

# Where The Wild Things Are

Bliss n Eso

That boom box in the backyard goes  
Heeeeeeeeeeeeeey  
That boom box in the backyard goes  
Heeeeeeeeeeyaaaaaaaaaaaaah  
That boom box in the backyard goes!  
Heeeeeeeeeeyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Daddy's home sweetheart  
It seems that the dreams for the children on the block  
Has gone from love, to a thug, with a million dollar watch  
You see I'm talkin bout the jungle, the outback  
The city I live in  
That cunt that will always bounce back, with a witty dominion  
I'll flow like this and I still don't like pigs  
Added to this what I got  
I'm flippin'  
I'm trippin'  
I'm puffin' on pot  
So don't even think to sleep on me cause I'm a dodgy mattress  
I've figured it out I'm the king of the house  
I'm a flying flock of Axes

I'm goin'  
Vampire killin' with stakes in me holsters!  
Shootin' em down rippin' the faces off vultures!  
The trolley's full  
Of goodies for the kids  
So ratatata the Big Macka is back and I'm loadin of the dip  
What up cunt?

Are you still with us or what?

Let's make some noise  
For the state of Australian hip-hop  
[?]

There's blood and there's good comin' out of the speakers  
There's fire in my veins and it's right off the meter  
With a fist in the sky I'm a fly like an eagle  
C'mon!

I'm plugged in the sound is connected  
Rise up the crowd is electric  
A place with Zen good nature  
I'm assured your ten foot breakers  
It's fun when I'm out and about  
And I'm bouncin' around in summers naked sun

Naturally high when I breathe in the trees  
And I run full steam through mother natures lungs

I'm rippin' and snippin'  
The rhythm like Izm my man on the decks  
No-one cuts quicker  
Let's proclaim ourselves free and make a principality  
Like up at Hutt River  
Head out the window the air sings

Howlin' tearing through hair pins  
It's the crazy rap vocalist  
Monster truck maniac motorist

Power up, lock into the socket  
Pull a Johnny rocket out my pocket  
Ride a lightning comet  
I write these sonnets with a spice of comics

Fresh, ripe and honest  
I pick up the pieces like I was a hunter-gatherer  
Inspired by life our people live deep dense up in the punter barrier

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C'mon!

In the search for fame everyone wanna be bigger than Kurt Cobain  
After he burst his brain and left his curtain stained  
Whatya think?  
I think it's bad for them to stare at the sun  
Save my soul with a flare and a gun

Yeah C'mon

You can find me on tour nightly  
I'll be lightin' up a stick like Hermione  
Excuse me miss if I ransack your handbag  
Flow's so heavy the damn track needs tampa

I'm so good I spell M.o.M with an "X" and a zillion F's and it's still correct  
Trippin' in a theme park with a ski mask  
This house is where the wild things are!

Playin' with fire elude the darkness  
With shootin stars as movin targets  
On a highway to hell with a stronger engine  
Grow the fuck up like crops in Nimbin  
Big league gotta move a little tougher  
Take to the plate with a Louisville Slugger  
Gettin' drunk with angels  
Let's keep the blood pumpin' like jumper cables

Mind Over Matter in the building!  
You know it!  
BNE and MoM knockin it out the park!  
Why don't you think outside the box like a new born baby!

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C'mon!