

Hilltop Hoods, Monsters Ball Restrung

Verse 1 Suffa

You sound like a bitch man,
Nymphos in your clip and disco riffs man,
I'll tell you this, OK, it don't fit man,
It's like OJ, little glove, big hand,
Step to this I'll take your miss, make her twist and,
Moan, like I fucked with the pitch man,
This land where the bricks stand,
On red sands, I spit grams of powdered Diffiam,
To ease your muscle pain, do the hustle,
Came to tussle against the corporate gain man,
Parcels move train to plane in the struggle,
Markers give a claim to fame in the jungle,
Street revolutionaries, we the evolutionary,
Anomalies, but stupidly they try stopping me,
That's only making me a martyr we,
Like opiates in the vein, attack the arteries,
Don't get smart with me; I got a heart in me,
Like Pharlap, and gone so far raps now a part of me,
I got camaraderie, the great unwashed,
I got a heart in me that pump's straight up scotch,
But crews still try to diss me, till I switch it on em,
Like they try to diss Fats, till they see a picture of him,
Big boys, aint small man, they tall and,
Ugly, want to cut me come join and join the monsters ball man.

Verse 2 Pressure

These are the last of days, a vast array,
Of fake fucks up in a masquerade,
It's swim or drown, we act we don't sink,
Its primal instinct we rap we don't think,
Its do or die, no turning back like suicide,
Till you're doing time with these cut throats in a suit and tie,
So don't feed the animals, or act a fool,
Your just one man, a young lamb amongst a pack of wolves,
While you're fighting over scraps and loose change and moot claims,
Pressures higher up in the food chain,
And small time predators rove in packs,
That why big time executives throw them scraps,
So much static that this is such a hazardous business,
And having to witness that half these rappers are bitches,
Got me laughing hysterically, I've the heart of a pedigree,
So pissing on the next man is just marking my territory,
Rivals will claim over head strong beef,
And try, fighting for fame on these slept on streets,
While I'm, signing my name in the wet concrete,
Touching both sides of your brain when I flex on beats,
And when we sound the drums, I'll see cowards hung,
When my hour comes I'd rather catch a beat down than run,
It's just that honest, I don't rap for these monsters,
I'd rather face the music than turn my back on you.