,
Been marching for so long,
Representing where I'm from
When I make these songs it makes me strong so I can soldier on.

(yo check me out right here)
On this mic I'm a stanpeeding buffalo,
My fingers paint pictures of a man cleaning up his thrown,
Getting ready for any attack
Coz me and this mic have become very attatched,
And I wont let go of this feeling I've got in my bellie the revolution is here,
And its not on your tellie

Have you ever had too hate when ur tryna be calm,

Have u ever had your own mother die in your arms,
Well I have and her outlook keeps me strong,
The rolling stone of this home since shes been gone,
So I know what its like too only have your crew
Where meaning seems lost and you know you have too choose
Too get up or get down when life's tryna be serious, like get up
Like schools out and life's a free period,
But when it happened I didn't wanna go out,
Coz if people couldn't relate shit id wanna throw down,

So how can I write and stay out for the cause,
When hells in my lounge room and there's doubt in my thoughts,
It was the sun through a smile when I look at her pictures,
Its the face that my rapping not a hook for the riches,
And if I give you my heart,
I hope it mkaes me rich,
Coz I don't roll in a roice like a jay-z clip,
But if you fake your rich bro,
Take these hints
That's just satin bum fucking you for 18 cents,
But me I'm willing too roll I'm willing too ride,
Shit I'm still in control I'm still on this mic.

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