

## Ooft (Ponda Baba)

Hilltop Hoods

Yeah, I know who I am and where I stand  
I am just a grain of sand getting washed from God's hands  
I am nothing but a lamb in the great expanse

An ape staring into space, so damn insignificant  
Primal on the vinyl, I am cro-magnificent  
Title after title 'cause I'm programmed different  
Dictate a flow that toe-tags dissidents  
No, my man, we don't go ham, listen in  
We go Jon Hamm, with the double M, triple threat  
Nice day, isn't it? Not for workaholics  
Open Logic, and work the program like an alcoholic  
Man, anybody fucking with P, I'll beat you like Tyson  
Beat Larry Homes out of love for Ali  
Suffa MC, tell me now, who wanna Suffa?  
Want them nuts on your chin like Ponda Baba? Nuh-uh

Listen, I don't wanna fall through the cracks  
Like some cigarette ash, on Scott Storch's keyboard  
So, let me bring it back to these tracks where we snack  
On these hacks, that's you all know me for, ooft

Ooft

You'll get bodied in the booth  
I'm not worried 'bout a thing that you might say  
It goes ooft  
God almighty, we the truth truth  
La-di-da-da-di-di-da-di-day

It's just the way of man, staring up into the great expanse  
We've been making plans, howling at the moon until the day advance  
Taking out the trash, you're getting put in your place  
I keep one foot upon your throat the other foot in the grave  
So kill my vibe, I'm still alright, can't be stripped of the essence  
I've hit my strides signified but the vicious intentions  
But still they try to vilify and kill the progression  
Like a stripper inside a gift I'm trying to live in the present  
Ooft, we fight the madness we know  
It's sad your battling my shadow when I've survived the baddest of both  
Dagger and cloak, bro I hope you die from gagging on smoke  
That's why I'm pissing on the fire you've been fanning your hope

Sometimes I stop and wonder why conjuring something bothers others  
They ain't gonna love you just to love you like Donna Summers  
We're conquerors brother, just drop the gun and don't be so reckless  
Put down your arms like Ponda Baba

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Man, drop it  
Ooft, ooft, ooft, ooft, ooft, ooft-ooft-ooft, ooft  
This is the beginning  
Ayy-ay-ayy  
Allow me to show you something  
Now we burn every track  
What's happened?  
I've got a different idea  
Drop that  
Drop it  
Allow me to show you something  
What's that?  
Alright