

# Flying Through The City

Bliss n Eso

All engines go. Yo, I'mmm ready for blast off  
We've been in the building, they're looking for car spots  
I got the pedal to the metal in a monster truck  
A full tank and a constant rush.

I just jump to the front like a track at Daytona  
With a super fat 28 pack of crayolas  
I colour the canvas, the tycoon of my tunes  
I fly through like a tycoon at high noon.

I'm a runaway slave on a runaway train  
Trying to turn pain to a summer day rave  
Motherfuckers make way cause I spit like a shotgun  
I'm here to stay like bitch I got top bunk.

From the boy who dared to dream to be bigger  
The supersonic sunset sight scenery flipper  
The stereo slideshow, blaze a bag of good crop  
Here we go, my folk wave the flag of Woodstock.

The visual is epic, my lyrics are a head-trip  
And trust when I bust I got the minerals to bless it  
They're all sheep to my cattle dog rhyming  
Cause my fleet's more street than the Paddle pop lion.

It's alright in the city, people look nice, kind of pretty  
Even though it's a little dirty, it's alright in the city  
If you know where to go  
If u know where to go.

Boombox on blast, blazed in a kombi  
I walk what I talk and it's shaking the concrete  
Chase my jet stream, I'm going into the heavens  
My great escape where I live as a legend.

So press play and set it to soothe  
The styles us, making waves when we get in the groove  
They hear us broadcast from a beautiful bungalow  
Our rumble grows like the hooves of the buffalo  
So go, go Johnny go go go  
Go Johnny go  
So BnE the black sheep have you any cool  
Yes sir, yes sir, 3 lads full  
And I roll with dope rhymes and a lot of kin  
Hitting summertime coastline metropolitans  
Flying through the lights in the centre of the civic  
1 life, bet I'm going to live it, going to bend her to the limit.

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I'm a mad monkey having lunch with stray cats  
On a grand brumby with the luck of saint pat  
In my damn undies with a blunt and 8-track  
Mad hungry like I'm Nudge from Hey Dad

I'm on a level that you'll never be mate  
You'd Need to finish every game that's ever been made  
So get ready for my Syd City committee  
Moose dog Macka, shitty bo bitty.

In my hang glider, got my eye socket in my Spy Optics  
I been hot, slingshot in my sky rocket  
Fly in my flock, air platoon  
Pop the pop 1 hit wonder hot air balloons  
Drop the top in the summer, got to blare the tunes  
I'm a skinny white boy, give papa bear some room  
Shit we rock no matter the weather  
The bold BnE is back, Bigger, Badder and Better and we're.

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If you know where to go  
If u know where to go.

Love on the street in the city, Summertime's mean in the city  
Baby it's great in the city, just a little bit of hate, what a pity.