

Hilltop Hoods "Hillatoppa"

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VERSE 1: PRESSURE

My words ring true, so until the end of the marriage,
Cutting my neck from my back is the only severance
package,
For this veteran that is blessed and possessed with the
language,
In a profession that takes less than a second for
Pressure to vanish,
I scream vocals clear in the hope your hearing your
host,
Less we choke in fear of the smoke and mirrors,
This scene is on fire, feeding my bleeding desire,
So when P's behind the wheel indeed you'll need to
retire cause I'm a,
Hillatoppa, breath no less than seventy proof,
Yeah we connect with youth, when my left is caressing
your tooth,
Invested in confessing the truth, the proof my sweat in
the booth,
Hang around this ending with your neck in a noose,
So move back, call truce retract,
We're too fat to fall through the cracks,
And I've never had quitting in mind, sick of my rhyme?
Slit your wrist and consider this the finishing line

VERSE 2: SUFFA

You better swallow your pride like lions eating their
young,

Cos I'm a beast with a beat, two lungs and a drum,
And now that Mr Superflow's back on his feet,
I'm going stupid bro so you can go back to your seat,
I'm a Hillatoppa filled with vodka and vinegar,
Mocking you miniatures, more props than Bollywood
cinema,
Last call, me and P will be drunk all summer,
Jim Carey, Jeff Daniels, call us drunk and dumber,
People are starving and they're putting Lamborghini
doors,
On a fucking Hummer? Give some to the funky
drummer,
And I'll ride this beat like a drunken lover with no

fucking rubber,
And I fucking love her,
Girl don't leave me,
I need you and see that you don't need me,
But if you leave me alone,
You'll break my heart, I'll fall apart and lose my seat on
the throne,
Like an opera,
A tragedy like an opera

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