

# Bliss N Eso, Climb These Cliffs

I don't know why the sky is blue  
I don't know why I write these tunes  
But with a vibe like this  
I'mma climb these cliffs  
So Ill be there for you

Well, how you doin' bro  
What's up man?  
Chillin', Im cool  
It's hot as hell  
I'm thinkin' 'bout takin'  
A dip in a pool  
F\*\*kin' nice  
I'm 'bout to hit the beach  
And roll me a fatty  
And grab a case of that cold shit  
You know where to catch me

Welcome to the jungle by the beach  
Where the sea sounds gorgeous  
Three night owls been cookin'  
In their tree house fortress  
With them fresh herbs  
Bet the whole pound got blazed  
Escape that nine to five  
Perpetual Groundhog Day  
We just glide off the runway  
Charge tracks like far laps  
Smell another steak  
When I step out on the tarmac  
Convertible cruisers  
In a tropical summer  
We don't have all the answers  
But we got one another

And these warm waters  
Have broken up my colder days  
On a piece of driftwood  
Soaking up these solar rays  
My god, this works  
To revert that old feeling  
My own therapeutic version  
Of the soul healing  
My crib's crew  
I'm chillin' rhyme in my igloo  
My music Mediterranean  
Come dive in this big blue  
Bohemian balcony  
Bliss been bent with absinthe  
I stroll through my life  
Like a Jim Henson labyrinth  
Walk with me

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Hey yo, Im fresh out the woodworks  
Carvin' a masterpiece  
Painting a paradise of audio archery  
The paper plane architect  
Stoned on a house boat  
Reporting live from  
Our home in the south brook  
Turn off your televisions  
Walk with me, talk with me  
Behold the elements  
Palm trees and pelicans  
So climb cliffs  
When they place those bricks  
Get up, hold your head up  
And don't take no shit  
'Cause today, I ain't got a  
Worry in the world  
I'm that local scrub  
Rollin' shotty with my girl  
Little finger in the air  
Like throw a dog a bone  
'Cause Macka ain't an actor  
I'm a poet on a throne

I'm a Christmas f\*\*king carol  
I'm a lonely night on a beach  
I'm a simple Dutch  
And Im a complex brother  
With motherf\*\*kin' a.d.d.

And I don't know  
Why I roll like this  
I don't know why my soul exists  
And I don't know  
If I told you this  
But you can bet your bottom dollar  
Brother, Ill be there for you

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