

Tear The Roof Off (feat. Watsky)

Bliss n Eso

1: Bliss]

Uh

Tell 'em what it is, hit 'em with the manifesto
When I write every pen strokes like a fresco
That is sprawled on the walls of your mental
You ain't get the memo, shit
Better check mate 'cause I'm making moves like a chess pro
Free My Mind like En Vogue
'Cause I'ma fucking Hail Mary that is caught in the end zone
No strings attached from the get-go
I'm real, boy like the wish of Geppetto
Shit man, I was born a rebel
Been playing this game way before Nintendo
Ever since I could record a demo
Makin' a mic out of a corded headphone
Got bars locked down with a recorded to release
To make it big from the pen like Gordon Gecko
When the beat bass leave 'em on the zemo
I killed that bitch with a Jordan-esque flow
And as sure as that go
Ride around the planet quicker than a fucking soaring jet goes
Keep getting louder like more crescendo
The hands of the crowd are now horns of devils
I'm amped now, never had doubts so don't back down
Charge the track so hard it's a black out
As we drift, as we float
We are high in outer space
If you're hip to the code
We gon' fly the fuck away
This that shit that you know
Got you wylin' off your face
Oh yeah (yeah)
Oh yeah (yeah)Yo, one life to live, one love to give
You know we got it sorted
Two hands to build, oh man that's real
You know that's fucking gorgeous
Every second is precious
And life is but a dance
So here's your chance

To tear the fucking roof off
Big Macca is in beast mode
It's B.n.E. and my team glows
I stay up just to make love
To that paint brush, and give 'em heat strokes
I'm a speed boat down a ski slope
Sippin' miso, puffin' weed smoke
All g'd up, 'cause our VW's
That one with a candy apple green coat
As far as dreams go, I'm sweet bro
My fam is all I need, yo
I'ma stick it in your brain, just to fuck with your cerebral
On cloud nine's where my fleet floats
I got kilo's of that free hope
It's Friday and in my brain
I don't give a fuck about no Deebo
Let me tell you about my steelo
I'm like Ne-Yo verse Magneto
Having lightening fights at frightening heights
On the top of Jesus in Rio
I'm Han Solo mixed with CeeLo
Smoke Greedo on the D-Low
And when Macca spits I'm immaculate
'Cause I can decode the human genome
As we drift, as we float
We are high in outer space
If your hip to the code
We gon' fly the fuck away
This that shit that you know
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So here's your chance
To tear the fucking roof off
Sad violinists when I sold their violas
Mad like a hippie when you stole their granola
In the desert lookin' for a cold cherry cola
Life's hard like a cold areola, my
Thoughts tend to do hand grenade harm
I think, therefore I amputate arms
I'm not always a man with great charm
But I'll be there like the man from State Farm

I'm dedicated to getting better
Like meth-heads are dedicated to finding methods of getting faded
Defecated on microphones on every state in the land
So I better be scrubbing up before you're shaking my hand
I'm making a stand, put me in a jam I hang tough
Scram when I break my handcuffs
And I will shake every snake, every soft fake motherfucker off like flakes of dandruff
Because my back is a staircase, I get up in their face
And give 'em a rare taste of genuine bear mace
If you're in my airspace I'm shooting you down
If you think you're king, I'm surgically removing the crown
I'm movin' around, have some trouble choosin' a town
'Cause when I move I never lose any ground
At any given moment it's hard to really tell at what city I dwell
Find me in Philly bangin' my head on the Liberty bell
[?] heart boulevard
You're looking hard, Watsky and B.n.E
Never caught being seen where the rookies are
Luke Skywalker [?], hand caught in a cookie jar
And now that the day's before me
Gonna go out in a blaze of glory
Savour the phases, the crazy, insane
And then tell an amazing story Yeah, B.n.E and Watsky
From one geezer to another
Legend

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

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