

## Hilltop Hoods f/ Okwerdz

### "Conversations From a Speakeasy Restrung"

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[Verse 1 - Pressure]

Let's get introductions aside  
Pressure, \*Okwerdz\* and Suffa tonight busting the mic  
like  
Lately I've been hearing nothing but hype  
Pen's mightier than your sword? Then you'd be  
(fucked) in a fight  
From the point of the exact conception I've had  
perfection  
And you ain't close to Omni even though you may lack  
direction  
I've got a good heart, but bad intentions  
Pressure don't need a map for reference I'm a man of  
legends  
I'll last forever like bad impressions  
Like the first night you cursed in adolescence  
The way I slam a sentence can panic veterans  
Some things are better left unsaid like anything that I  
have to mention  
My loud mouths my downfall it's doubtful  
I'll bite off more than I can chew cause I already got a  
mouthful  
Act like I astound y'all, well I'm a scoundrel  
With enemies but cliché ½ is a friend of me, I'm out y'all

[Chorus]

Pull up a chair, and kick your feet on the table  
Let down you hair, lean back in your seat if you're able  
We've got the Jazz, for your speakeasy conversations  
It's the universal language of relaxation

[Verse 2 - Okwerdz]

The seas are combining, to breed an alliance  
It's not Omni, it's Okweez with the rhyming  
Y'all need to be supporting these cats with a passion  
Instead of beefing about what accent they rap with  
As if it ain't tough enough to come up with a record  
Just ask the hoods, you really could suffer from the  
pressure  
You get it? It's hard to let me tell you, mad at this era  
I wish fans in America were as hungry as they are in

Australia

I got the heart, I won't fail you

I got stuff from the broads in the bars, and something  
raw for the fellas

Just recline back, just get chill with your style

Aiyyo and why's that? Cause I'm sick of yelling so loud

But I'm the hungriest alive kid the dude won't wait

So turn your head for a sec and you might lose your  
plate

So when Stockton meets Adelaide

(Fuck) it, just bring the platinum plagues this way, OK?

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Suffa]

I heard there ain't no party like an open bar

We lay out rhymes like drinks for a broken heart

Heartbreak like liquor in an open scar

So bizarre, roll thick like smokers tar

Tell me who can rock parties with no guitar

And if I ain't getting paid then I'm leaving in the  
promoters car

Tell me who you know this far

Gone, on till the moments..

Gone, on till the break of this governments back

And it's on till my mates are all loving the tracks

No thugs in his raps, no muggings and macks

And no guns, just trying to get us up on the map

Bust, Suffa on wax, trust it's on

I'm trying to do for rhyme what digital cameras did for  
porn

Born in a small town, die with a big mouth

Hoods tore it all down, shouts to the kids south

[Chorus - x4]

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