

## Hilltop Hoods f/ Omni

### "Conversations From a Speakeasy"

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[Verse 1]

(Pressure)

Let's get introductions aside

Pressure, Omni and Suffa tonight busting the mic like

Lately I've been hearing nothing but hype

Pen's mightier than your sword? Then you'd be fucked  
in a fight

From the point of the exact conception I've had  
perfection

And you ain't close to Omni even though you may lack  
direction

I've got a good heart, but bad intentions

Pressure don't need a map for reference I'm a man of  
legends

I'll last forever like bad impressions

Like the first night you cursed in adolescence

The way I slam a sentence can panic veterans

Some things are better left unsaid like anything that I  
have to mention

My loud mouths my downfall it's doubtful

I'll bite off more than I can chew cos I already got a  
mouthful

Act like I astound y'all, well I'm a scoundrel

With enemies but cliché is a friend of me, I'm out y'all

[Chorus]

Pull up a chair, and kick your feet on the table

Let down you hair, lean back in your seat if you're able

We've got the Jazz, for your speakeasy conversations

It's the universal language of relaxation

[Verse 2]

(Omni)

The heart of the giant, the eye of the lion

The smell of victory is what makes me keep trying

My will to survive is like I'm stranded on an island

I keep rhyming; keep climbing till somebody find me

My city's been behind me since the mid nineties

Right around the time when it was cool to be grimy

My DJ used to make the earth spin in reverse

Put the needle to the dirt, spread the word like you

heard it first  
Now it's all twisted, somebody told the truth but they  
missed it  
I put it on my CD but they skipped it  
But that's what happens when you do something  
different  
Some people can just stay content with the simple shit  
I live my life fast like it's my last  
I don't trip off of cash or dwell in the past  
I'm bigger than that; I'm bigger than rap  
One of the sickest MCs on the map for bringing that  
back

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

(Suffa)

I heard there ain't no party like an open bar  
We lay out rhymes like drinks for a broken heart  
Heartbreak like liquor in an open scar  
So bizarre, roll thick like smokers tar  
Tell me who can rock parties with no guitar  
And if I ain't getting paid then I'm leaving in the  
promoters car  
Tell me who you know this far  
Gone, on till the moments...  
Gone, on till the break of this governments back  
And it's on till my mates are all loving the tracks  
No thugs in his raps, no muggings and macks  
And no guns, just trying to get us up on the map  
Bust, Suffa on wax, trust it's on  
I'm trying to do for rhyme what digital cameras did for  
porn  
Born in a small town, die with a big mouth  
Hoods tore it all down, shouts to the kids south

[Chorus] {x4 till fade}

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