

Another World

Hilltop Hoods

You dirty rat, talking shit trying to send me back
To hell from where you came from
You sing that same song, every time I hear you
It sounds like you off ya flame plus you drink too much beer too
Your queer crew aren't shit neither
A bit eager to get a kid beater
With the blunt side of a machete
It's my cunt side that's so upsetting
Letting off steam like tutsi Quasar streams
Empty ya dreams, getting ripped at the seams
Harsh are the words from a biblical fiend
Cussing out the evil in you
It's amazing what evil people will do
To get the chance to dance and swing with the king
Shine without the bling bling
But B-Boys can't understand cause it's a Koolism thing see
Single-handedly, or even if I got my uncle down with me
We're taking out your whole family
From nephews, to second cousins, to your old bitch
To your half brother, down to your gold fish (oh ish)
You understanding me? Cause it's hunting season
And picking them off your family tree like
One by one, two by two, the almighty Koolism crew
The who is who of Aussie hip-hop
While I'm a sick cunt, your just a sick cock
In a piss trough so piss off

MC's think they're too deaf, to hear what I'm telling them
But they can't see me like tattoos on melanin
I'm large like Van Halen in the 80's
Ladies I love, ladies can't step bitches
Cut the track til it requires stitches
Like fruit fly in citrus, I'm I'll-tech like Tetris
? Just skill?, come and see what my vocal fetches
I give open lectures, in the park under Wattle trees
Until a fight sparks, and someone's baptised by the bottle we
Try chill, but it bothers me, that violence always erupts
The crowd is feeling me, like a pair of perfect D cups
Yo we up in here like last year's out of here
The hoods up, in here til we tired or out of beer
And we represent it, like the sort of the state
And we staying independent like the ward of the state
Yo I'm-bored-of-the-fake, hi fake! Named Suffa, pleased to meet ya
I live inside the mind of the listener through the speaker
(Is that your beeper?) No it's my phone, I got it on-beeper-and-vibrate
I rock's it for my people til my people's pupils dilate
Yo why hate, those on top, I'm coming from the bottom
Cut the track to my man who comes and puts the pressure on em!

I look MC's in their eyes and ask em what they think's wrong with this rap s
cene
And what their lacking, thinking that here I got their vaccine
I'm wavering from their battering with the slip of my mix
Think they can battle with headphones until they listen to this!
Kicking the hits, the Hoods and Koolism, I'm serious this
Is guaranteed to get some head nod til you slip and you diss
So persist with a diss! Man you believe it?

But they aren't even half-stepping, nah man they more like paraplegic
I rock em til they cease and keep it rough when get fucked
When I leave em scarred so hard they wouldn't heal if Jesus touched them
The rough blend like masturbating with a cheese grater
The MC breaker, never been a faker, please I'm greater!
By any means I make the track pound
Whether that be taking your integrity and exposing, yeah that's wack sound
Back down! Pressure got you where your caught, end it Suffa, swerve!
Step into the cipher, it's another world