

Lights, Camera, Action

Bliss n Eso

This is dedicated to the MC
The struggles with the funds and
Most of his shows, you can count the crowd on one hand
He shred a bill with every tune that he's played, we roll
But barley even gets played on Community radio
And he 'aint got a label, he rolls dollo
Pressing up his own shit
And doing his own promo
He owes no dough
Like an old hobo
They think he's solo, go
But oh no no
He's like a lone Frodo
That won't give up
That when he turn at the weather
Even though the road is slow he's still determined as ever
Until he's churning out cheddar
Because he's flow is butter
He gotta get exposed like he needs to blow his cover
They start to feel his vibe
Cuz his rhyming is hot
So the deal arrives, and he just signs on the dot
It started so simply, all about the words that you say
But now the jerks that are paid off his works that are played
And he aint getting shit, just a few perks of the trade
He sees a real industry, and what lurks in the shade
Cuz everything he worked for the struggle, the bill the love and the skill
Aint worth shit next to a couple of mill.
So he sits back, feels lame, cheated and old
The games taking its toll, the fames raping he's soul
Of the industry, cuz they forgot that this is art
The aim was breaking the mould, not tryna fit the part
But if he spits it smart, he can hit the heart
He only got one dart, he aint gonna miss the mark
Creative control, only a few who are found
Completely credible music, but with that lucrative sound
[Chorus]It goes, Lights, camera, action (your on son)
You wanna rhyme but are you in it for the long run
Cuz you dream about platinum on this mic

Best, wake the fuck up, it don't happen overnight man
[X2]This is dedicated to the MC
Who lives in the spotlight.
Loti shown from hunger
Like dogs in a cock-fight
They're frightened by his freedom, so they call the police
But he's the one who wakes you up, when you've fallen asleep
That kid with an idea, who catches the bus
Who writes life through his eyes, that's attached to a brush
And he paints the world, exactly how he sees it
And if rhyming is a secret, I dunno how he keeps it
But believe me its some deeps shit, and these kids'll relate
Can't see it, but you feel it like a kick in the face
And when he grows up, shit so will he's rhymes
Time after time, again he'll keep blowing ya mind
He's flow is divine, just a young buck with a curse
He sets fire to a cipher, with just a couple of words
Man he's out for the cause, man he's out their on tours
Tryna visit ya town, there's no bringing him down
So, get ready for the ride of your life, tryna maintain but have a slice of the pie
It's a dam shame, that their life has a price
But they can't touch me or tell me what to rhyme on this mic
So I rhyme what I like, tryna bring that love back
Wild, and young and hard like a rugrat
Still walking in the club packed, yelling where the bar at?
Livin' like the underdog that promised that he'd come back.
[Chorus]It goes, Lights, camera, action (your on son)
You wanna rhyme but are you in it for the long run
Cuz you dream about platinum on this mic
Best, wake the fuck up, it don't happen overnight man
[X2]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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