

# Hilltop Hoods, Working The Mic

(Verse One-Suffa)

Who's fucking with me, Suffa MC,  
Tongue like sandpaper, who's rougher than we?  
We been gone for a while it's been a long cold winter,  
We back to get this crowd off their feet like back injuries,  
Raps flaks and similes, acts to hack into me  
They try bring me down like a Mac had backed into me  
Back your car into me, fact you can't injure me  
We back to crack the back of this whacked rap industry  
These MC's don't wanna, (they don't wanna) mess with me  
Fuck that bitch run his mouth its just a  
Storm in a teacup  
You whacked as Aussie troops goin to Afghanistan

I'm takin' MC's to war fuck the friendships and politics  
End this because my lyrical depth is bottomless  
We thought you'd forgotten us

You wanna fight  
You couldn't win a battle hypothetically

(Verse Two-Pressure)

I've had enough of their dissing,  
And fucking ambition,  
There's nothing but wishing,  
To become all fat when they're undernourished  
Hey they're no loving your listen,  
You getting bumped in my system,  
Your chance is hardly as much as an Iraqi becoming a Christian  
You'll never shine, you can't polish a turd,  
Your shit is dope but shove it down your throat to swallow your words  
I'm sick of copping slander for what I stand for,  
You're not the man you're just masturbating in your propaganda  
And got a lot to answer, your shit don't stink,  
Think you're ship wont sink, mandate it don't think;  
That you're large and we're small time, to rob easy small minds,  
Carrying the heavy weight of their ego on small spines  
This is rugged raw the head's want nothing more,  
But others talk politics and swallow dicks like a fucking whore  
So what're they bugging for?  
Its just hip-hop, love and war  
Pressure MC, Hilltop Hoods,  
The lyric Juggernaut