

# Bomb Like Banksy

## Bliss n Eso

Yeah, I want it and they need it. I stay on it, it's no secret.  
So I talk you through telekinesis then bomb like Banksy, you better believe it.  
I want it and they need it. I stay on it, it's no secret.  
So I talk you through telekinesis then bomb like Banksy, you better believe it.  
Yo, see I did it for you, I did it for myself, I did it for the crew.  
And when we did it it was felt being phony is the only fucking image that'll sell.  
In a room full of mirrors taking pictures of yourself.  
So I hit em with the belt like Pooty Tang.  
Tell him pull your finger out and duce my gang.  
MC's, R Freaks, DJs, dreamers, story tellers,  
trickers that preach that freedom.  
Smokers, painters, lovers of the music,  
your fam, your clan, the hussle for improvement.  
The lives, the lies, the roof's on fire,  
set that stage ablaze and crush crews all night.  
I'm that little bugger with a boombox bangin.  
If ya can't hang better move on madame,  
cause every moment is honestly magic  
like South Park writers at the Oscars on acid.  
I want it and they need it. I stay on it, it's no secret.  
So I talk you through telekinesis then bomb like Banksy, you better believe it.  
I want it and they need it. I stay on it, it's no secret.  
So I talk you through telekinesis then bomb like Banksy, you better believe it. As a kid, shit I liked to challenge  
what my limit is.  
And with that pencil, used to draw a lot of images.  
Now I draw on the mental with the pencil  
but it's the words that writes that serve the paint what the picture is.  
The lyricist in art is like autumn is fall,  
so these songs are like the drawings that we don on the wall.  
Cast the erase spray in Jonathan's view mode,  
breakin out the silence like the wall is a cruso.  
Blue ocean, hungry, orange box and bungee.  
There and back again, it's like hopscotch in country.  
My crew's on the move in one jet we're flyin,  
with my sights set on that sunset horizon.  
Sippin sake with Mr. Miyagi, droppin crane he can knock you out, wisdom of Ghandi.  
Facin my fears head on, so I'm into the fray.  
When it's black and I'm white it's like the end of the grey, let it play. I want it and they need it. I stay on it, it's  
no secret.

So I talk you through telekinesis then bomb like Banksy, you better believe it.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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