

Recapturing The Vibe

Hilltop Hoods

It's the next chapter, where's all my heads at
You slept at the fact that we crept back to
Set factors straight, the only dead rappers
Are penned at the papes of no cred actors
Those haters, no you don't faze us
Cos you don't know shit so, you're on a need to know basis
And those gracious folk with no status
I made this flow for you, no your own name is
Not a part of the bigger picture, listen it's the
Middle finger that you put up in a fixture
Life's a bitch and it'll hit you
If I could pimp women like I do words I'd be living literature
Hip Hop's a circus act this is absurd but fact
One critic or cynic for every that learned to rap
One lyric with gimmick for every with purpose that
Furthered rap culture round the earth and back
But some diss but when I'm up in your face
You're a man of your word; you got nothing to say
I got respect for the scene and love for the place
Where I bled for my dreams and struggled for change
We're still striving on, were still alive and strong
Right or wrong I'd still kill for where I belong
Insightful on the real deal when I write a song
Question, you still feel the vibe I'm on?

I'll have the whole crowd like, oh shit, that's right I said it
I'll be like, da, da, da, da, roll like the credits
Two of the best to ever edit poetics
It be the three headed beast from Obese come to set it
Off, Hilltop in the place, sir just calm down
Spit fire on stage and burn your bar down
You hear it bumping in clubs you turn your car round
You hear it pumping in pubs you buy the bar a round
Pump it up in your car; turn your car into a club
Smash through the wall of a pub and burn the bar down
Just burn the bar down, like a disco inferno
MCs aren't the only thing we burn though
I'm the arsonist like Rakim is
So ask your kids who the number one artist is
Obese got the mad fucking roster while
Your crew couldn't even house a foster child
You're flamboyant like Oscar Wilde, I got to smile
When you panic on stage like you lost a child
Where's Benny? Benny's across the road watching Hilltop
Cos they got the flow the hills have still got
The skills, the beats to get nice on
Don't need drugs, I get a buzz when the mics on
So hit the floods Suffa like it with the lights on
Hilltop, we're what's left when the vibe's gone