

# Get Loose

Bliss n Eso

Bliss n Eso Hyjak bring it precise  
We singing it nice fresher than a minger on ice  
If yall're up in this bitch lets start breaking something  
Aint this bumpin? Every fucking patron jumpin  
And this came from nothin fuck radio airwaves  
Shit to save I've got my hair shaved (well thats fair play.)  
To all my troops get your boots stampin  
You got me booze slammin I'm a loose cannon  
I found my companion, IZM was so blind  
Passed out on the shitter five minutes to showtime  
You hoes fine? Well even if you're not fly  
Cock eyed with a head that looks like a drop eye  
Turn it clockwise on your volume meter  
All you lads screamin out like you callin beaver  
Wakin up all you sleepers  
Shits so fucking loud like we bombin speakers

It goes  
Grab your parner Dosey Doe  
To the rhythm of the rhymer with the dopest flow  
(Yee ha)  
My crews sussin this bitch  
(Aw yeah)  
Let's get loose up in this bitch  
[X2]

Are they ready for this? I don't think they are  
We ain't weight lifters but still game to raise the bar  
Face it we're basically state of the art  
Delegate your danger its like demons playin the harp  
You playing proud I'll take my mike and go the distance  
Video eqiopment for christmas, now you think you can spit this?  
We made our own path rollin, we rim spinning  
We just stolen a ??  
But you're me they're jealous we controllin our destiny  
I'm the piece of the puzzle that been dipped in LSE  
Fella you seein the RTI lightin weed  
Why the fuck are you photo id'ing your photo id  
Bad guy you need to point your finger at  
Slap you in the face with a dick attached to a fucking cricket bat  
Bring it back, rocking Sydney nightly  
You the finest weed the .. west side to the sea like

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[X2]

To all my troops getin loose get your boots stampin  
Where ya at? Aw yeah  
To all my troops getin loose get your boots stampin  
Where ya at? Aw yeah

Awww shit, another track I can bless

With psychadellic side effects got Hyjak in the tress  
I'm chillin like I'm feeling bro rolling skunk  
While Bliss is butt naked bloody bowling drunk  
Man you know what's up that authentic shit  
Less Bling Bling bro and more penmanship  
And I'll send this shit to the moon and back  
Then burn something backstage where my crew is at  
See there's a couple of things that I've wanted all year  
To live off this mike and be sponsored by beer  
Since that won't happen imma show you a trick  
How to piss and walk while you're smoking a spliff  
And it's making them sick lower class blowin smoke  
In the face of the rich while I spit his kids  
Like takin the trip and imma tear these walls down  
So buff tuff pricks can stare these balls down

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