

Hilltop Hoods

"Elevate"

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[Verse 1]

(Pressure)

Don't stop or hesitate, lyrical blows will make you levitate
Brothers think their fat, damn their fuckin' feather weight
For heavens sake, I never crossed over ever mate
I regularly elevate, my upper man regulate
I never mate
Brothers say I come back from hell to wait
MC's selling their souls to record companies
Celibates like selling rates
I'm sleeping while their well awake
I celebrate while they feel the rainy weather mate
So while I'm well awake the album drops but they never make
They telling me to prepare for the venom when they smell a snake
There's a thousand stories in the city that are hell or fake
I never wait for mine to waste time to elevate
Together mate all we need is to delegate
Some rhyme power so that enough force can generate
And segregate the real from the dwellers
Mate its time for b-boys to get yours together mate

[Hook] {x4}

I don't stop the body rock
(We say)
Don't stop the body rock
(We say)

[Verse 2]

(Suffa)

Ahhhh... B-boy, verballing, lattering, configuring,
lettering, sampling
Fat as us delivering
Words on the world that I'm living in
Unforgiving in, my style no considering
Giving in
Next celebrate

Don't deviate, Arrogate
Fatter ways, who better ways
Never hesitate, get us straight
Elevate, till you levitate
Demonstrate skills that the hills will celebrate
Impersonators situate styles that you emulate
Lacerate flows with the flows that I fluctuate
Intimidate in the late, how was I?
Stimulate
Cowards imitate my style, try to simulate
Beginner mate
Noise, b-boys, getting in the crate
Innovate, bones cut the record till your finger break
Integrate the sounds underground
I'll bomb em' mate
Nominate the hoods for the crew to dominate

[Hook] {x8 till fade}

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