

# Zion Bash

Bliss n Eso

Yo! well this is smokin'...  
And the dynamic duo  
The cutting committee  
The lyrical mechanic hero  
And you know (what's that?)  
That we serve the people nice  
And we're good live  
Like versing evil twice  
In a world where your cash  
Couldn't buy an idea  
So fuck the po-po  
We're gettin' high up in here  
See, my rhyme is official  
Time's my initial  
Sit back, click clack  
Yo, my mind is a missile

Yeah, we ruined the manners  
But we're cool with the grammar  
So we got mothers feelin' this  
To fuckin' dudes in the slammer  
Brewin' the bangers and  
Our show is a spectacle  
My damn super bananas  
The flow is impeccable

We just roll up  
Through the hills in the middles  
Would ya hold up,  
This is bliss to the eso so  
Grown ups, let me hear ya  
Really bellow okay (okay!)

We don't flash cash on the neon lights  
My name is mad max  
Pitchin' "we want rights"  
I've got the bull by it's horns  
The beast by it's tail  
A brain off it's leash  
That's deeper than Yale  
Shockwaves through your hood  
When I properly drop this  
Double barrel brains  
Doomed to bang in your cockpit  
So how you feelin' Bliss?  
Man, I never been better  
This veteran's clever, he's  
Stringing every letter together  
Bangin' like a set of...  
Is not a getter of cheddar  
Instead I roll up to the bash  
In the fuckin' Nebuchadnezzar  
Oh my God  
Throw 'em up like Krylons  
And we gon' get it crackin'  
Like a party in Zion

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Really bellow okay (okay!)

(Check it out)  
Hey yo, I blow Briggs back  
That's what happens when  
I talk smoked out, no doubt  
Eight Staffys on a porch  
And I'm not a joke  
I blaze up the broccoli  
I rock the boat  
I break the monotony to pick up  
Well, this'll make ya switch lanes quick  
Like hittin' Charlie when you're drunk  
Just like Rick James, bitch  
My nickname's Bliss  
But wait a second, buster  
You don't know me, my brother  
You may address me as Gunther  
Well if you got it, motherfucker  
Then you know my name  
I make it rain lit matchsticks  
And snow cocaine  
And I'm down for the course  
Like a dog for it's owner  
And all the shit-talkers  
Spill grug off my boner  
Bitch, back the fuck up  
And build your spaceship right  
You dilly dally dummys

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(Gon' get it crackin' like a party in Zion...)