

Hilltop Hoods f/ Fatface, Mass MC

"Tolerance Levels"

Visit "[Tolerance Levels](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1 - Mass MC]

I conversate to all MC's with my double jointed tongue
Slapping, fuck ya wack rapping
Taking-a-bite-out-of-ya-mix and best mic just
happening
Your lacking in persona
While I throw lyric bombardments to your crew in every
corner
I discharge a mad flow that'll stop dogs from barking
Snap your leg bones so you can use disabled parking
Give you unimaginable meanings to the word fucking
Your raps mean nothing, I get your grandma to cook
me muffins
Move in so I can hide eggs in the neighbour's ceiling
In plastic bags next to the cocaine and Bruce Lee key
rings
You MC's are still teething, intriguing
Before the battle pleading, after that your heads are
bleeding
Miraculous flows with raggedy clothes, my trademark
Overweight but I'll still move fast, on any beat that's
hard
You claiming to be battle MC's with tight flows and
integrity?
Blow me, you mother fuckers are far from scary

[Verse 2 - Pressure]

Pressure MC, get with me, from Adelaide to Sydney
This be dedicated to MC's struck out and still yelling hit
me
With their gimmicks and imagery, this is an ability
They barely stand on their own two, I got infinite
stability
The difference admittedly is minimally in your favour
The thinnest paper, while I got the flavour to stimulate
ya
Censors and integrate the presence in every sentence
So I harness life essence and kept my blessings as
lessons
My tolerance overloads, MC's are over-exposed
Can't get over themselves like females can't get over

clothes
Hip-hop is overdosed like here we over those
distortions now
Every asshole got an opinion but it's mainly shit
talking
I break new ground while many fall short of the high
land, they tir-an
Missed the point like saying it's that way to a blind man
Fucked if I'ma by-stand while my cultures choking fast
My tolerance is wearing thin, man they treading on
broken glass

[Chorus - x2]
Why, why
Tell me why-y
Tell me why these MC's try-y-y

[Verse 3 - Suffa]
I'm reaching the threshold of my tolerance level...
Cause you might...
Weather the storm but you can't stand the rain boy
Gets played like a game boy
I'll make you FUCKING SUFFER like my name boy
Hey boy, what you got there? Is that a microphone?
Well two's company so why not leave me and the mic
alone?
Fighting clones, shit they lack it, walking on their grave
length
I'm alone on this mic so no one else is on my
wavelength
Gave strength to the weak, gave breath to the
breathless
You can take it to the street but it's like playing in
asbestos
Test us, like you holier than thou, lose control of ya
bounce
Pack up your suitcase and fold up your blouse
We all in the house, like home-arrest, I'm known to
stress
Show your best flow and lets see my nest right blow
your chest
Open like a surgeons scalpel, I leave you hurt and
doubtful
Of your words cause this is murder in a mouthful
Suffa bring disaster from within, hear the laughter
from my kin
I'll leave you with the hoods logo plastered, crafted in
your skin
Step and bust, but realise there's no stopping us
So watch your whole crew get fucked, like my dick was
filled with Phosphorus

[Chorus - x2]

[Verse 4 - Fatface]

I've been busting raps since the days of fat laces
There's a lot of new rappers, but they're not Fatfaces
They're disgraces, they could never be compared to
me
Are they really that bad? Well I'm prepared to see
I'll be at this day show, waiting in the front row
And if they try and diss I'm gonna stop their flow
My cholesterol in the arteries and shit in the S bend
I'll battle their whole crew and scull back the west end
I'm destined to be known, for ripping the microphone
Try and bite like a clone, that'll never be condoned
I've shown some restraint, but now I've reached the
edge
Of my tolerance level, so it's you I'm gonna sledge
I pledge allegiance to Australia, I'm true aussie rhymers
Mate your raps stink more, than a prostitute's vagina
I find your accents laughable to say the least
Your far from honour with a lie betting on junior treats
fool

[Verse 5 - DJ Debris]

Tell me why
I'm sick of misfits, I'm sick of twits
I'm sick of internet gits that choke and microphones
miss
From gargle and piss, of their message board buddies
They should be writing new raps, instead of uni studies
I'm throwing stubbies, in their general direction
They can only battle us, when they pass our
introspection
Neglection, is the sole reason for this fake fate
When the quality of life depends on board rate
And E mates, who's reality revolves around
Incoming attachments and mp3 sounds
They think they're bound, for infinite glory
But have got a multiple choice, but ?inspecting on this
story?
One
They go back to where they came from
Two
They study explosives and drop bombs
Three
They learn to stand up, fight and terrify
Bitch
They look me in the eye and tell me why

[Chorus - x2]

Visit [Hilltop Hoods f/ Fatface, Mass MC](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.