

Great Escape

Bliss n Eso

Yeah, yeah, we back baby
I ain't gone lie, man, I ain't gone lie
Tell 'em

Last time we partied was fucking massive
And I'm still scattered, haha
But you know we still at it
From my mic in my mumma's cupboard to rap
With Mr Illmatic, I'm Phil Jackson
Got eleven gold rings on the wall
Shit, if you gone ball make sure you have a ball
'Cause it's a great escape so day to day
I keep hammering away word to Andy Dufresne

Yeah, them boys are back, you better buckle up
Switch to flight mode as we forever run a muck
I'm zen with the pen, I'm in Chi mode, bro
So I wrote a rhyme to blow your mind like CeeLo's phone
I'm on another level, let 'em flap their lips
Decapitating gladiators, call me Maximus
And if you really believe, man, that's all that it takes
I ran up, slam dunked and put my balls in their face, hahaha

Never gonna
Fade away-way-way
Fade away-way-way
Fade away-way-way
Never gonna
Gonna break my way
So you best make way
It's the great escape
"Drop the bass, take it straight to the face"

"Yeah, yeah"
"Yeah, yeah"
"Oh Lord, I'm [?]"
"Yeah-Yeah, yeah"
"Yeah-Yeah, yeah"
"Oh Lord, I'm [?]"

Ever since a kid I had my hand up on the globe
And I would spin it 'round in circles just to watch the world unfold
Before my eyes and now I literally spin around the planet
Flipping ryhmes around these melons like it's fucking acrobatics
What up? Yeah, this shit's banging
I made a wave hitting sharks like I'm Mick Fanning
In the wind, man, I gotta say there's nothing sweeter
'Cause the only time I fade away is when I hit the buzzer beater

I spit red flowers, these lyrics all help
To break through and take you beyond the physical realm
Yeah, you'll never find none iller, for real-er
You're fucking with a three headed Godzilla
In reverse, a benevolent beast building on earth
Putting feathers on letters after killing a verse
Yo, I ain't turning back, I'm prepared and you gotta love it
Like Bernie Mac, "I ain't scared of you mother fuckers" ("Kick ass")

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Don't call it a comeback, we've been here for years
Rocking our peers, yeah, we covered the sphere
Blood, sweat and tears, rain down like a monsoon
Listen to the bass go boom
So, Macca, what up? How your microphone sound?
She sounds tight, well aight, show 'em what it's about
Yo, man, they musta forgot, we 'bout to blow up the spot
We double trouble, bubble-bubble, bubble, bubbling hot
So throw yo hands in ayer
And wave 'em like you just don't cay-er
And if you like fish and chips or hitting big spliffs
Everybody in the house say oh yay-er
We been in the game for ten years making rap tunes
Way before the internet and chat rooms
So stay awake 'cause together we're a movement
We'll never fade away we live forever in the music
Music, music, music, music

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