

# The Truth

Bliss n Eso

Ste right up, take a ringside seat bro  
At the Hip-Hop big top, midnight freak show  
Where kids fiend rap dreams that seem majestic  
Line up at the Zoltar machine to get Big  
And walk with giants who shake up the system  
But behind the carnival curtain seet he makeup magicians  
Wake up and listen, hear what's not for the public's ears  
Pinocchio poets played by profiting puppeteers  
Talent sharks want blood, rappers hook them with the Gat Talk  
See a full fashion show, just look at the catwalk  
Corporate snaes, boardroom fellas  
Clowns that rap about their wealth are the fortune tellers  
From fire flow breathers, come and witness the illuminance  
To one hit wonder disappearing industry illusionists  
Ringleaders with whips, quick, the 15 minute fuse is lit  
My poems paint movie script imagery that's ludicrous  
From Portland basements where the rapping is real  
To sunset beat boxing in the African hills  
I creep with a pack of dreamers who are deep in the mountain  
The wildcat trampolinists who are keeping you bouncing  
Under the circus my thoughts design the sound effects  
Jonathan Cash who Walks The Line without net

Before judging me know that I hustle, I work  
If I sold to someone you knowl try judging them first  
It's like that till the day I lie under the dirt  
I speak truth and shouldn't have to rhyme once in a verse  
The proof is hidden right under my words  
But to hear it you got to buy some of merch  
Come get it, we go getters, this cold business  
Is the reason me and my homies don't kick it and have grown distant  
Record labels and gold diggers, there's no difference  
They're both bitches only out for their own interests  
I'm just another guy that's rapping  
To justify my action while you run it by your captain  
What has this even come to  
You see the end result but don't see the hoops you feel the need to j  
ump through  
Don't let my speech corrupt you  
Ignore the wrong and see the right this is leading up to

This ship's been sunk in an industry of distate and mistrust  
I rip stage till your ribcage lifts up  
Trying to blow but the grenade pins stuck  
Unrightfully so I'm a young likeness of dope  
To the millions in the scene who try to build it  
But look like little children bewildered by the king  
I turn my back to them but I'm guiltless  
How long I got to milk this before I gain fulfilment of the dream  
Look Look