Can't Get Rid Of This Feeling

Bliss N Eso

[Eso]
One, two, one, two mic check respect
To the old school and new lest we forget
That we come along way through the pain and lovin'
To get that feelin' of freedom we wouldn't change for nothin'

[Bliss]
See I sprouted in the spring of 80's, sailed the seas for
A third world, home ship wrecked in Indonesia
Drifted to Virginia where my cargo like in a story
And I take you back without Donny Darko in a delorium
I learnt to beat box mimicking P.G.C
You remember the titans but I never did C.T.C just
Public elementary the PTA called a stray noise
NWA tapes hidden under beds with four playboys
In 92 I went down under but im like E.T
Cause no-one spoke this language cept' some dude in the B.E
See we found a baron just an excuse to cuss lots
But you damn right the only two dudes rappin at the bus stops

[Chorus]x2
This is hip-hip, a sick man's medicine
This blood, sweat, tears n lovin' adrenalin
And it just (And it just) gives me that feelin' (it just gives me that feelin')

[Eso]
So from tryin' to stay up late to not sleepin' for days
Till my inner child smile when the reefer gets blazed
From crews that drift apart to mine that keeps shit in sync
From the girl that I love, to the peace that she brings
Cause her harmony's the only thing that makes me behave
Hoping next month grows wings and takes me away
If only you could see this poet dance on his note pad
Oblivious to things I don't have
Cause, music is everywhere, music is life
And to the rhythm of the tap drip music is mine
Music is yours
And you can feel it on tours
From trains to bus rides, down south to up north

May the force be with you
See this crew three fists full
Poetry with power, life I know it's in the flowers is magic where my mind's in orbit
This brain's a foster home and these rhymes are orphans

[Chorus] x2
This is hip-hip, a sick man's medicine
This blood, sweat, tears n lovin' adrenalin
And it just (And it just) gives me that feelin' (it just gives me that feelin')

[Bliss & Eso]
We gotta, live for the minute die for the culture
Young n hard but only gettin' older
Lord knows ill never put the mic down
Let's go we'll make it happen right now
Live for the minute die for the culture
Young n hard but only gettin' older
Lord knows ill never put the mic down
Let's go we'll make it happen right now

[Bliss]
I got a lot to give, but I gotta live
So we win of this mic man is my prerogative
This game is ill so im just livin' for the minute
Can't play life from the bench man you gotta get up in it
And its all worth it
From the page where my lead roams
So touch any spirit
When I fed poems to wet foams
Workin' in the mud but yo im dreamin' in the clouds
And shit I can feel your love when you're screamin' out loud
It goes

[Chorus] x2
This is hip-hip, a sick man's medicine
This blood, sweat, tears n lovin' adrenalin
And it just (And it just) gives me that feelin' (it just gives me that feelin')

Oh heeeeeey
Oh heeeeeey
Oh heeeeeey
Oh heeeeeey
Oh heeeeeey
Oh heeeeeey
Oh heeeeeey

Oh heeeeeey

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