

Hilltop Hoods

"Conversations From A Speakeasy Restrung"

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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 aint 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 yall, well I'm a scoundrel,
With enemies but cliché is a friend of me, I'm out yall.

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 - Okwerdz

The seas are combinin' to breathe in the lions,
Its not Omni its Okwerdz with tha rhymin,
You need to be supportin these cats with tha passion,
Instead of beefin about what action they rap with,
As if it ain't tough enough to come up with a record,
Just ask the Hoods really could Suffa from the
Pressure,
Get it? Nah!
Its hard, let me tell you,
And in this era I wish fans in America were as hungry

as they are in Australia,
Got the heart of failure,
Got stuff for the broads and the boys,
Theres something all for the fellas,
Just climb back, and just get chill with us now,
Hey yo and why's that? Cause I'm sick of yellin so loud,
But I'm the hungriest alive, cant to do wont wait,
So turn your head for a second you might lose your
place,
So its Doc Dim meets Adelaide, ey oh just bring the
platinum plaques this way.

Chorus

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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 aint getting paid then I'm leaving in the
promoters car,
Tell me who you know this far,
Gone, on till the momentsâ€¦
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

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