

Greenhouse

Bliss n Eso

I know you've met all the rest of them...
... but, seriously...

Have you ever met a hippie
From the city called Sydney?
An emcee who's no joke
And blows smoke like a chimney
No? well, get with me (bitch)
I'm bound to break the barricades babbling
A hundred thousand fucking savage apes

So welcome everybody to my bud's imagination
Where my heart sings blues
And drunken affirmations
The flowers in the pavement
Are there to salvage hip-hop
Crooked and loopy in the greenhouse
Like alfred hitchcock

Hundreds acting brainless
So something has to change, kids
Or else this axe is mine
Forever hunting on the rangers
I elevate the cause
While I celebrate the force
The words rotate the stress
And meditation bores

Hey yo, put 'em up, throw 'em up
Do your thing and grow the stuff
It's the words, now ya heard,
Repeat the name and know the suss
It's bliss 'n eso and they
Gobble our sound down
And get off the ground
And wobble around

Hey yo, put 'em up, throw 'em up
Everybody grows the stuff
It's the words, now ya heard,
Repeat the name and know the suss
It's bliss 'n eso and they
Gobble our sound down
And get the whole land to wobble around

When they make you a partner
I'm starting to not believe in this legion
'cause we be growing fresh words
And it's not leaving this region
We heard farm wide, stars collide
Ain't no finer carnival
The state that always scrape the hull
Free from rhyme or barnacles

On our vessel, prepared for voyage sea
Packin' on beef to serve me
Scurvy won't corrupt my buoyancy

And we arrived at the bash like migrants
And the reception was grand
'cause we re-hashed that vibrance
That they once had but lost
To a sea of starving cats
So the harvest was brought
By these three charming chaps

... the right cogs loose
To break free from that farm
And bring the right pro-duce
For this rappin' sitcom
A program laughter
To make you think it's good
But really it's just a toe jam cracker
And they feedin' you, it's like a
Flea market full of dumb shits (of dumb shit)
'cause we remarkable...

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And get the whole land to wobble around
(It's the greenhouse)

You're bound to get hooked
On the ink I bleed on my soul sketchbook
Accepted at the entrance
I paid without cash
Stared dragons in their eyes
And laid them out flat
Perverted poets watching the fairies fly
It's underground and stay in the trench
When the canary dies
It's eso, if you didn't know the king's name
And every time I fly
The colors of my wings change

Loud burpin', hanggliding
Cloud surfin', man I been here for years
You've just never looked
That furry feathered book
Holds my thoughts on voodoo sex
Do your thing, flew over
The motherfuckin' cuckoo's nest
Who you think it is? me
I cry colors, an only child
Who wishes he had five brothers

I'm up next, bitch
And I represent proudly

Born and raised in
The year of the rowdy
Allow me to let my dog loose
On your beach mouse
A monkey with a mic
In a mahogany treehouse
Read the sign, it says keep out
I keep it lit and blown
In the big bad greenhouse

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(It's the greenhouse... makin' it hot)

Man, at least I'm not lying
Tryin' to recoup the bait
Then buyin' the used loop you take
You're lying about the loop you make
You fallin' short of the hoop, you's fake
While my troop can make
Any shot we shoot and take
We keep it down to earth
Where grassroots don't break

And that's just the feelin'
These words will make
And all the flakin', make an offer
Is bringin' regurgitation
And it's filthy just thinkin'
About the hand one set
My words were spiccity-span
But my biggity hands
Still kept that penmanship

So though I wrote like three books
It's right on the news page
And uh, no we're not on street hooks
Our style is engaged
Not a stroke past midnight
And all through the club
Not a emcee stirred
Not even a rappin' thug

Just a clown being me
So jelly pumpin' see
Where do they go
They had to return that flow
To the rental company
Oh! so people, let loose

And wobble your frame
They say, where ya grow your words?
I tell 'em, boggle, the game

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