

Yea check it

Man I never said I rap from slums or I pack a gun  
But look around and at what that old booms bat's become  
Banging bullets, bitches, beamers, rebels, and blunts  
And I'm just trying to be myself and stay ahead of the bunch  
And muster up a buck for this rap peddler's lunch  
But at crunch time man these rhymes seem never enough  
And shit what the fuck you think we give um on stage  
Whose spinning those synonyms living on a minimum wage  
Chippin' away flipping the page just ink in the pain  
Contained in this modern day age citizen Cain  
But fuck it in a perfect storm you don't abandon ship  
We stand with fists and spit tattered manuscripts  
Navigating off moonshine and spin these rhymes  
Into cloth in our sails on a crimson tide  
And every song we wrote while on this boat  
Was raised to catch the wind of the common folk  
Armies of mad troops unite and work underground  
Harvesting grass roots to fight and stare adversity down  
A worldwide revolution on a fleet of these boats  
Scrubbing the decks of the craft that keeps us afloat

It's like I'll feel like that one day MC fortairerIt's the hip hop community

It's from the MC It's peace love and unity  
This is worldwide (you know the struggle)  
Worldwide (you know the hustle)  
This is a worldwide sound sea  
Hip-hop community  
Rappers with no boundaries  
They can do anything  
This is worldwide (you know the struggle)  
Worldwide (you know the hustle)  
(I love you)

Octa from France (Eso)

Bliss N Eso

This is hip hop blues that what we're talking about  
There's a part of every MC that's walking this route

There's no margin to my magic, there's no borders to my writing  
There's no part to end the madness hit that all of us are fighting  
And it's funny to think that countries can link  
Through peace on a page to the blood that runs through my ink  
So let's celebrate the fact that I levitate a track  
And the devils I do away with will never make it back  
This bricks, bats, and badgers - pigs, rats, and taxes  
Five finger discounts for kids acting savage  
And that's the way that game is played  
Peace and war putting pressure on the same days  
I'm trying to maintain, keep a focused mind  
That's probably why their rhymes aren't as dope as mine  
See I fight for the free bro fuck their money  
I steal toilet paper from local public dunnies  
And there's nothing funny about that or how broke we get  
So to the system shit I show no respect

And that television it got um brain washed  
Different names it's a shame it's the same song  
That's why we huddle and burn this broccoli  
Cause they know it takes a lifetime to earn the lottery

[Hook]