

Hilltop Hoods "Laying Blame"

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Verse One ¶ Suffa
I gave birth to half these styles, you should pay me
rhyme support,
Like Billy Jean suing Michael Jackson for child support,
Rhyme is thought, what is it? Lethal, Damn you'll get
hurt,
Cos I XL like the tag on my shirt,
I'll have these rappers easing back, rhyme with a
swagger,
Feed your girl aphrodisiacs and hide your viagra,
If pain was diabetes, rhyme would be my insulin,
I'm taking out the insolent in an instant when
They bring the rhyme; I'll battle if you wanna tussle,
A single line can turn that fatty matter into muscle,
You stagnate, while my rhymes circulate like rumours,
Your living proof that god has a sense of humour,
I'm butter made from the cream that came from the
crop,
I'll move the mountain to Mohammed scream my name
from the top,
And proclaim what I got, boy, so give me headroom,
These clubs are full of more toys than spoilt kids
bedrooms,
When I'm on stage I might lose my breath,
Cos I got so much heart that there's no room in my
chest,
Left for lungs, yes the bests yet
To come, my rhymes like a hand around your neck,
Constricting your breathing like snakebites and
beestings,
I'm all up in these arseholes faces like G-Strings,
I searched the world for opposition but I fear the
Only competition I found was in a mirror.

Verse Two ¶ Pressure
When Pressure steps to the batters plate you salivate,
known to captivate,
I have to break new barriers like when a chaste nun
masturbates,

If one more critic asks me what I do, I'll slap them
mate,

And tell them I'm a rapper as I strap her up in gaffer
tape,
Loudmouths make me wanna flip,
MCs only dream they got a grip, and wake up with their
hand on their dick,
Honest, if they ride the nuts I tell the get off me,
Cos I'm unstable like a cradle bridge, so don't cross
me,
I'm highly explosive; you're a child playing with
matches,
I break rappers you give hairline fractures,
These actors keep it real? You're really wak it's fact,
You spit one-liners while I spit the finest chapters,
Perhaps it's time to retire the mic,
Like the Bulls should have done son, cos no-one wants
to be like,
That anymore, cos nowadays you're taken on a fantasy
tour,
Of coke, guns and gold when they're actually poor,
Factually flawed, yet entertaining,
I guess it how far we're willing to go to satisfy a
craving,
Make them swallow their tongues like epileptics,
Then I'll respect it, I come clean as if my lube was
antiseptic,
So blow me, you still couldn't rhyme fresh,
I'm on a higher level of divineness, so call me your
highness,
There's only three things that are certain in life,
Death, taxes and Hilltop Hood working the mic.

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