

Hilltop Hoods, What A Great Night

"Verse 1 Suffa"

This is for the hopeless, the homeless, the brokest, the dopest
The smokers, the jokers on opiates and coke it's
Your choice, I won't judge you tonight
Cos I'm paraletic, I ain't looking to lose a fight
So put your hands up if you're not to drunk to stand up
If you bombing up the toilets put your man up
And put your can up spray it in the air mate
Check out my man, fuck its all going pear shaped
They call me Suff when I'm drunk they call me fuck off
Head under the bar trying to drink the run off
I'm a one of a kind; I'll rhyme till I'm cut off
Or just to fucking blind to get one off
Don't call me son of a bitch; I'm the son of an angel
When the sun of the morning hits it's so painful
These all nighters are killing me
But it's alright are you feeling me?

And it's all love, and it's alright
Till we're all drunk, then it's all fights
Then it's all over, go home, go sleep
Wake up, get sober, what a great night
And it's all love, and it's alright
Till we're all drunk, then it's all fights
Then it's all over, go home, go sleep
Wake up, get sober, what a great night.

"Verse 2 Suffa"

This is for the gamblers, the rambler, the grandmas and grandpas
The fans of the samplers, my godson in pampers
Champ let's all amp this out like Peavey
Like De La said it's so easy
It's so easy, to pack this
Chain smoking in the back like I had three cigarettes and one match it's
The one who sucks tequila from a cactus
You couldn't hack this with axes, to all the detractors
Go listen to Axis if you want proof
That Obese ain't actors, we produce
The rawest performance from verse to the chorus
Hung like a walrus, run like a tortoise
Obese, enormous, flawless on the cordless
I own this mic like my name was Shure it's
For the poorest or richest, slowest or quickest
Flow with a sickness, bro you know what this is?

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Gin and tonic, you rock the house and,
Tequila shots, you rock the house and,
Chivas Regal, you rock the house and,
Yager bombs, you rock the house

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