

1979

## Hilltop Hoods

Know what I'm sayin, in 1979  
I was a two year old kid from Adelaide  
I wasn't a performer  
It seems to me that in 1999 Hip Hop's a business  
In 1979 it was a culture  
And I miss it

You're so fake its plain to see who you truly are  
Looking less like a b-boy, more like a movie star  
Forget the funk and go hook up those disco breaks  
Sit down punk and take a look at what you make  
It's not hip-hop, it's something more sad, sick and seedy  
What's Popping that Coochie got to do with graffiti?  
And your R&B dance-steps, what about finger-popping?  
B-boy electric shocking, windmills, body rocking  
So body-body rock, body-body rock, I'll take you back  
Break your back, realize b-boys aren't faking that  
Funk that you've forgotten hoe, how could you have gotten so far gone?  
That you could never stop and go  
Back to the roots, nineteen seventy nine  
Birthplace of the scratch, birthplace of the rhyme  
You'll feel it in your spine like your first taste of wine  
We'll make it back; it'll just take some time

Remember Kangol hats, fat laces and lino mats  
Kids spinning on their backs to the sugar hill wax  
Now the sugar hills collapsed and the sweets turned sour  
Moneys walking my culture through its darkest hour  
Now I wanna take you back, walk on through time  
I was two years old in nineteen seventy nine  
But it's a time that I miss; you ask "what's the difference"  
Hip-hop was then a culture, now hip-hop's a business

You started b-boying as a form of expression  
To channel youths stress and their aggression  
Now through the suggestion of record companies  
MC's are pumping these problems back into your section  
And isn't it ironic?  
But not the sort that makes you laugh  
Cause MC's are building futures by raping the past  
Taking a glass of Chardonnay and putting it to your lips  
I'd rather take a razor blade and put it to my wrist  
Than sell records on the basis that I have to promote  
Sniffing and selling coke, toting guns and smoking dope  
You're all weaving the rope that you'll hang yourself with  
My only consolation is within the hip hop nation is  
B-boy elements that can still get me open  
Like Graff mags from Berlin, mix tapes from Oakland  
Breakers from Whitsetty, plus anything from Tribe  
And old school New York that's still got the vibe