

Hilltop Hoods, Conversations Of A Speakeasy

"Verse 1 Pressure"

Let's get introductions aside
Pressure, Omni 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 aint 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 cos I already got a mouthful
Act like I astound yall, well I'm a scoundrel
With enemies but clich is a friend of me, I'm out yall.

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 Omni"

The heart of the giant, the eye of the lion
The smell of victory is what makes me keep trying
My will to survive is like I'm stranded on an island
I keep rhyming; keep climbing till somebody find me
My city's been behind me since the mid nineties
Right around the time when it was cool to be gimy
My DJ used to make the earth spin in reverse
Put the needle to the dirt, spread the word like you heard it first
Now it's all twisted, somebody told the truth but they missed it
I put it on my CD but they skipped it
But that's what happens when you do something different
Some people can just stay content with the simple shit
I live my life fast like it's my last
I don't trip off of cash or dwell in the past
I'm bigger than that; I'm bigger than rap
One of the sickest MCs on the map for bringing that back

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 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 aint 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

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
"(Repeat Chorus 3 More Times)"