

Soldier On

Bliss n Eso

Yo, Bliss n Eso is like back and forth like jack n torch and trust me,
We tap the source and rap with force but fuck me,
These rappin' dorks are crap, of course,
So why when we do a show, it's always as these whack cats support?
And why do their tracks go north and ours go nowhere?
Why do I lack a Porsche, why is it no fair?
Please, pull your fuckin' skirt up
I'm proud of everything we've done
And everything we've worked for,
And I wouldn't read you shit if I could I feel darko,
'Cause if we open for y'all it's still our show,
Bliss, I'm just a brother with a given goal
So don't you dare try to shove me in that pigeon hole
Of being boring and lame,
The game fortune and fame,
When I just walk the darkness with a torch and a flame
When it's pouring with rain,
I drop gems in the drizzle
And stay forging our name,
With a pen as a chisel,
Where my mind is a mallet,
I'm rhyming the Alice,
And gallop through Sleepy Hollow to the side of a palace
Man I could dive in the sunrise,
I could swim in this breeze,
This poem makes me a jungle and I'm swinging from trees,
What could you possibly utter to be like stopping us, brother?
When we out on the road, man, all we got is each other, slugging it out (c'mon)
On a Sunday ground circuit
Just running amok
It's like a three clown circus,
But we found purpose to speak our minds,
Through beats and rhymes,
And we ain't even reached our prime,
I'm just a poetry-peddler, who found the lavish gold,
And you can see it too, it's just down this rabbit hole Oh, I've (c'mon) been marching for so long (get busy)
Representing where I'm from (Sin City)
When I make these songs, it makes me strong so I can soldier on,
(C'mon) Been marching for so long (get busy)

Representing where I'm from (Sin City)
When I make these songs, it makes me strong so I can soldier on.(Yo... check me out right here)
On this mic I'm a stampeding buffalo,
My fingers paint pictures of a man cleaning up his thrown,
Getting ready for any attack
'Cause me and this mic, we've become very attached,
And I won't let go of this feeling I've got in my belly,
The revolution is here, and it's not on your tellyHave you ever had to hate when you're tryna be calm?
Have you ever had your own mother die in your arms?
Well, I have and her outlook keeps me strong,
The rolling stone of this home since she's been gone,
So I know what it's like to only have your crew,
Where meaning seems lost, and you know you have to choose
To get up or get down when life's tryna be serious,
Get up, like school's out and life's a free period,
But when it happened I didn't wanna go out,
'Cause if people couldn't relate shit I wanna throw down,So how can I write and stay out for the cause?
When hell's in my lounge room and there's doubt in my thoughts,
It was the sun through a smile when I look in her pictures,
It's the fact that my rapping's not a hook for the riches,
And if I give you my heart,
I hope it makes me rich,
'Cause I don't roll in a Royce like a Jay-Z clip,
But if you fake you're rich, bro,
Take these hints
That's just Satan bum-fucking you for 18 cents,
But me, I'm willing to roll; I'm willing to ride,
Shit, I'm still in control; I'm still on this mic.Oh, I've (c'mon) been marching for so long (get busy)
Representing where I'm from (Sin City)
When I make these songs, it makes me strong so I can soldier on,
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