

## Hilltop Hoods "She's So Ugly"

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[Verse 1:] ~Suffa~

Hillatoppa hilla hilla hillatopa  
Finish off a fifth of vodka light it up and spit it on ya  
Man me and P-Dela got a hella proper  
Flow see what I'm saying like a teleprompter  
And you could never stop us fucking posers  
Appetite fore destruction like Guns N Roses  
We come like Moses down from the Hilltop a  
Pain killer pill popper brain killer slurring like  
Haim still a threat when we fill up a field  
Like an opera air opera sample a snare off a  
Vinyl they wanna take a piece like a sharecropper  
Stifle creativity and it's no fair fuckers  
Before you try this just know that you'd have better luck  
Trying to stare off a man with no eyelids  
This is a rare offer so take advantage  
A carnival of carnage climbing out your garbage  
Man we're off the hook like a carcass  
These bastards try and sell shares off an artist  
Fuck your share offer cos we're off the map  
And we can't be bought with any fair offer  
Matafact fuck unfair offers can't be bought  
What the pair offer can't be taught  
I used to love her then they kidnapped her  
Dragged her through the streets and they shaved the  
fucking hair off her

[Chorus:]

And she's so ugly  
The music's asking why he don't love me  
You've been used by too many guys  
And now I can't look you in the eye  
But when I met her I was like she's so lovely  
And she said I'd let him cut me but now it's like  
You've been used by too many guys  
And now I can't look you in the eye  
Wish I never met her

[Verse 2:] ~Pressure~

This ain't life in the fast lane  
This is hard rain soaking and knowing you missed the  
last train

This ain't a date for the day  
It's made that it stays timeless, they'll never take that  
awaY  
This ain't glamour and shine cameras dimes  
It's me handing mine in hazardous times  
This ain't love and romance it's hate gluttons and  
antics  
Paint brushing the canvas ain't nothing attractive  
So fuck a make over can't take the weight like a pay  
loader  
Then we throw ya to the flame thrower  
This ain't silver lined clouds  
It's real and right now for the crowd to put a meal in my  
mouth  
This ain't a beautiful tempess nor a youthful  
apprentice  
In the cubical doing usual stretches  
It's ugly and ravished hungry and damaged  
But she's mine and the only thing that loves me that  
matters

[Chorus:]

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