

Hilltop Hoods "The Sentinel"

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Suffa

We found this club on a side street, but I was kind of
iffy,
We could hear some fly beats, but from outside it
looked shifty,
I said this to pressure just before I finished my
sentence,
This bouncer came out and dragged us both through
the entrance,
This guy was huge and I was stumbling with my
speech,
I finally mumbled that we just stumbled in from the
street,
He said to us "So finding us was
accidental?
Well I'm not surprised, we don't advertise at the
Sentinel"
He said "What's your name?" he said
"Pressure" I said
"Suffa"
He said "Join the rest of the suckers",
So we went right in, we sat right down,
Pressure said "I guess I'll get us both our first round",
He had to go downstairs cos the bar was underground,
He came back and said "Man these the cheapest drinks
in town",
I agreed, yes indeed, we could be here all night,
They're only charging a buck fifty for imperial pints,
And I'm feeling alright, this place is kind of cool man,
I'm hoping tonight, nobody acts the fool and,
Ruins this vibe that I've got going,
Not knowing where I am, but this jam's growing man
this spots blowing,
The ladies were hot I sat down and listened,
To their four thousand watt, in-house sound system,
The DJ was laying tracks, keeping people on the floor
and then,
He played a crazy break, and the chorus
went

Pressure

These dim lights hold, silhouetted figures fit in tight

moulds,
This beer's ice cold, yeah we're going to be here till the
nights old,
I might stroll, see what I can plunder, but I wonder,
Do I feel a blunder or is that the drink putting me
under,
A strange feeling, this place got my brain reeling,
Looked up and seen a picture of the barkeep upon the
main ceiling,
Feels like a broken dream, I'm walking through a
smoke machine and,
In the corner seen a dope fiend, blowing a smoke
screen,
Sat down, looked at the picture on the bottle label,
It was the same man and the stripper that sat atop my
table,
And as he licked her thighs I saw that glint in her eyes

The wristwatch upon her waistlet it had him hypnotized,
She kissed him goodbye, threw me a smile and a grin,
My reply cut thin by my hand wiping my chin,
Walked to the bar as the tender looked right through
me I said
"Excuse me", then he replied in tones as if he talked
about me not to me,
He said: "Welcome to the Sentinel, I hope your stay
here's perpetual,
We serve drinks and broken dreams but no edibles",
I bought a round, man I think this is watered down,
Its tasting sought of fowl, this place is giving me the
creeps and plus the doors are now,
Closing to the public so let's make our move,
Then I was struck by the strangest sense of déjà vu,
Man I swore I was bent "Suffa man I've heard this all
before it went",
Ba ba ba ba ba, and then the chorus went

Pressure & Suffa

Man this place's got me reeling I took a seat to get my
focus,
When a group of B-Boys gathered by the stage took my
notice,
At about one o'clock, the club manager approached us,
And said "I heard you jokers were MCs, who's the
dopest?
Cos we run an open mic battle every night,
And to enter you've got to be, incredibly tight",
I said "Get me the mic I might
flip, then the lights switched,
My vision was blurring and burning words inside my
eyelids,

Rhyme progression begun, something possessing my
tongue,
Blessing the deaf and dumb till I was falling short of
breath in my lung,
"When will they let us stop?" I
checked the time and it was,
Six in the morning, and we were still rhyming,
Battled MC after MC, battled MCs for days,
But they wouldn't let us go, when we tried to leave the
stage,
The manager said "You boys can never
leave this tournament,
And you can never leave the Sentinel,
and the chorus went!

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