

Shredding the Balloon

Hilltop Hoods

Like we always do about this time, ink lines for the sick rhyme inclined,
It's grimy shit but naught that can't be fixed with a little bit of spitshine,
Big time like Frankie in Vegas, inspiring like Ali and Frazier,
Spit it out till we spilling out on to the street start a party up with our neighbours,
I'd rather be part of your playlist, than ever be part of the A-list,
Harness the energy, heart of a pedigree with the scars of a sadist,
I go so hard on the pavement; I go so far with my statements,
That I don't know where they end and where I start it's all part of game it's,
The farthest I've came since I started to play it,
I spar with these artists, the heartless and brainless,
We're harnessed by chains that are hard to escape and you change then they label us bastards or traitors,
They're charlatans, they're haters, they start on us but they're fake as,
Our parliament, but don't be disheartened by them pardon their failures,
If we don't forgive our enemies, we'll crawl the walls like centipedes,
Burn our energy like fossil fuels and fuel our own damn effigy,
And we'll all burn like Hennessey, so keep on then and step with me,
John Lennon let it be, dead the beef like abattoirs, before these scavengers tear at me

[Chorus:]

I've been waiting to come back,
Like where the hell is the show?
Like a balloon on a thumbtack,
Getting ready to blow,
I've been waiting to come back,
Like where the hell is the show?
Like a balloon on a thumbtack,
Getting ready to blow

[Verse 2: Suffa]

And it might blow up but it won't go pop,
And it might blow up but it won't burst,
She said she might grow old but she won't grow up,
Well she might, but only if I go first,
She wears her heart on her sleeve like; she's wearing a patch on her shoulder,
It's not a matter of whether I can catch her, more a matter of whether I can hold her,
She thinks out loud she's got me; she laughs with her whole body,
I think about how she got it all figured out and wonder why she'd even want me?
Each night I find it's the same ole, when I crawl inside in the evening,
I lie down next to an angel; fall asleep and fly with my demons,
They say don't live in the past and live each day like it was your last but,
I'd rather live each moment like it was my first, take it slow and sip from the glass,
Savour the moment, spit vicious bars then pray for opponents,
Sounds so serious don't it? But I'm not concerned with a thing,
This is book three, Tolkien, Return of the King,
The kings have arrived; we drink from the sky,
We fall from all 'cause we think we can fly,
But our wings have been tied, and the winging and lies,
Have me I'm wishing that I could bridge the divide,

You living the life? In the blink of an eye
The shine of the bling and the rims that you ride,
Can all disappear so live for the rhyme,
Not material things your gift can provide

[Chorus:]

I've been waiting to come back,
Like where the hell is the show?
Like a balloon on a thumbtack,
We're getting ready to blow,
I've been waiting to come back,
Like where the hell is the show?
Like a balloon on a thumbtack,
I'm getting ready right now I'm getting ready

[Verse 3: Suffa]

Since 'State of the Art' we've stayed in the yard just waiting to start this
shit all over,
Laying in bars for a day and a half, had to switch from gin to soda,
And by like mid October, record was six months over,
Due, and I'm like dude what you expect? I'm only three months sober,
Coming up turning tree trunks over, running up burning divas, posers,
Run amok till the sun is up or till one of us # live la vidaloca,
I'm going ta roll until I fold, like I got a hold of Propafol,
So beautiful to know you all but for now peace I'm over and out