

Ice Mc

"The Nosebleed Section"

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[Verse One - Suffa]

This is for the heads that's loving the mix
My people in the front, all covered in spit
Batters in the box, Suffa to pitch
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 in the front if it's
Your flavour, come get drunk with us
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, I write rhymes on the bus
I keep suffering; fuck the lines of the dust
You keep sniffing, that shit is for the punk hoes
This shit is for my bros, my people in the front row

[Verse Two - Suffa]

I got hip-hop taste buds
I wanna hear that bass when I make love
I wanna hear some lyrics when I wake up
Write rhymes to get me through a break up, bitch!
Rough like 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, man fuck that, we clean 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

[Verse Three - Suffa]

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'
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 can hide I
Gets 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
Or take a plane to Japan, and drink saki with mafia
Fly to Libya for some Bacardi with Gadafi a
Dinner date, followed by a funk show
We'll rip off our tops and jump around in the front row

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