

Hillatoppa

Hilltop Hoods

VERSE 1: PRESSURE

My words ring true, so until the end of the marriage,
Cutting my neck from my back is the only severance package,
For this veteran that is blessed and possessed with the language,
In a profession that takes less than a second for Pressure to vanish,
I scream vocals clear in the hope your hearing your host,
Less we choke in fear of the smoke and mirrors,
This scene is on fire, feeding my bleeding desire,
So when Ps behind the wheel indeed youll need to retire cause Im a,
Hillatoppa, breath no less than seventy proof,
Yeah we connect with youth, when my left is caressing your tooth,
Invested in confessing the truth, the proof my sweat in the booth,
Hang around this ending with your neck in a noose,
So move back, call truce retract,
Were too fat to fall through the cracks,
And Ive never had quitting in mind, sick of my rhyme?

Slit your wrist and consider this the finishing line

VERSE 2: SUFFA

You better swallow your pride like lions eating their young,
Cos Im a beast with a beat, two lungs and a drum,
And now that Mr Superflows back on his feet,
Im going stupid bro so you can go back to your seat,
Im a Hillatoppa filled with vodka and vinegar,
Mocking you miniatures, more props than Bollywood cinema,
Last call, me and P will be drunk all summer,
Jim Carey, Jeff Daniels, call us drunk and dumber,
People are starving and theyre putting Lamborghini doors,
On a fucking Hummer? Give some to the funky drummer,
And Ill ride this beat like a drunken lover with no fucking rubber,
And I fucking love her,
Girl dont leave me,
I need you and see that you dont need me,
But if you leave me alone,
Youll break my heart, Ill fall apart and lose my seat on the throne,
Like an opera,
A tragedy like an opera

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