

## Hilltop Hoods "Dumb Enough"

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This is recreation, set your station, and get your place  
in  
A comfy seat, pump this beat, Pressure will set the  
occasion,  
For your entertainment I work hard on my flows,  
This scene is full of falling MCs I wear hardhats to  
shows,  
And every hip hop head's a critic, cos some hit the  
stage hard,  
But couldn't get these arseholes open at a gay bar,  
It's a comedy festival; they're so unintelligible,  
Can't work out if they got peas for brains, or they're just  
vegetables,  
It's sounds pathetic as me being anorexic,  
I do damage like a paralytic, paramedic with no  
anaesthetic,  
Girls shake my hand, guys want to hug me it's a worry,  
If I forgot your name I'm sorry, you're probably pretty  
ugly,  
I'm scared of getting old, so when it comes D-Day,  
I'm a thank you all for dissing me, then say something  
cliché,  
And when I'm dead and buried I want you in 'Life Be In  
It' shirts,  
At my cemetery singing fâçâ, -Ã,Â!

Hilltop Hoods and we're coming up,  
So step on up if you're dumb enough  
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So step on up if you're dumb enough.

People chant the chorus when they hear it, Yo it's on,  
You rise like a tsunami, when you feel it; it's the bomb,  
I'll make origami of your lyrics,  
Geez that's good Suffa, what is it? It's a swan,  
I got the shit to bomb MCs back to the Stone Age,  
On stage, I'll get you out your seat quicker than road  
rage,  
I take them all from beat jackers to backpackers,  
With tracks fat as fuck, I ran amok on these wak  
rappers,  
But then it happened. What happened? What I thought

could,  
I screwed all these MCs, yeah? Then it got awkward,  
It got weird didn't it  
You don't wanna see me anymore,  
Oi Suffa you can't sing, yeah I can't even hum a tune,  
But I make this crowd bounce like bedsprings on a  
honeymoon,  
Come and do your best but it's still not good enough,  
Suff is rough I'm with the

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From the hilltops in the Andes, to the Rockies in  
Canada,  
We infecting mics like Tommy did Pamela,  
They gassed in the head, that trash you said was pure  
jealousy,  
Like 'Left Foot, Right Foot's an invitation to step to me,  
You're loosing you footing, you need some Velcro on  
them Shell toes,  
In fights I'm throwing rhymes, in rhyme fights I'm  
throwing elbows,  
I move a crowd like stolen goods, so try and get a hold  
when,  
You couldn't move your shit with a diuretic colon,  
I already told them, the hills are impassable,  
impossible,  
The truth hurts; this rhyme will put you in hospital,  
Break it down like a molecule, we burning like fossil  
fuel,  
I'm something of a phenomenon - I'm phenomenal,  
These rappers they don't wanna fuck with Suff,  
You better turn off your mic, unless you're dumb  
enough,  
Cos we're running up on stage from night until the sun  
is up,  
So run amok you're with the

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