

Hilltop Hoods

"Conversations Of A SpeakEasy"

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CONVERSATIONS FROM A SPEAKEASY (Feat. OMNI)

(M. Lambert/D. Smith/B. Francis/J. McDonald)

Produced by Suffa for Suffering City Productions

Written and performed by D. Smith, J. McDonald and M. Lambert

Scratches by DJ Debris

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 - 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

Pull up a chair, and kick your feet on the table,
Let down you hair, lean back in your seat if you're able,
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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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