## Hilltop Hoods, Clown Prince

(Intro) (Pressure & Diffa) Oi P it's your round Na it's your round

Oi it's your fucking round man I got the last fucking round! Hey you still owe me five anyway bro! You get the round! Fuck It's your round dude

(Chorus)

(Pressure & amp; Suffa)

It's your round, if you're hanging at the back of the bar So just bounce like you're banging in the back of your car We turn it out; Hilltop we've been down since Back in the days, I'm the clown prince It's your round, if you're hanging at the back of the bar So just bounce, like you're banging in the back of your car We turn it out; Hilltop we've been down since Back in the days when I was a teenager

(Suffa)

First up, on the dolcet tones of the Gravy Bone Project Suffa MC came to take you home I drip lyrics like spits, spit lyrics like drips In the arms I'll lick ya spirit with my miracle whip Whip, cause what I'm hearing's all shit on the lyrical tip Na, I ain't feeling ya kid, we gave you Something to jock, but it wasn't no thing Like bobby gave Whitney a rock but it wasn't no ring (drinks party) And I'm a keep at 'em, crossing my fingers that eve Says keep Adam, I'm going down on Louise And I'm a wreak havoc, little man with a big pen I got dirty habits like a nun in a pig pen Like drinking, smoking, cursing, sucking Titties representing the city that I grew up in We laid the path so you got a way in It's Hilltop; we're three stars like a Holiday Inn

## (Chorus)

(Pressure)

Next up, when I get loose with no fail Appealing like the naked truth and the truth is for sale So when I leave yo, you're fucking with my pride I don't see though Typical MC, my nuts don't match the size of my ego I seize an opportunity cause they don't linger The glass ain't half empty it's half full that's why I'm a table drinker Think your on Pressure's level? Only thing tight bro That you might show is dressed in several of your wife's clothes An arrogant fucker damaging suckers masterfully If I married your mother you still wouldn't be half of me You should run from me, fuck battling, ain't nothing sweet 'Cause I won't beat you to the punch I'll punch you to the beat Don't get offended by the rubbish that we pump in the street My foots always in my mouth I just can't stomach defeat I'm a master these until it's hard to breath It's Hilltop we're the first to come last to leave

## (Chorus)

(Suffa & Dressure)
Man I'm smooth like Marlon Brando at thirty
At my peak like Marlon Brando at fifty
And I'm fat like Marlon Brando at seventy
Fuck it; no MC can ever better me (no one man)

And half the time half my crew could drink the bar
And half these cats ain't half of what they think they are
We independent, I'd sign on the line
The day me giving you the finger is a sign of the times
Their rhymes are designed to dis us, but why dis us?
I don't rewind to try to find disses
Man, I just recline and mind my business
And I think in lines in rhymes, the rhyme stitches
Up the minds of the lines of dimes and fine...
I pen letters that kill
They stab ya neck with a feather until you've bled in my quill
This veteren's ill, thinking you can better my skill
You need medicine chill a Pressure vendettas for real

(Chorus)