Roll On Up

Hilltop Hoods

"Well he used to high fly but he crashed out the sky
In a stardust fling, hey rock 'n roll king is down"

Roll on up
As we proceed, to give you what you need
Roll on up
As we proceed, we hit the freeway and roll
(on up)

Verse 1 - Suffa
Shows and flows til the rhyme was felt,
Coast to coast and cut through the Bible belt,
A tribal yell til the vibe was felt,
Surviving hell and back man, on every track, man saliva spelt,
Hilltop, we hustled independent,
Obese, the muscle and the emblem,
We paved roads with our soul and suffering,
For the stage coach carrying hip hop to roll on up in,
There's something that's making them nervous
The undergrounds taking these verses and breaking the surface,
With a brand new cockiness, a brand new confidence,
Treat em like they owe me man; pay me my compliments,
No obstacles the fans and the fam make it possible,
And Obese got a roster full of rocket fuel,
So keep an eye out for those out ripping it up,
Putting it down, cos the fans are now picking it up.

Chorus
Roll on up, hip hop's no longer living
In rock's shadow, the kids are now spitting not singing,
Roll on up, and come and see emcees free
Their sounds, to the sound of an MPC it goes,
Roll on up, hip hop's no longer living
In rock's shadow, the kids are now spitting not singing,
Roll on up, and see the DJs getting the love,
From every head that step in the club, we hit the freeway and roll

Verse 2 - Pressure
With this everyday hustle,
Ain't nothing over night man, it takes struggle to make muscle,

And half of these kids are under the poverty line,
The other half confuse skills with gonna be signed,
But man this world doesn't owe you a debt,
So don't you expect a hand out or me to show you respect,
I got no regrets, why? Cos really it's proof,
That makes a good lie better than the hideos truth,
I don't preach or scream ain't trying to teach the scene,
The only guidelines are those you need to read between,
And the eighties is gone it's a crazy biz,
Nowadays hip hop's whatever the fuck I say it is,
The reason I'm down, and kept my feet on the ground
So I could breathe life back into the street with my sound,
So from the rappers to the vinyl stores, risking their spinal cord,
To define a cause we able to reach our final straw.

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Verse 3 - Suffa & Pressure
(Suffa)
We roll on ripping it,
Cos some of these execs are just soulless lepers,
They'll buy your lunch cos they stole your breakfast,
Now who I'm going to let control these records (what?)
And who's going to hold these weapons
Roll independent (roll up)
We owe nothing to no-one,
Got love for Elefant tracks, and love for the Shogun,
Got love for the hydrofunk and the homespun
(Pressure)
Cause we a dying breed and this loathsome,
Industries about the mint, not the plant that dresses lunches,
Nah man it's the plant that presses hundreds,
We run with each and every rhymer since,
Cause we never been so large that I couldn't read the finer print.

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