

# lights camera action (phazed out)

## 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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