

Hilltop Hoods, Dumb Enough?

This is recreation, set your station, and get your place in
A comfy seat, pump this beat, Pressure will set the occasion,
For your entertainment I work hard on my flows,
This scene is full of falling MCs I wear hardhats to shows,
And every hip hop head's a critic, cos some hit the stage hard,
But couldn't get these arseholes open at a gay bar,
It's a comedy festival; they're so unintelligible,
Can't work out if they got peas for brains, or they're just vegetables,
It's sounds pathetic as me being anorexic,
I do damage like a paralytic, paramedic with no anaesthetic,
Girls shake my hand, guys want to hug me it's a worry,
If I forgot your name I'm sorry, you're probably pretty ugly,
I'm scared of getting old, so when it comes D-Day,
I'm a thank you all for dissing me, then say something clichd,
And when I'm dead and buried I want you in Life Be In It' shirts,
At my cemetery singing

Chorus

Hilltop Hoods and we're coming up,
So step on up if you're dumb enough
Hilltop Hoods and we're coming up,
So step on up if you're dumb enough.

Verse Two Suffa

People chant the chorus when they hear it, Yo it's on,
You rise like a tsunami, when you feel it; it's the bomb,
I'll make origami of your lyrics,
Geez that's good Suffa, what is it? It's a swan,
I got the shit to bomb MCs back to the Stone Age,
On stage, I'll get you out your seat quicker than road rage,
I take them all from beat jackers to backpackers,
With tracks fat as fuck, I ran amok on these wak rappers,
But then it happened. What happened? What I thought could,
I screwed all these MCs, yeah? Then it got awkward,
It got weird didn't it
You don't wanna see me anymore,
Oi Suffa you can't sing, yeah I can't even hum a tune,
But I make this crowd bounce like bedsprings on a honeymoon,
Come and do your best but it's still not good enough,
Suff is rough I'm with the

Chorus

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So step on up if you are dumb enough.

Verse Three - Suffa & Pressure

From the hilltops in the Andes, to the Rockies in Canada,
We infecting mics like Tommy did Pamela,
They gassed in the head, that trash you said was pure jealousy,
Like Left Foot, Right Foot's an invitation to step to me,
You're loosing you footing, you need some Velcro on them Shell toes,
In fights I'm throwing rhymes, in rhyme fights I'm throwing elbows,
I move a crowd like stolen goods, so try and get a hold when,
You couldn't move your shit with a diarrhoea tic colon,
I already told them, the hills are impassable, impossible,
The truth hurts; this rhyme will put you in hospital,
Break it down like a molecule, we burning like fossil fuel,
I'm something of a phenomenon - I'm phenomenal,
These rappers they don't wanna fuck with Suff,
You better turn off your mic, unless you're dumb enough,
Cos we're running up on stage from night until the sun is up,
So run amok you're with the

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