

# Laying Blame

## Hilltop Hoods

### Verse One - Suffa

I gave birth to half these styles, you should pay me rhyme support,  
Like Billy Jean suing Michael Jackson for child support,  
Rhyme is thought, what is it? Lethal, Damn you'll get hurt,  
Cos I XL like the tag on my shirt,  
I'll have these rappers easing back, rhyme with a swagger,  
Feed your girl aphrodisiacs and hide your viagra,  
If pain was diabetes, rhyme would be my insulin,  
I'm taking out the insolent in an instant when  
They bring the rhyme; I'll battle if you wanna tussle,  
A single line can turn that fatty matter into muscle,  
You stagnate, while my rhymes circulate like rumours,  
Your living proof that god has a sense of humour,  
I'm butter made from the cream that came from the crop,  
I'll move the mountain to Mohammed scream my name from the top,  
And proclaim what I got, boy, so give me headroom,  
These clubs are full of more toys than spoilt kids bedrooms,  
When I'm on stage I might lose my breath,  
Cos I got so much heart that there's no room in my chest,  
Left for lungs, yes the bests yet  
To come, my rhymes like a hand around your neck,  
Constricting your breathing like snakebites and beestings,  
I'm all up in these arseholes faces like G-Strings,  
I searched the world for opposition but I fear the  
Only competition I found was in a mirror.

### Verse Two - Pressure

When Pressure steps to the batters plate you salivate, known to captivate,  
I have to break new barriers like when a chaste nun masturbates,  
If one more critic asks me what I do, I'll slap them mate,  
And tell them I'm a rapper as I strap her up in gaffer tape,  
Loudmouths make me wanna flip,  
MCs only dream they got a grip, and wake up with their hand on their dick,  
Honest, if they ride the nuts I tell the get off me,  
Cos I'm unstable like a cradle bridge, so don't cross me,  
I'm highly explosive; you're a child playing with matches,  
I break rappers you give hairline fractures,  
These actors keep it real? You're really wak it's fact,  
You spit one-liners while I spit the finest chapters,

Perhaps it's time to retire the mic,  
Like the Bulls should have done son, cos no-one wants to be like,  
That anymore, cos nowadays you're taken on a fantasy tour,  
Of coke, guns and gold when they're actually poor,  
Factually flawed, yet entertaining,  
I guess it how far we're willing to go to satisfy a craving,  
Make them swallow their tongues like epileptics,  
Then I'll respect it, I come clean as if my lube was antiseptic,  
So blow me, you still couldn't rhyme fresh,  
I'm on a higher level of divineness, so call me your highness,  
There's only three things that are certain in life,  
Death, taxes and Hilltop Hood working the mic.

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