

## Clown Prince

Hilltop Hoods

Oi P it's your round  
Na it's your round  
Oi it's your fucking round man I got the last fucking round!  
Hey you still owe me five anyway bro! You get the round!  
Fuck! It's your round dude.

It's your round!  
If ya hangin' at the back of the bar  
So just bounce!  
Like ya bangin' in the back of ya car  
We turn it out!  
Hilltop we been down since  
Back in the days... I'm the clown prince!

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First up, on the dolcet tones,  
of the Craigieburn projects,  
Suffa MC came to take you home  
I drip lyrics like spits, spit lyrics like drips  
In the arms I'll lick ya spirit with my miracle web, web  
'Cause what I'm hearing's all shed  
On the lyrical tip  
Na, I ain't feeling ya kid  
We gave ya, something to jock,  
but it wasn't no thing, like Bobby,  
gave Whitney a rock but it wasn't no ring (Drinks Party)  
And I'm a keep at 'em, crossing my fingers as Eve  
Says, keep at 'em, I'm going down on Louise  
And I'm a reek havoc  
Little man with a big pen  
I got dirty habits like a nun in a pig pen  
Like drinking, smoking, cursing, sucking  
Titties representing the city I grew up in  
We lay the path so you got a way in  
It's Hilltop, the three stars at the holiday inn.

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Next up, when I get loose and they fail  
Open the lot, the naked truth and the truth is for sale  
So when I leave ya  
Ya fucking with my pride I don't see though  
Typical MC  
My nuts don't match the size of my ego  
I seize an opportunity, cause they don't linger  
That glass ain't half empty it's half full  
That's why I'm a table drinker  
Think your on Pressure's level?  
Only think type bro, betcha at my shows dressed in several of your wife's clothes  
An arrogant fucker  
Damage and suckas master fleet, huh,  
If I married ya mother ya still wouldn't be half of me  
You should run from me  
Fuck battaling, ain't nothing sweet,  
'Cause I won't beat ya to the punch I'll punch ya to the beat  
Don't get offended by the rubbish that we pump in the street  
My foots always in my mouth they just can't stomach defeat  
I'm a master these until it's hard to breath  
It's Hilltop we the first to come, last to leave.

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Man I'm smooth like, Marlon Brando at thirty  
At my peak like, Marlon Brando at fifty  
And I'm fat like, Marlon Brando at seventy  
Fuck it, no one sick can ever better me (no one man)

And half the time half my crew could drink the bar,  
and half these cats and half of what they think they are  
We independent, a sign on the line  
The day me giving you the finger as a sign of the times

Man the rhymes are designed to try this is but why this is  
I had rewind to try to find this is man,  
I just recline and mind my business,  
and I'm thinkin' lines of rhymes of rhyme stitches,  
of the mind of the lines thats time for my... Ay! What the fuck!

At ten when does the kill  
They stab ya neck with the finger until you've bled and my quill  
This veteren's ill, thinkin' you can better my skill  
Ya need medicine chill, with Pressure vendetta's for real.

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