

Rattling The Keys To The Kingdom

Hilltop Hoods

We came and we conquered, they praying to poppa
They claiming they want to, they really don't want to
You ain't maiming a monster so don't bother with offers
Till the day that I die, I ain't stepping aside for one of you
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Check, When I start breathing heavily, I scar the beat
and melody
They said that we dreaming we'll keep reaching till we leaving heavenly
The key to freedoms said to be, release and leave the memory
Think you offended me? Please, with critics like these who needs an enemy?
Indeed a breed of pedigree beast unleashing speech telepathy
Here to bleed the industry of its diseased and evil effigy
Demons, thieving, greed and revelry, we're in need and seeking remedy
But it seems to stay ten feet ahead of me like a centipede
I'm a train upon a track, I'm a flame upon a match
Ain't straying from my place I want my face upon the map
I'm the weight upon your back, I'm a razor on your lap
We came to conquer, stage and opera, fade it onto black
Now hush, hear the voice, so addicted to the
Rush to fill the void, missing everything we
Love to feel joy, build it up then we
Crush, kill, destroy
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I go bananas every time, mind blown Nirvana,
Nevermind
They need some ketamine to calm us, harness the darkness every line
Till I been enlightened I'm leaving 'em terrified
Like Bin Laden been hiding under their bed every night they go beddy-bye
Fat as the fattest Federline, fat as that cat post Brittney
Madness that is a friend of mine, rappers get mashed so quickly
War comes, hear the roar from the raw drums, beat your poor son just from the boredom
Jump up, but you're stunned, dumb struck, you're done like Young Buck post Fifty

We claw at the morons, and pour on the soothing hooks on heaters
Like them pouring the Boron on core on the shore of Fukushima
They adore the recordings and we lording it over them
Think we're joking? Then we're going door to door with some Dobermans
No DMX, they thinking they got me pegged like BMX
But ain't seeing T or X, Briggs, Hons, Debris or Vents
We the best, no Khaled
We the best like Ali, Muhammad

Songwriters

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