

Bliss N Eso, Royal Flush

Well hello, let me introduce myself
They call me Macka, big Macka
And my voice-activated house doesn't even work
But Im back in the lab again
Making something out of dirt
I got a spliff in my top pocket
I got a cannon
The size of something
You can't possibly imagine
I jump off boats
I cut through hills and gutters
I bluff the whole table
Like f**k you, silly duffers

We changed the game
Like when the first boat came with cocaine
Paved our way with gold flame
Flows aim to blow brains
With cards up my sleeve,
I play old maid with dope dames
Undercover secret agent
Code name is Coltrane
In a dusty jazz bar
Is double 0 deuce with double 0 8
The two double 0 8 troublesome two
With a robo-tech dj
I'm cued across the fader
To the ... Who drops the flavor
Three smooth operators
(Just like that...)

(Unfortunately, we haven't time to play games...)

With my researchers
I do sidewalk astronomy
We burn the weed in seconds
I'm just chillin' in my building
With a ... Street collective
See, we struck a major chord
With the magic from the stage, I soar
Doubt nevermore
The raven's rapping at your chamber door
So praise the lord
And see unusually different, beautifully gifted
Sailing forth, mad musical misfits
Me, myself and my melody mistress
Make a monster meek
With magic in misty mountains
Where the mace and mobsters meet

They call me cosmic cowboy
Kookaburra killer
Max back on the track, yes Im iller
And the last emcee
I barbecued on my grilla
Yes, for rilla
Yes, for rilla
So back the f**k off me
And go and make me coffee
You rappers think you're rocky
But not one of you can stop me
That's why I puff opium
With Christopher Walken
In an Amsterdam cafe

At six in the mornin'
I'm kickin' the door in
You bitches are boring
I'm bringing the storm in
'Cause you chickens are snoring
Can you vision me soaring
In this blizzard performing
And crosswords like clockwork
In glistening orange
(Just like that...)

I'm at the gambling spot
With my hand on my cock
Lookin' for another block
I can damage and rock
I'm surfin' with fishes
I'm pervin' on bitches
My mission on this bus
Is to get dirt on them hinges
When ... Troops came
For Hussein's fuel chain
They say dollars make cents
But all I got is loose change
Shoot game, I'm that wildcat
Through the hoop's flames
'Til doomsday, it's Bruce Wayne
On a crusade

I'm the king of the committee
Watch me think of something witty
Like a boring board meeting
And I slip myself a mickey
Don't eyeball me, bitch
My clique is the goonies
My guard dogs are hard rock
Bitch, with an uzi
Through the world wind,
We pass batons
Swinging it like a magic wand
Poetical patterns like pebbles
Perpetually skipping across that placid pond
Are you catching on?
Let me give you a key
True love is not a cage
It's a home in which you are free
(Just like that...)