

Hilltop Hoods, Clown Prince

(Intro)

(Pressure & Suffa)

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 & 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 fots 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 & Pressure)

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 veteran's ill, thinking you can better my skill
You need medicine chill a Pressure vendettas for real

(Chorus)