

Bliss N Eso, It's Working

Things Have Just Started

"Berni Mac"

Here I am motherfucker... Here I am
Told you I was coming didn't I tell ya? YEAHHH!

"Bliss"

Ahh shit, I think we just fucked up the industry
'Cause every tom dick and dumb cunt is dissing me
B-l-i-s-s plus Eso and Izm
So this is dedicated to you, so you best go and listen
Now don't you try to tell me what hip hop is not
You don't own that motherfucker man, you got it pops?
I'm gonna chop the crops, I'm gonna cop the rocks
I'm gonna cock the glock and they're gonna pop the shot
But us? What we gonna try and do is rock the spot
We hot to trot, it's not our fault we top the lot
and you just can't hack it can you? You lost the plot
So put your wack album out and I'ma watch it flop
So calm my cock and quit acting tough
You mad at us 'cause at a show you lack the punch
To pack in cunts and hear em' all react at once
With every front-row minger trying to snatch your nuts
Your rapping sucks, ya faggot chumps, the facts are rough
"I'ma sell out man" that just cracks me up
So back the fuck up, at all of the lessons when you step to me
and don't you dare ever try to question my integrity
Even your meanest diss is like a harmless joke
Dude I'm right here, quit dissing the bar of soap
You farmers choke knowing that my style is ill
You can hate us all you want but you can't deny the sKill
so fire at will and any song you tired of still
won't even affect me, I just smile and chill
So please it's over someone give me a drum roll
You numb skulls can take it straight up the bum hole

"Bliss"

Hit me hit me high, hit me hit me low
It don't really matter 'cause you know we're gonna grow
It's Working... It's working
"You god damn right"
It's working
"And that's a guaranteed fact"
Hit me hit me high, hit me hit me low
It don't really matter 'cause you know we're gonna grow
It's Working... It's working
"Bliss N Eso is back"

"Eso"

Ya see Bliss N Eso's back and that's a guaranteed banger
If you haven't seen us then you haven't seen hammers
Hit concrete and then bloom something beautiful
'cause this song means there's no room for the usual
So get off my gonads, I'm proud and broke
Where my head is a notepad in a cloud of smoke
Jealous rats in the city, they know I'm king
'cause I remodel the world with the flow I bring
See you rap for the cash and I pity your job
My style's wild like a child from the city of God
And Eso's headspace is something you can't touch
Head-bobbing at me is like fucking with hard drugs
In the park drunk living it up
With my state to state crews not giving a fuck
we stay "fresh" even when shit gets so bad

that we gotta be those fathers for kids with no dads
And that's how we bust and build this
Put my heart in a track bro, touch the real shit
There's no word to describe how real it's been
but it feels like flying down steep hills on wheely bins
I did it my way, I self-promote
This ain't Bentley's parked out the front of wealthy homes
This is for those who's words arn't usually heard
who can grab that mic and bloody prove what they're worth
I'm not a player at a picnic with my biscuit comped
I'm not the type to ask kiss the boss
I'm the blackout that wipes out like 50 blocks
that middle finger up kids give the cops

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