

# Coppin' It Sweet

## Bliss n Eso

Here's just coppin' it sweet.  
Coppin' it sweet...  
Yo, Bliss n Eso is a chance to see,  
Something different from another cheap dance routine,  
I'm a, fist for freedom,  
I'm as deep as it gets,  
I don't own a home in rome,  
Or have keys to a jet.  
But on this mic i write like life's just another lovely day,  
I wont stress at no desk for another croppy pay,  
We drop for the intelligent, do this for the kids,  
I don't have to fit their image bro my crew is on some shit.  
On some shit hold up.  
Who just stepped in some place,  
Like flippin' them flows and rippin' themselves without a second to waste?  
Yo my name is Bliss and I admit that I'm bumpin' the bomb shit,  
I'm just a yank who's splittin' join the country of convicts,  
Full of Africans, Indians, Asians, South a north Americans, Arabs, Europeans,  
Man, No matter what ya herritage, this country is like hip hop,  
It don't matter where you came from,  
We all a part of it, And get down under the same drums,  
Well I don't know where I'm going but I know where I've been and I can tell you that this is true,  
(This is true)  
Without a dollor to my name or a care in the world, there ain't nothin' that I can't do,  
(Nothing that I can't do)  
(Play on)  
To the rapper who be rocking the crowd,  
(Play on)  
To the band who be knocking them out,  
(Play on)  
Coz hot damn it's a Saturday night,  
We gunna bring it how we living when we grabbing the mic,  
(Check it check it)  
See people get so caught up in their careers and their shit right,  
An take it so serious that yo they forget to live life,  
Like who are you and (How you living)  
Why you rapping (What's your motive)  
What you making (What's your planet)  
Where you at (An where you from)

Fuck that, Get up, Drop the flow, What's not to blow,  
Jump up, Jump back, It's a jump off, Geronimo,  
Rock a show, At the pack festival to make an exit,  
Now check this for a second bro and look at what you left with,  
You gotta pickit fence, A pool and a mortgage,  
Divorced wife 3 kids 2 porshes,  
Worked hard for the joys of the wealth,  
But on the way, did you enjoy yourself?  
Spent 50 years at your 9-5, Rich but sad by the time you die,  
Chasing their dreams just blinds the mind, Now snap has gone keep it right on the time,  
Just knock off early,  
(Crack a beer and)  
Dust them shoulders,  
(Wipe them tears and)  
Walk and talk and,  
(Hit the club and)  
Loosen your tie and,  
(Feel the buzzin')  
Feel the lovin'  
(Paint a picture)  
We all in the same LIFE BOAT,  
Live to the max an smash the gas,  
Till the tanks on empty and die.  
Well I don't know where I'm going but I know where I've been and I can tell you that this is true,  
(This is true)  
Without a dollor to my name or a care in the world,  
There ain't nothin' that I can't do,  
(Nothing that I can't do)  
(play on)  
To the dj who be droppin' the beat,  
(play on)  
To the people who be coppin' it sweet,  
(play on)  
For the music, For persuing the loot,  
We bring it down right and gut it when we doing the doot,  
Till the end of the week, I live by the beat,  
Like you never check the check,  
If you don't move your feet,  
Then I don't eat, So we like neck to neck.  
So stop, Drop lets go, Get up,  
Sup now, We're brothers, And with a fist brother throw it up,  
It's hip hop down under when we're dropping a beat, You in a house?  
(Hell yeah)  
Well then you're coppin' it sweet.  
So stop, Drop lets go, Get up,

Sup now, We're brothers, And with a fist brother throw it up,  
It's hip hop down under when we're dropping a beat, You in a house?

(Hell yeah)

Well then you're coppin' it sweet.

Well I don't know where I'm going but I know where I've been and I can tell you that this is true,

(This is true)

Without a dollar to my name or a care in the world,

There ain't nothin' that I can't do,

(Nothing that I can't do)

(Play on)

To the rapper who be rocking the crowd,

(Play on)

To the band who be knocking them out,

(Play on)

Coz hot damn it's a Saturday night,

We gunna bring it how we living when we grabbing the mic,

(Play on)

To the dj who be droppin' the beat,

(Play on)

To the people who be coppin' it sweet,

(Play on)

For the music, For persuing the loot,

We bring it down right and gut it when we doing the doot,

(woooooo)

Till the end of the week, I live by the beat,

Like you never check the check,

If you don't move your feet,

Then I don't eat, So we like neck to neck.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>