

## Hilltop Hoods f/ Koolism

### "Another World"

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[Verse 1 - Hau]

You dirty rat, talking shit trying to send me back  
To hell from where you came from  
You sing that same song, every time I hear you  
It sounds like you off ya flame plus you drink too much  
beer too  
Your queer crew aren't shit neither  
A bit eager to get a kid beater  
With the blunt side of a machete  
It's my cunt side that's so upsetting  
Letting off steam like tutsi Quasar streams  
Empty ya dreams, getting ripped at the seams  
Harsh are the words from a biblical fiend  
Cussing out the evil in you  
It's amazing what evil people will do  
To get the chance to dance and swing with the king  
Shine without the bling bling  
But B-Boys can't understand cause it's a Koolism thing  
see  
Single-handedly, or even if I got my uncle down with  
me  
We're taking out your whole family  
From nephews, to second cousins, to your old bitch  
To your half brother, down to your gold fish (oh ish)  
You understanding me? Cause it's hunting season  
And picking them off your family tree like  
One by one, two by two, the almighty Koolism crew  
The who is who of Aussie hip-hop  
While I'm a sick cunt, your just a sick cock  
In a piss trough so piss off

[Verse 2 - Suffa]

MC's think they're too deaf, to hear what I'm telling  
them  
But they can't see me like tattoos on melanin  
I'm large like Van Halen in the 80's  
Ladies I love, ladies can't step bitches  
Cut the track til it requires stitches  
Like fruit fly in citrus, I'm ill-tech like Tetris  
?Just skill?, come and see what my vocal fetches  
I give open lectures, in the park under Wattle trees

Until a fight sparks, and someone's baptised by the  
bottle we  
Try chill, but it bothers me, that violence always erupts  
The crowd is feeling me, like a pair of perfect D cups  
Yo we up in here like last year's out of here  
The hoods up, in here til we tired or out of beer  
And we represent it, like the sort of the state  
And we staying independent like the ward of the state  
Yo I'm-bored-of-the-fake, hi fake! Named Suffa,  
pleased to meet ya  
I live inside the mind of the listener through the  
speaker  
\*Is that your beeper?\* No it's my phone, I got it on-  
beeper-and-vibrate  
I rock's it for my people til my people's pupils dilate  
Yo why hate, those on top, I'm coming from the bottom  
Cut the track to my man who comes and puts the  
pressure on em!

[Verse 3 - Pressure]

I look MC's in their eyes and ask em what they think's  
wrong with this rap scene  
And what their lacking, thinking that here I got their  
vaccine  
I'm wavering from their battering with the slip of my  
mix  
Think they can battle with headphones until they listen  
to this!  
Kicking the hits, the Hoods and Koolism, I'm serious  
this  
Is guaranteed to get some head nod til you slip and  
you diss  
So persist with a diss! Man you believe it?  
But they aren't even half-stepping, nah man they more  
like paraplegic  
I rock em til they cease and keep it rough when get  
fucked  
When I leave em scarred so hard they wouldn't heal if  
Jesus touched them  
The rough blend like masturbating with a cheese grater  
The MC breaker, never been a faker, please I'm  
greater!  
By any means I make the track pound  
Whether that be taking your integrity and exposing,  
yeah that's wack sound  
Back down! Pressure got you where your caught, end it  
Suffa, swerve!  
Step into the cipher, it's another world

