

# Up Jumped the Boogie

## Bliss n Eso

Yeah, it's that new Bliss N Eso shit straight out the Woodworks  
So ladies and gentleman, friends and crews  
I came here to represent and vent my views  
See, they want you brainwashed like everyone's for the money  
While we want the scene to blow like cherry bombs in the dunny  
So check it out, check it out this is Eso on the mic  
No fuckin' around, I came to get you in the vibe  
Grab life by the balls and never look behind  
'Cause when that bling bling dies you can bet I'll be alive  
A revolution of radical rebels, writin' raw, reflect the rap  
Of this cataclysmic cool, calm, collected cat  
The front row covered when I'm spittin' the rhyme spray  
Got skeletons on stage playin' rickety steinsways  
I sit with the owls, flippin' 'em out, flippin' the vowels  
The midnight paddock runner who's tippin' the cows  
Spittin' it foul, down and dirty 'cause my crew's shabby  
All I wants my girl, beer, a used Caddy and this dude's happy  
Well, you heard about the boys from the foreign land  
They gonna stroll across the globe with the mic in their hand  
And they be puttin' it down, the only way they know how  
So sing it, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
So sing it, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
From the moment the show starts and we emerge  
When the curtains break  
Your chest starts burnin' like you're slurpin' the bourbon straight  
We blow the spot with more heat we servin' than a furnace makes  
Percolate this bitch until we certain every person shakes  
The bim bam boogiemani is drinkin' till I'm plastered  
All over your ears, rappin', swingin' from the rafters  
Got asses leavin' the seats when I'm freakin' the beat  
Just husslin' like Harry Flint with the freedom of speech  
So while it seems like there's millions of cats that stack loot  
My crews here to stay like tax and tattoos  
And there's no match for the kid that blows your mind  
'Cause beatin' me is like returnin' videos on time  
And the music I make is like peakin' on a trip  
Call me Jimmy Open Doors, day dreamin' with a spliff  
Puttin' pressure on the player, tryin' to look like the cool guy  
But couldn't come close if he spoofed on the bulls eye  
Well, you heard about the boys from the foreign land  
They gonna stroll across the globe with the mic in their hand  
And they be puttin' it down, the only way they know how  
So sing it, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
Well, you heard about the boys from the foreign land  
They gonna stroll across the globe with the mic in their hand

And they be puttin' it down, the only way they know how  
So sing it, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, laSee they tried to put it down but up jumped the boogie  
See they tried to put it down but up jumped the boogie  
See they tried to put it down but up jumped the boogie  
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See they tried to put it down but up jumped the boogie  
So sing it, la la la la la la la laWell, you heard about the boys from the foreign land  
They gonna stroll across the globe with the mic in their hand  
And they be puttin' it down, the only way they know how  
So sing it, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, laWell, you heard about the boys from the foreign land  
They gonna stroll across the globe with the mic in their hand  
And they be puttin' it down, the only way they know how  
So sing it, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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