

The Truth

Bliss n Eso

Ste right up, take a ringside seat bro
At the Hip-Hop big top, midnight freak show
Where kids fiend rap dreams that seem majestic
Line up at the Zoltar machine to get Big
And walk with giants who shake up the system
But behind the carnival curtain seet he makeup magicians
Wake up and listen, hear what's not for the public's ears
Pinocchio poets played by profiting puppeteers
Talent sharks want blood, rappers hook them with the Gat Talk
See a full fashion show, just look at the catwalk
Corporate snaes, boardroom fellas
Clowns that rap about their wealth are the fortune tellers
From fire flow breathers, come and witness the illuminance
To one hit wonder disappearing industry illusionists
Ringleaders with whips, quick, the 15 minute fuse is lit
My poems paint movie script imagery that's ludicrous
From Portland basements where the rapping is real
To sunset beat boxing in the African hills
I creep with a pack of dreamers who are deep in the mountain
The wildcat trampolinists who are keeping you bouncing
Under the circus my thoughts design the sound effects
Jonathan Cash who Walks The Line without net

Before judging me know that I hustle, I work
If I sold to someone you knowl try judging them first
It's like that till the day I lie under the dirt
I speak truth and shouldn't have to rhyme once in a verse
The proof is hidden right under my words
But to hear it you got to buy some of merch
Come get it, we go getters, this cold business
Is the reason me and my homies don't kick it and have grown distant
Record labels and gold diggers, there's no difference
They're both bitches only out for their own interests
I'm just another guy that's rapping
To justify my action while you run it by your captain
What has this even come to
You see the end result but don't see the hoops you feel the need to j
ump through
Don't let my speech corrupt you
Ignore the wrong and see the right this is leading up to

This ship's been sunk in an industry of distate and mistrust
I rip stage till your ribcage lifts up
Trying to blow but the grenade pins stuck
Unrightfully so I'm a young likeness of dope
To the millions in the scene who try to build it
But look like little children bewildered by the king
I turn my back to them but I'm guiltless
How long I got to milk this before I gain fulfilment of the dream
Look Look