Obese Lowlifes

Hilltop Hoods

Verse 1 - Mystro
Well I'm the one to bring the funk although my armpit's not stinking,
And I'm known to hold flows like the glass you drop drinking,
Never crude man I started of limping,
Plus I rock a fella like I know the art of parking lot pimping yeah,
You people know of Mys, the one whose flow's crazy,
And is so gravy that it should come with a bowl of rice,
The MBS with the Hilltop Hoods,
Make B-Boys and Girls break quicker than real soft wood, let's go.
Verse 2 - Pressure
I never hit on a girl, at least with no hand,
Girls are like serving time but time waits on no man,
Got nothing on women so I spread love on the rhythm,
And get you out your seat quicker than corrupt politicians,
And I'm on the brink, man it makes me stop and think,
I don't drink till I drop cos I think I might drop my drink,
Think you're more, than us? We believe in war,
Trust me your nothing I aint seen before.
Verse 3 - Braintax
With one pen too high to overextend,
In dreamland with freedom starting again,

With foresight thrive on the magic of life,
And five fingers plus a mic make sick shit, Braintax,
Fuck Tony Blair like I hate George Bush,
Another seven day week, you ready for the push?
Through the eight million stories that you can't write down,
Start again from the top, come on people bounce.
Verse 4 - Suffa
Man all these pollies in power are cowards so it's only fair,
That I hate John Howard like I hate Tony Blair,
And I croon like Tony Bennet in a rental tux,
Experimental cuts, with the Brando Flux and Mys Diggy,
No one's as fly as these kings,
I'll leave you beside yourself like Siamese twins,
We're so deep, so nice, so full of promise,
But obese, lowlifes man what woman would want us?
We're like some hooded up bombers out storming the yard,
We're going large like a junkie out pawning his car,

This is the core of the art, and it's all from the heart,
This music put your life together when it's falling apart.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/