

Hilltop Hoods

"Give it Up"

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[Verse 1 - Pressure]

I clutch my chest for some breath that eludes me
Plain and truly, you try and comprehend your words but
you lose me
Stubborn my character, I'm hanging loosely, to some
loose leaf
Sign wave, it's my face, the motion moves me
I stagger awkwardly, unfortunately most can't walk with
me
I thought we'd be of similar faith, yet still they talk of
me
I've got a heart full of soul, yet all the hawker's be
Thoughtlessly moving through life forgetting this
importancy
Now lessons taught to me fly by me like memories
As I'm endless, leap out and produce a pen of MC's
I should put my energy to enemies who pretend to be
A friend of me, regularly play the greater tongue
Tennessee's

[Verse 2 - Suffa]

You gots to give it up cause it's a matter of time right
I rhyme tight, it's fine like a model in the limelight
I shine light, so gets the message like a sign right
You'll find height, lyrics then regret it in hindsight
I shine biting rhyme fights with my mind right
You looking blindside and rhyme bite, kid tonight is my
night
I might, blind your eyesight with my analogy
Let's clear the stage if you want to come battle me
Expand it like that, cells and calories so challenge me
I harness the beat, that's at a ??? and bring the cavalry
Swallow be MC's, irritating like an allergy
Hallowed be thy name if you want fame or salary

[Hook - x4]

"Give it up, give it up, give it up, give it up, give it up"
"Everybody sing"

[Verse 3 - Suffa]

...You gots, you gots, you gots

You gots to give it up cause I know that you're on it
A B-Boy, the force in my soul is sonic
My words are commen-tating on the planet
The earth I tread, my sneakers hit the granite
And I'm moving, at the speed of sunrays reflecting
Off mirrored city buildings...
Along the city streets that I'm walking
Inside my Walkman, I feel the vibe of an MC talking
Speaking... spoken...
The words tap your soul and the verse gets you open
Like the mind of a bass head hitting the pipe
I step through the day and walk into the night

[Verse 4 - Pressure]

I up the one-liners and I break em in half
Give em two back, to take back in the arse
Just for faking my art, now they faint in the heart
Just for making em charred, I gots to break em apart
And forsake em depart, from my path like a Jehovah's
Witness
I move the crowd til they got motion sickness, here
flows my sickness
From the cream of the crop, whose row's the thickest?
I'm on a stage just to show my fitness, and post a
witness
My microphone's your ability, your crew admittedly
And you was feeling me, come from a true stability
I draw energy from MC provoking, but I don't
Draw breath, just to leave was unspoken

[Hook - x4]

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