Happy In My Hoody

Bliss N Eso

Direct from the secret garden,
Next to my hovering castle
I break it down fresh
Like the crunch of an apple
Shit, so I just plug in my channel
It's that nutty motherfucker
With a bundle of cashews
In his head,
I just sled,
As the jungle unravels
With my satchel,
My lasso,
I jumped on my camel
Set forth with my pallet
And my colouring pastels
Johnathan Swift-ly writing
His Gulliver's Travels
At the Bliss brewery,
Guzzle a bubbling glass full
Went under my chateau,
Where I hung up my shadow
From the mantle,
Free from the government shackles
I can handle anything
The government tackles
They have grappled deep
With these troublesome vandals
You can catch me in my hoody
When I come to the battle
In my crooked canoe,
Pick the puddle to paddle
Still that wonderful chap,
Who tipped the slumbering cattle
I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday,
I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday
I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday,
If you ain't fucking with us
Then you ain't going my way
I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday,

With caps and kicks,
Pack the spliff full of high grade
I feel happy in my hoody on a Friday
And I can't see you
If your coming at me sideways
It's the rainy days,
Versus the endless summer
The place she made,
God bless my mother
It's the laws they make,
The laws I break
The highs, the lows,
The windy roads
The knowledge in rhyme,
Versus the bullets in your pistols
The dollars they dive for,
The pusher with a Pit-Bull
The too cool for school,
The never under pressure
The rebel with a cause
Whose ready for whatever
So catch me in my hoody,
Flipping off the pigs
Don't come around here
There's no shitting where I live
My whole platoon
Reps 1 love daily
Mad like Stewy
Yelling fuck you pay me
On the double
Cuz I'm trouble if you don't
Motherfucker there's no muzzle
On my nose
I'm a bit back,
You like that
Phrase: Hell yeah, kick it Macka
I don't need a bike rack,
I ride that shitty tractor
Phrase:

Cats love it
Cuz the flow look hot
Like the body of a coupe
With a cream drop top
Let's go, readjust,

Kids strap your belts
Lets take a little ride
To the wishing well
That well which
Inside my wish had fell
Where this wretched witch
Then cast a spell
And she must've used hers
Like twice as strong
Cuz it made me wanna smoke
Like Cheech and Chong
Right or wrong,
I was hooked,
I had found my calling
I couldn't get enough
Of this downwards falling
It's not to say
The sound on the earth was boring
But I knew that under ground
Was worth exploring
So I packed my bags
And I grabbed my swag
And I haven't been back since then
Since then
You can catch my hoody on a Friday
Getting pissy with the lads
On the highway
Blazing - to Frank Sinatra,
Did it my way
I can't believe
We're getting paid for getting sideways
Hijack:
Where my dingoes at,
We had to trample the track
Hijack the straw
That broke the camel's back
Got my whole career in shambles,
But I'm handling that
Watch you leave in an ambulance
And we sampling that
That's the sound of the city
We drop ounces of sticky,
Round like Mr Whippy
Catch me in my hoody
Getting blazed again

Right now the weed,
I smoke the sleeve,
It's made of hemp
I got to pay the rent,
You motherfuckers should know
Don't make me beat you down
With a phone like Russell Crowe
I flip a couple shows,
Hustle a bundle of smoke
Watch the bills crumble and chuckle,
Like o
Shit I'm rich,
Feel so important
Till I wake the next day,
It's gone by the morning
Raw like Michael Moore,
Got the government strung out
I kicked a rhyme about Howard,
He got kicked the fuck out
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