

Hilltop Hoods, Mic Felon

Intro - From movie; The Fugitive
- He might've got out.
He might've got out.

What the hell is this? A minute ago you tell me he's part of the wreckage, now you're -

Poole, set up operations right here by the side of the fire truck.
Listen up, ladies an gentlemen!
A fugitive has been on the run for ninety minutes.
Average foot speed over uneven ground, barring injury, is four miles an hour.
That gives us a radius of... six miles.

Verse One Pressure

I got committed to the pen now my shit's so locked down,
MCs think I'm doing time for this hip-hop sound,
Debris the mastermind, Suffa's my partner in crime,
I be the microphone felon, tell them your master design,
It all started when I was young fiending for mics,
Dreaming of heights that I would be reaching despite,
No one would put me on, or even play me at that,
So earned my dues ganking mics labelled radio shack,
At open mic one night far from sober or with it,
This guy pulls me off and says You're rhyming over the limit,
And heading that way you won't last a day or a night,
You need to be down for the long haul kid we call em lifers,
Beside you need to stick with me cos rhyme pays,
And I know this heist where we can jack some sine waves,
They're mainly small timers, freestylers,
Street urchins and beat merchants, none of them real rhymers,
They're raping this culture and make me sick to my stomach,
These fools need to be arrested for sleeping in public',
I dug it, got serious and mastered my rhyme,
The rocked to the spot with my new partner in crime,
Trespassed on stage, stole the mic to further insult,
Committed arsony, defamation and verbal assault,
They tried to blame the engineer oblivious to our ploy,
So we crept backstage as they buried the sound boy,
I stole the DJs crates and his diamond needles,
Now they got me on the run so it's time to leave ya'll,
We tried to cross the border, got cause as a noun carrier,
Pulled over and evicted for breaking the sound barrier,
This cop threw me to the ground, cos hip hop is violent,
Said You got freedom of speech, just choose to remain silent',
Then he checked in the trunk and he found the hot sound,
I got committed to the pen now my shit's locked down.

Chorus

I'm a rhyme felon; peeps do what I tell them,
People can't handle the product that I'm selling,
I left my dwelling now I'm on the run,
Microphone felony number one,
I'm a rhyme felon; peeps do what I tell them,
People can't handle the product that I'm selling,
I left my dwelling now I'm on the run,
Microphone felony number one,
I'm a rhyme felon; peeps do what I tell them,
People can't handle the product that I'm selling,
I left my dwelling now I'm on the run,
Microphone felony number one.

Prologue - DJ. Debris

I was forced into my life...
I was forced into my life of crime
Career criminal, now my... now my...

Career is rhyme.
Still number... Still number...Still number...
Still number one.