

# Mad Tight

Bliss n Eso

Yo, check me out right here

You see, these rappers are unhappy  
With the price of the gold card  
While on this mic I'm like  
Ice in a cold glass  
There's no doubt  
I manhandle a track  
And break this bitch down  
Like Bam Bam with his bat  
You players act pussy  
Like Jessica Rabbit  
I'mma hit you with some shit  
That get ya head in a hammock  
I'm that poet burst  
On that park bench to smoke  
The only Superman that knows  
Clark Kent's a joke

A fist fuck freedom  
I fight for my right  
To hit the lab with a pad  
And have the time of my life  
You're damn right,  
I been sparkin' up the highs  
Takin' flight in the night  
With my armored butterflies  
But notice I throw bricks  
I'm heaven sent, bro  
It's no shit, my flow's sick  
I represent, so  
Drown in my dreams  
When you look at my eyes  
And just bounce to the beat  
And prove the boogie's alive

Hey yo, Sydney (what what)  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight

Hey yo, Brissy (what what)  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight

See, i dream to be  
On TV flashin' my balls  
Throwin' it up for my lads  
Like graff on a wall  
That's right, we gotta maintain  
And struggle through the drama  
And stay on the rise  
Like bubbles in my lager  
But right now  
You better make some way  
For new talent that pretty much

Covers state to state  
But when it's all said and done  
I'll be riding the back  
Of Uncle Sam gettin' drunk  
With my eyes on his cash

Why you pursuin' the cash, bro?  
I'm doin' the math flows  
Spittin' more dirty shit  
Than players chewin' tobacco  
Raggin' they glassfuls  
And how they pimp slap hoes  
But I think I'll be less bored  
Watchin grass grow, asshole  
I'm not a new face  
I know this record shit's  
A big loot race  
They asked to see my tour budget  
I held up my shoelace  
You could only afford two plane tickets  
And some toothpaste  
Hey yo, Eso, help me  
Shove Izm in my suitcase

Hey yo, Melbourne (what what)  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight

Adelaide, (what what)  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight

So you got the first record  
At the hip hop store  
Yeah, that shit was fresh  
Man, but this is sophomore  
(aw yeah)  
And I ain't even gotta ask  
If you feel us  
You know that Bliss N Eso throws  
The illest bash in the village  
Oh you know, bro  
It's those nutty loco kids  
Get the crowd bouncin' like  
A sea of cats on pogo sticks  
We on that next level  
Droppin' turds, bombin' ya whole plane  
2008 rap Jonathan Coltrane

My lab was built great  
Plush leather couches and silk drapes  
Try furniture made out of planks  
Of wooden milk crates  
We both underground blokes  
Spittin' profound quotes  
Sippin' the local lager  
Mingling with the town folk  
Just two white boys  
And a half Arab man  
Travel the land in an  
Old busted thrash caravan

See, hip hop finds us  
When we feel all lost  
So we gon' ride this motherfucker  
'til the wheels fall off

Hey yo, Perth (what what)  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight

Hey yo, Tassie (what what)  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight

Hey yo, Canberra (what what)  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight

Byron Bay, (what what)  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight

To the rest of the land  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight  
Your style is mad tight

Your style is mad tight [x8]