

# Hilltop Hoods, Recapturing the Vibe

(Verse 1 - Pressure)

It's the next chapter, where's all my head at?  
You slept at the fact that we crept back to  
Set factors straight, the only dead rappers  
Are penned at the papes of no cred actors  
Those haters, no you don't faze us  
Cos you don't know shit so, you're on a need to know basis  
And those gracious folk with no status  
I made this flow for you, no your own name is  
Not a part of the bigger picture, listen it's the  
Middle finger that you put up in a fixture  
Life's a bitch and it'll hit you  
If I could pimp women like I do words I'd be living literature  
Hip Hop's a circus act this is absurd but fact  
One critic or cynic for every that learned to rap  
One lyric with gimmick for every with purpose that  
Furthered rap culture round the earth and back  
But some diss but when I'm up in your face  
You're a man of your word; you got nothing to say  
I got respect for the scene and love for the place  
Where I bled for my dreams and struggled for change  
We're still striving on, were still alive and strong  
Right or wrong I'd still kill for where I belong  
Insightful on the real deal when I write a song  
Question, you still feel the vibe I'm on?

(Verse 2 - Suffa)

I'll have the whole crowd like, oh shit, that's right I said it  
I'll be like, da, da, da, da, roll like the credits  
Two of the best to ever edit poetics  
It be the three headed beast from Obese come to set it  
Off, Hilltop in the place, sir just calm down  
Spit fire on stage and burn your bar down  
You hear it bumping in clubs you turn your car round  
You hear it pumping in pubs you buy the bar a round  
Pump it up in your car; turn your car into a club  
Smash through the wall of a pub and burn the bar down  
Just burn the bar down, like a disco inferno  
MCs aren't the only thing we burn though  
I'm the arsonist like Rakim is  
So ask your kids who the number one artist is  
Obese got the mad fucking roster while  
Your crew couldn't even house a foster child  
You're flamboyant like Oscar Wilde, I got to smile  
When you panic on stage like you lost a child  
Where's Benny? Benny's across the road watching Hilltop  
Cos they got the flow the hills have still got  
The skills, the beats to get nice on  
Don't need drugs, I get a buzz when the mics on  
So hit the floods Suffa like it with the lights on  
Hilltop, we're what's left when the vibe's gone