

# Bliss N Eso, Happy In My Hoody

Direct from the secret garden,  
Next to my hovering castle  
I break it down fresh  
Like the crunch of an apple  
Shit, so I just plug in my channel  
It's that nutty motherfucker  
With a bundle of cashews

In his head,  
I just sled,  
As the jungle unravels  
With my satchel,  
My lasso,  
I jumped on my camel  
Set forth with my pallet  
And my colouring pastels  
Jonathan Swift-ly writing  
His Gulliver's Travels  
At the Bliss brewery,  
Guzzle a bubbling glass full  
Went under my chateau,  
Where I hung up my shadow  
From the mantle,  
Free from the government shackles  
I can handle anything  
The government tackles  
They have grappled deep  
With these troublesome vandals  
You can catch me in my hoody  
When I come to the battle  
In my crooked canoe,  
Pick the puddle to paddle  
Still that wonderful chap,  
Who tipped the slumbering cattle

~Hook:

I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday,  
I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday  
I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday,  
If you ain't fucking with us  
Then you ain't going my way  
I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday,  
With caps and kicks,  
Pack the spliff full of high grade  
I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday  
And I can't see you  
If youre coming at me sideways

It's the rainy days,  
Versus the endless summer  
The place she made,  
God bless my mother  
It's the laws they make,  
The laws I break  
The highs, the lows,  
The windy roads  
The knowledge in rhyme,  
Versus the bullets in your pistols  
The dollars they dive for,  
The pusher with a Pit-Bull  
The too cool for school,  
The never under pressure  
The rebel with a cause  
Whos ready for whatever

So catch me in my hoody,  
Flipping off the pigs  
Don't come around here  
There's no shitting where I live  
My whole platoon  
Reps 1 love daily  
Mad like Stewy  
Yelling fuck you pay me  
On the double  
Cuz I'm trouble if you don't  
Motherfucker there's no muzzle  
On my noze  
I'm a bit back,  
You like that  
Phrase: Hell yeah, kick it Macka  
I don't need a bike rack,  
I ride that shitty tractor

~Hook~

"Phrase:"  
Cats love it  
Cuz the flow look hot  
Like the body of a coupe  
With a cream drop top  
Let's go, readjust,  
Kids strap your belts  
Lets take a little ride  
To the wishing well  
That well which  
Inside my wish had fell  
Where this wretched witch  
Then cast a spell  
And she must've used hers  
Like twice as strong  
Cuz it made me wanna smoke  
Like Cheech and Chong

Right or wrong,  
I was hooked,  
I had found my calling  
I couldn't get enough  
Of this downwards falling  
It's not to say  
The sound on the earth was boring  
But I knew that underground  
Was worth exploring  
So I packed my bags  
And I grabbed my swag  
And I havent been back since then

Since then  
You can catch my hoody on a Friday  
Getting pissy with the lads  
On the highway  
Blazing - to Frank Sinatra,  
Did it my way  
I can't believe  
We're getting paid for getting sideways

~Hook~

"Hyjak:"  
Where my dingoes at,

We had to trample the track  
Hyjak the straw  
That broke the camel's back  
Got my whole career in shambles,  
But I'm handling that  
Watch you leave in an ambulance  
And we sampling that  
That's the sound of the city  
We drop ounces of sticky,  
Round like Mr. Whippy  
Catch me in my hoody  
Getting blazed again  
Right now the weed,  
I smoke the sleeve,  
It's made of hemp  
I got to pay the rent,  
You motherfuckers should know  
Don't make me beat you down  
With a phone like Russell Crowe  
I flip a couple shows,  
Hustle a bundle of smoke  
Watch the bills crumble and chuckle,  
Like o  
Shit I'm rich,  
Feel so important  
Till I wake the next day,  
It's gone by the morning  
Raw like Michael Moore,  
Got the government strung out  
I kicked a rhyme about Howard,  
He got kicked the fuck out

~Hook~