

Hilltop Hoods

"Rattling The Keys To The Kingdom"

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[Chorus]

We came and we conquered, they praying to poppa,
They claiming they want to, they really don't want to,
You ain't maiming a monster so don't bother with
offers,
Till the day that I die, I ain't stepping aside for one of
you,
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[Verse 1: Pressure]

When I start breathing heavily, I scar the beat and
melody,
They said that we dreaming we'll keep reaching till
leaving heavenly,
The key to freedoms said to be, release and leave the
memory,
Think you offended me? Please, with critics like these
who needs an enemy?
Indeed a breed of pedigree beast unleashing speech
telepathy,
Here to bleed the industry of its diseased and evil
effigy,
Demons, thieving, greed and revelry, we're in need
and seeking remedy,
But it seems to stay ten feet ahead of me like a
centipede,
I'm a train upon a track; I'm a flame upon a match,
Ain't straying from my place I want my face upon the
map,
I'm the weight upon your back, I'm a razor on your lap,
We came to conquer, stage and opera, fade it onto
black,
Now hush, hear the voice, so addicted to the,
Rush to fill the void, missing everything we,
Love to feel joy, build it up then we,
Crush, kill, destroy

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[Verse 2: Suffa]

I go bananas every time, mind blown Nirvana,
nevermind,
They need some ketamine to calm us, harness the
darkness every line,
Till I been enlightened I'm leaving 'em terrified,
Like Bin Laden been hiding under their bed every night
they go beddy-bye,
Fat as the fattest Federline, fat as that cat post
Brittney,
Madness that is a friend of mine, rappers get mashed
so quickly,
War comes, hear the roar from the raw drums,
beat your poor son just from the boredom,
Jump up, but you're stunned,
dumb struck, you're done like Young Buck post Fifty,
We claw at the morons, and pour on the soothing hooks
on heaters,
Like them pouring the Boron on core on the shore of
Fukushima,
They adore the recordings and we lording it over them,
Think we're joking? Then we're going door to door with
some Dobermans,
No DMX, they thinking they got me pegged like BMX,
But ain't seeing T or X, Briggs, Hons, Debris or Vents,
We the best, no Khaled,
We the best like Ali, Muhammad

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Rattling the keys, rattling the keys
Rattling the keys to the Kingdom
Let me tell you what it's all about

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