

# House Of Dreams

Bliss n Eso

Yeah, yo.

Every letter is love and every word's an oasis,  
Tryna' reach new heights like a bird in a spaceship,  
And you're damn right, we've been working the late shift,  
Tryna' see how far, on planet earth we can take this,  
This is poetry in motion, the mystery of why,  
Every motor is in motion and it's visually divine,  
On a roll like Timmy, and they're stuck in bad traffic,  
So when I rock it the bottom looks like Buckingham palace.  
I feel fucking fantastic, a viking with the rhyme,  
That lightning in the sky mixed with Tyson in his prime,  
I tell it how it is and they got nothing to say,  
I tell the haters I love them, just to fuck with their brain.  
Duck, I'm insane, my flows like a swordfish,  
This is 100 percent, straight up uncut raw shit,  
I can't be bamboozle, that's faker than a dollar sign,  
Beat me in their dreams and they wake up and apologize,  
Non-believers, tryna' piss in my boots,  
Don't they know they'll have to fly just to fit in my shoes,  
Got the world in my palm and my feet on the dash,  
So let them bitch, 'n' wish I wasn't the reason they rapped,  
Shit, I'm tryna' write a song with insight,  
So look past the mask, there's diamonds on the inside,  
We're unplugged, and blessing you with magic,  
Our drifter's in the air but the question's can you catch it?

It is love that can set you free,  
Watching the sun setting on the sea,  
And you can lift me above the highest mountain peak,  
And now I see, right from my balcony,  
Welcome to my house of dreams

Kind of comic how a kid from D.C. would marvel at his superheroes,  
Draining his Walkman battery juice to zero,  
A teen with a dream, and since the whole start I've  
Been like Quenton plotting from the video archives,  
So I direct my film like Jack Sparrows' compass,  
Cut sick, shooting like a black barrel gunship.  
Just like when the rain and thunder hits the planet,  
Dreamt once in the clouds now the mother-ship has landed.  
Goddammit spectacular, lock it up and load,  
With that flip of the tongue, hit of the drum, rock and fucking roll,  
I spark an idea ignited from my balls,  
Add it to the 99 bottles aligning on my wall,  
In a boat of hope on an ocean where the shark lives,  
Spitting fireflies to paint my poems in the darkness,  
Connectivity is in my stare, shit, electricity is in the air,  
So throw your islands in the sky if you feel the vibe,  
Hip Hop is still alive every time we fly,  
When I find a line like a rope I can use it,  
To lift me out the sea of disposable music,  
But you can't touch my soul cause that dog shit smells,  
I wanna be taken away like a cosmic spell,  
So no need to show me the money of bomb hit sales,  
Cause this song gives me the qualm just like Rodd Tidwell and so...

"Just... just let me enjoy this for a minute..."

[Hook x2]