

Hilltop Hoods

"Nose Bleed Section"

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For my people in the front
In the nose bleed section
This is for the headsets loving the mix,
My people in the front row, covered in spit,
Batters in the box (uh), Suffa to pitch, (what)
Hilltop Hoods, all up in this bitch,
And we the funk leaders, punks you can't beat us,
We bump and pump meters, we drunk you chumps
need us,
So jump with us, down the front, if it's (if it's your
flavour),
Your flavour, come get drunk with us, (wooooo!)
This life turned out nothing like
I had planned, (why not?)
By now I should've had some land,
Some money in my hand, round about fifty grand,
But I got nothing (nothin), I write rhymes on the bus,
I keep suffering (sufferin); fuck the lines of the dust,
You keep sniffing, that shit is for the Punk Hoes
(wooaah!),
This shit is for my bros, my people in the front row.

Chorus

You know I looked around, for faces I'd know,
I fell in love with the people in the front row,
(Ho how)
X2

I got hip-hop taste buds,
I wanna hear that bass when I make love,
I wanna hear some lyrics when I wake up,
Want rhymes to get me through a break up, bitch!
I like my whisky, straight, no chaser,
Went through fifty breaks, no flavour,
Till I found this one, and made the,
Bass hook with the drum, my saviour,
This is the comeback, tongue that's sharp like a
thumbtack,
It's so tight James is saying, give my funk back,
One track, eight track, a-dat, residual

Noise, band funk that we claim with the digital,
Toys, I'm the Apache, you're failing to match me,
Throw your hands in the air like you're hailing a taxi,
And move to the funk flow, you stepping? Are you
drunk bro?
This is for my peeps and the freaks in the front row.

Chorus
X2

People don't complain if Suffa's in here,
And you're in the front row, all covered in beer,
And club owners don't say 'the place is wrecked it's
your fault', (uh huh)
If the roof is on fire it's an electrical fault,
Man I bet you all bolt, when I bring it live
Like Friday night footy, in my hoody yakkin' hard I,
Get live on the breaks son, like pace one,
Lads, if you're heading to the bar grab your mates one,
Ladies come chill, come rock with me honey,
I got like half a mill in monopoly money,
There's no stopping me honey, so you can take my
hand,
We can lay on the beach and count grains of sand,
And take a plane to Japan, and drink sake with mafia,
Fly to Libya for some Bacardi with Gadafi a
Dinner date, followed by a funk show (uhh),
We'll rip off our tops and jump around in the front row.

Chorus
X2

Put me here, and I'm all yours, It's not for the money
And it's not for the applause, no
Oh no no nooo (Its for the Nosebleed Section)

Chorus
(Till fade)

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