

Hilltop Hoods "Super Official"

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Verse 1: Pressure

I've been earning my stripes,
till I'm perfect when I'm working the mic,
And I've been serving the type of words that murder
insights,
This ain't an urge it's for life, what I recite furthers the
fight,
A service for the circus that occurs in the night,
So put your money where your mouth is, we're doing it
now,
Golden Era's let loose on the prowl, loosen the noose
of your doubts,
We're here to take back what used to be ours,
So make your last words count like grooms choosing
their vows,
It's more than just timing, the sport of slaughter with
rhyming,
Of course if I'm writing my name upon your corpse it's
a signing,
There's hoards of them vibing, smiling at the thought
of us dying,
The water that's rising ain't the shore it's more of your
crying,
Jealous cause we striving and inspired by truths,
They know nothing bout surviving with the times and
the news,
And whole image is a lie and didn't like that my crews,
Got our own sneaker, feel free to walk a mile in my
shoes,
Hip Hop's in hard times if it's said, that time is money,
Then I've been paying dues until I hit the red,
Is it dead, or is it just the picture which your fed?
Write rhymes with your heart and do your business with
your head,
If you ever bought Pressure a beer, let it be clear,
It was a blessing but I'm stressing I'll be dead in a year,
Forgetting my fears for the blood, sweat and tears,
F a career, I'll be left with the respect of my peers

Chorus:

What we're doing here is crazy,
Super Official with the style,

What we're doing here is crazy,
If you ain't up on this, then you ain't up on shit,
Super Official with the style,

Verse 2: Suffa

Girl for one night, we'll get drunk right,
And we'll get tongue tied, till we puke together,
(vomits)

Bitch, Big Lebowski, that rug tied the room together,
Howl at the moon together like Ozzy Osbourne on tour,
In Rio with Ronny James Dio on the encore,
They want a Funkoat, they wanna hold a mirror,
To ninety-four, they want a golden era,
They wanna golden shower so I'm a give 'em,
Sid Vicious, spit vicious, you can't cut me off like
circumcision,
That's just how I'm living so adjust how you listen,
To the music, the new shit can't be touched now I'm
driven,
Ain't the same old, lame old take it in the a-hole,
Payola, payroll, dude shut your cakehole,
This is soul like watching some day old,
Paint on a train roll by as the rain fall,
And it's so beautiful it's painful, a sweet sickness,
Like picturing the rest of your life with a girl you've
known,
For three minutes, and proposing in a day and a half,
What we're composing here's state of the art,
It weighs heavy on your brow like a crown of thorns,
And that's when we break it down man sound the
horns,
Now reborn, work hard, eat lunch in the car,
But we play hard, Braveheart drunk in a bar,
We're here so take heart, we're making music that's
honest,
The movements upon us like some rebels moving
through in the forest,
Carrying a torch to burn Babylon,
For every musician a label ever put a saddle on

Chorus:

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Super Official with the style,
What we're doing here is crazy,
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