

## Golden Years

Bliss n Eso

(Yeah, check it out it goes like this yo)  
It's the warmth when it's cold and it's storming,  
It's drifting off to the sound of rain,  
It's getting up kicking goals in the morning,  
It's lifting off from the ground with your flame,  
It's the strength with stand life lessons,  
It's the clock as the hands strike seconds,  
It's my movie where every memory is a colour I collect to expand my spectrum.

It's the simple days, childhood here and now then it's gone in an instant, back when the wall around my world was a little too high to see beyond in the distance, it's the smell of the mint in my fresh grass, little league in the time that I'm so free, it's snow days, matachiello park with a sledge in the hills and were flying through oak trees, it's the kid who collects cards back in 91 summertime coming out the store n, it's the fact he's unrapping the pack with a smile on his dial cause he's scoring the jordan, past times I hold em dear it's maryland, virginia, bold and clear, the way the leaves on the trees in the streets would fall in the fall all to paint my golden years and yeah

When the skies grey, I live off light rays,  
I've written every page of my lifes play,  
I've drawn through my eyes.  
I've coloured outside the lines,  
Tryna hold these golden years that are flashing by,  
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It's a bumpy road, tryna steer through the years of a genius, can't conceal what I feel and the deal is that heals are the tears from a pheonix. And I remember those days with my dad in the great outdoors, getting raised by the land, not knowing how hard life gets call me huckelberry when I start my quest, so jump on my cloud, sit back and lounge, my wings are the size of a rich rappers house, I'll never leave so picture a viking who's memory is like christian the lion, that was me going town to town on fire works night you couldn't count me out, my mates older brothers had a hundred of the bungas, take cover cause' we nearly burnt down the house, I remember when they took away my wutang, sittin' there till the bell of my school rang, playing pool on the pool where the rules are abused my adventure the the centre where the youth hang, and grandma's we'd visit every journey, a livingroom stage where I'd mimic Eddie Murphy or kid and

play and play delirious so damn much they couldn't take me serious

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