

Hilltop Hoods, Clown Prince Restrung

Chorus

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.

Verse 1 Suffa

First up on the dulcet tones of the Gravy Bone Project,
Suffa MC came to take you home,
I drip lyrics like spit, spit lyrics like drips,
Into arms I'll lick your spirit with my miracle whip,
Whip, cos what I'm hearing's all shit on the lyrical tip,
Nah I aint feeling you 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,
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

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.

Verse 2 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 cos they don't linger,
The glass aint half empty its half full that why I'm a table drinker,
Think you're on Pressures 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 aint nothing sweet,
Cos 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 cant stomach defeat,
I'm a master these until it's hard to breathe,
Its Hilltop, we're the first to come last to leave.

Chorus

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.

Verse 3 Suffa and Pressure

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 could ever better me (no one man),
And half the time half my crew could drink the bar,
And half these cats aint 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 try diss us, but why diss 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,
Then stab your 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

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.