

## Hilltop Hoods f/ Hyjak

### "Down for the Cause"

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[Hyjak] If someone you know's in the room talking to the wall all day Don't be afraid, it probably means they went out and bought my tape Cause all it takes is these freshly chopped herbals and I can rhyme the language that translates crop circles Controversial cause I contest commercial rappers 'Jak is throwing bottles while they rolling in their convertibles Don't take it personal, I was born to burn you off With words so berserk I'm forced to stay disguised like Surfer Call me "Crime Watcher", that's right I watch guns and laugh and take my half of the profits after watching for cop cars I can't cooperate, only operate Chase promoters for dough that they owe us and take what's in their bank [Chorus 2X: sample] "People, people want to see me get busy cause I'm Very, very dope when I'm spitting the funky line" [Pressure] I'm down for the cause like suicide bombers I made a life promise pushing underground through city night corners Suddenly spread through these southernly treads I've got a beautiful mind, it's just stuck in an ugly head I'm stunning with skill while some are run-of-the-mill We coming real, we're from Adelaide ... {"One in a mill"} This underground's broke, by any means we ain't getting CREAM So the scene will burn you never-beens like Aussie Centrelink The larger a fool's ego, the harder they fall So I drink till I can hardly recall a party at all I've had enough, while they acting tight I'm acting up I don't put emcees under +Pressure+, I ain't into all that faggot stuff This rhyme addiction's so bad, I'ma go mad and stick up emcees for their thoughts and add 'em to the vocab If life's a bitch, then death's a slut cause death comes for everyone and when it's your turn, you're fucked [Chorus 2X] [Hyjak] I think I've finally lost the plot, let's have a round of applause I'm down for the cause, I'm moving mountains, bouncing off walls with countless cordlesses, confused counsellors talking shit Forced to spit from now until I'm on stage with walking sticks Depicting a portrait of an anti-corporate kid Scared rappers getting court orders against such rawness I'm mad for life, in the club hand me the mic I kick one verse and get myself

banned for life If these hecklers dissing when I'm  
standing on stage I'ma call you out and show you the  
true meaning of crowd participation Roll a down ass  
chick, then slap the shit out of a groupie and distract  
store managers, while I'ma steal a nicker at movies  
Forever broke, no job, nowhere left to go Jerry Springer  
comes on and I've already seen the episode That's  
when you know you're really unemployed, brain  
destroyed Step into Centrelink and you see all your  
fucking boys ... {"HEY!"} [Chorus 2X] [Suffa] Emcees  
claim they moving units {"They serious?"} That's not  
the fact though The fact is you couldn't sell a burger to  
Fat Joe Think you're all of that? {"NO!"} You be pulling  
back bro {"Jack Lives Here"} You call him Jack, I call  
him Fatso I pack shows, slap flows, I've been in de  
factos Step on this mic, and when you're like flat  
tobacco my style's more fatal than second-hand  
medicine I even bought veteran's, Hip Hop connects as  
well as Thomas Edison through lettering and  
underground peddling I get these kids open like lungs  
of Ventolin Presenting them with controversy like Jello  
Biafra I'm down for the cause, protect these artists like  
we're APRA Like cats on Viagra I can serve you all night  
Call me the customer {"Why's that?"} Cause I'm always  
right And I'm always mad tight like rich people with  
funds And the style's more deadly than sharing  
needles with bums [Chorus 2X]

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