

# Woodstock 2008

## Bliss N Eso

Gonna bring out the gorilla in me yall  
Hear the pistols pump, hear the engine roar  
That's my heart and soul, trying to bend the law  
It's a beautiful night, to fly like a phoenix  
Bang the beat and get high like I'm Jesus

I had a choice  
Before I got lost on a canvas  
Conform to the norm,  
Or go off on a tangent  
To a field of dreams,  
We built it with no bucks  
So I aimed for the stars  
And tilted my scope up  
Suddenly

Suddenly at gigs  
We were packing the floor,  
Having 'em roar  
It took 2 lp's

To get a crack in the door  
Here's Johnny,  
But I'm happy of course  
I talk total true thoughts  
When I'm tackling tours  
Matter fact, I just rap,  
Not a cat with a Porsche  
I'm a tug-of-war of words

Whirling backwards and forwards  
And I can't get enough of this feeling,  
Blaze the bonfire

Up on this beach and  
Welcome to Woodstock 2 double o 8  
You better buckle up, this ride has no breaks  
I'm 'a fang the bitch, till it flames out the back  
Out of control like a train off it's tracks

You know god damn well  
Who burnt the house down  
Buried the bullshit  
And turned the sound round  
B.e.i, we bring it back to basics

And get the whole crowd ape shit  
~hook:  
Well I've been slaving for 5 days,  
And finally the weekend's arrived  
The walls and roof is on fire,  
Now that's what I call Saturday night  
See if the vibe is right  
And the beat is tight  
Trust me my brother we gon' eat tonight  
And that's a 7 course meal  
For my people in the gutter  
If we all can't share,  
I ain't eating mother fucker  
I went down to the woods  
And took a look into my soul and  
A kaleidoscope of colours  
Started cooking in my cauldron  
In a dark world I gotta fight  
Through the cruel night  
Spread my wings,  
Take flight into moonlight  
I'm just basking in the sunshine  
Of fates soothing innocence  
Painting with a personal pallet  
Of moving images  
I am my lifes editor,  
You bet I might be that  
Jedi knight on your red eye flight

Direct like Billy Walsh,  
I'm in charge like the Dalai Lama  
Roll with my entourage  
Like Johnny drama  
Sky surf a computer of destiny  
Back at the bliss batch,  
Booze and Buddha is the recipe  
It's a baboon bash,  
A barbarian ball  
Where we all get together  
And we never get bored  
Yeah we're clever with the swords,  
Looked what popped out bitch  
Came stomping through your hood  
With this knock out shit  
~hook:

Well I've been slaving for 5 days,  
And finally the weekend's arrived  
The walls and roof is on fire,  
Now that's what I call Saturday night  
I don't move crack rock  
In a fat sock  
I move dope rhymes  
Snap locked in a laptop  
Going 80 on the freeway,  
Chillin with my dj  
Hot to trot  
And we drop with no delay  
This is my heart and soul bra,  
My art and culture  
We hold this bitch down  
Like Spartan soldiers  
So god forsake me for tellin my rhyme  
But big Macka does tell it on time  
With the sirens blaring  
I rock the damn Richter  
I'm the fire Aries,  
The cosmic transmitter  
I can't complain  
That you don't know my name  
And if that's the case  
Then baby please let me explain  
It be that lumberjack Macka  
And johnathon Coltrane  
Izm in the back,  
Digging through the wax,  
Doing his thing  
God forsake me  
God forsake what we do in the hood  
God forsake me  
God forsake what we do in the hood  
God forsake me  
God forsake what we do in the hood  
God forsake me  
Big Macka is up to no good  
~hook:  
Well I've been slaving for 5 days,  
And finally the weekend's arrived  
The walls and roof is on fire,  
Now that's what I call Saturday night  
~hook~ x2

~eso ending x 2:

Put the pedal to the metal,  
I'm on another level,  
You cannot bring me down  
I never settle with the devil,  
I'm a renegade rebel,  
You got to feel me now

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