

# Bliss N Eso, Eye Of The Storm

Yeah, check it out  
See this is how shit goes right here

See time stops still in the eye of the storm  
The foundation of my home where my rhyming was born  
Its a rhythmic reality, a remedy through riddles  
Where love's a hurricane and you meet me in the middle

It's the good the bad. The house I furnish  
The crystal clear sea. The sound I worship  
The rush of the city, the calm of the outback  
The film called life where my heart is the soundtrack

It's that lucky streak, without no warning  
It's the memory of cartoons on Saturday morning  
It's that classic culture that connects the country  
Through raw energy that reflects we're hungry  
It's the timeless feeling that I get on stage  
It's those government bills that Ill never pay  
It's that fun I have, free-styling with my mates  
My little getaway that only music can create, come on

Gotta say mm  
Mm, mm  
Gotta say mm  
Mm, mm

See time stops still in the eye of the storm  
The foundations on my home where my rhyming was born  
Its a rhythmic reality, a remedy through riddles  
Where love's a hurricane and they meet me in the middle

It's the exotic breeze at the festival night show  
Its the hot sweaty air with that twist of that hydro  
Its the power of my passion. The picture my pen paints  
Caressing the canvas to put up my click in the Zen state

It's that zone with my thought, the peace when its starlit  
That blazing fire place bare feet on the carpet  
Or sitting on the porch where this one sways freely  
And write through the night until the sun rays greet me

Its the past love still cooking inside  
Its that warm fuzzy feeling when I look in her eyes  
Pouring out my heart and soul when Im flipping the gems  
Its catching my dreams lost in Pulp Fiction again its like

Gotta say mm  
Mm, mm  
Gotta say mm  
Mm, mm  
Gotta say mm  
Mm, mm  
Gotta say mm,  
Mm, mm

I'll tell you what get me by and gets me high  
Yeah  
Its watching flicks with my chick making love on the sofa  
Its the bread that I can afford to chuck in the toaster  
It's the real hip hop, that nothing comes close to  
It's finally getting Bliss to puff on the Dohja

Yeah on more than one occasion we're sure to come and blaze one

When its heavy, hit the hay at home. My horizontal haven  
It's that echo through eternity that still hits live  
Its life, a beautiful journey on a Bill Hicks ride

It's the chemistry, the brightest light, the 8th wonder  
The recipe of dynamite and Blade Runner  
Its the truth that justifies this  
The father I have and the mother I miss

It's the love through my pencil when I feel the beat  
It's 40 000 going metal on St Kilda beach  
It's 3 kids in club down the ally that were sounding ill  
To march on through the valley of a thousand hills

Mm  
Mm, mm  
Gotta say mm  
Mm, mm  
Gotta say mm  
Mm, mm  
Gotta say mm