

Super Official

Hilltop Hoods

What's up? You miss us?
Mr. Debris say hi... "Hello, hello, hello" "Hello, hello, hello"
We are of course representing mighty, mighty Hilltop
I'm Mr. Suffa, just up the back
We got P-Delaressure...

I've been earning my stripes till I'm perfect when I'm working the mic
And I've been serving the type of words that murder insights
This ain't an urge, it's for life, what I recite furthers the fight
A service for the circus that occurs in the night
So put your money where your mouth is, we're doing it now
Golden Era's let loose on the prowl, loosen the noose of your doubts
We're here to take back what used to be ours
So make your last words count like grooms choosing their vows
It's more than just timing (why?), the sport of slaughter with rhyming
Of course if I'm writing my name upon your corpse it's a signing
There's hoards of them vibing, smiling at the thought of us dying
The water that's rising ain't the shore, it's more of your crying
Jealous cause we striving and inspired by truths, they know
Nothing bout surviving with the times and the news, and whole
Image is a lie and didn't like that my crew's
Got their own sneaker, feel free to walk a mile in my shoes
Hip Hop's in hard times, if it's said that time is money
Then I'll be paying dues until I hit the red
Is it dead? Or is it just the picture, which you're fed?
Write rhymes with your heart and do your business with your head
If you ever bought Pressure a beer, let it be clear
It was a blessing but I'm stressing I'll be dead in a year
Forgetting my fears for the blood, sweat and the tears
Eff a career, I'll be left with the respect of my peers

What we're doing here is crazy
"In case you haven't heard, my way's super official"
Super official with the style
"Yeah, step into my zone and get blown"
What we're doing here is crazy
If you ain't up on this then you ain't up on shit
Super official with the style
If you ain't up on this then you ain't up on shit

Girl for one night, we'll get drunk right?
And we'll get tongue tied till we puke together
... Bitch! Big Lebowski, that rug tied the room together
Howl at the moon together like Ozzy Osbourne on tour
In Rio with Ronny James Dio on the encore
They want a Funkoat, they wanna hold a mirror
To ninety-four, they want a golden era
They wanna golden shower so I'm a give 'em
Sid Vicious, spit vicious (you can't cut me off like circumcision)
It's just how I'm living so adjust how you listen
To the music, the new shit can't be touched now I'm driven
Ain't the same old, lame old, take it in the a-hole
Payola, payroll, dude shut your cakehole
This is soul like watching some day old
Paint on a train roll by as the rain fall
And it's so beautiful it's painful, it's sweet sickness
Like picturing the rest of your life with a girl you've known

For three minutes, and proposing in a day and a half
What we're composing here's state of the art
It weighs heavy on your brow like a crown of thorns
And that's when we break it down man, sound the horns
Now reborn, work hard, eat lunch in the car
But we play hard, Braveheart drunk in a bar
We're here to take heart, we're making music that's honest man
The movement's upon us like some rebels moving through in the forest
Carrying a torch to burn Babylon
For every musician a label ever put a saddle on

Golden Era!