

# The Art of the Handshake

Hilltop Hoods

Golden Era Records in conjunction with Hilltop Hoods proudly presents 'The Art of the Handshake'

I used to wake up, bathroom, face-wash, cartoons  
Ma Dukes, far too smart to start to  
Talk to this awful swine with a score to  
Settle with the world, whose only crime is that it bores you  
Walked to the train it was covered from the floor to  
Ceiling in graff and stickers, up back no ticket  
Can't afford to, life off the payroll  
Lye rolled up made my eyes and my brain roll  
Headphones wrapped like a vine 'round my Kangol  
Walked like a Bengal Tiger, and the train rolled  
And the train rolled, and the train rolled, and the train rolled on  
Then I was stopped by these two cops who got made rude  
I'm like 'What? There's not a whole lot that you can do'  
Then whop-bop-a-lu-a-whop-bam-boo  
Next stop, what have you got? The whole damn crew  
So I grabbed 'em by the wrist, then switched to a grip thumbs  
Flipped then we clicked then we finished with a fist bump  
This chump, tried to get cute with me and diss us  
About the handshake, I said man wait

There used to be a time like way before this song  
When all the handshakes were like twenty seconds long  
And they just went, and they just went  
And they just went, and they just went on  
There used to be a time like way before this song  
When all the handshakes were like twenty seconds long  
And they just went, and they just went  
And they just went, and they just went on

The handshake is thought to have developed as a gesture to demonstrate that neither party at an encounter is carrying a weapon or poses a threat  
Over hundreds of years this simple act has developed into a sometimes-complex ritual and a way to convey status, mutual affiliations or just plain respect

I used to wake on a Saturday, play in the matinee  
Game, get faded on the train down to Adelaide  
Headphones playing looking out at fresh painted walls  
Rakim saying we about to get paid in full  
My man entered, cap and black sweater  
Jacks get all up on a fella that act clever  
Train tracks were graffed with back-to-back letters  
But we came to rap and that was back when a  
DJ would supply the wax, stage had a lino mat  
Place full of writers in a Raiders or a Giants cap  
Casing with minors, crates are piled by the back  
We'll break in in time to hit the stage and freestyle attack  
Walk in like I'm possessed by the beat mix  
Clean kicks, full of more hot air than a phoenix  
Move right away to my crew side of stage  
Nothing new but this groove how we do night and day  
Bring it back; no high five shit is whack  
We're bringing that old side-to-side, finger snap  
Fist poke, stop and lock, just don't stop the rock

Look away handshake body pop

There used to be a time like way before this song  
When all the handshakes were like twenty seconds long  
And they just went, and they just went  
And they just went, and they just went on  
There used to be a time like way before this song  
When all the handshakes were like twenty seconds long  
And they just went, and they just went  
And they just went, and they just went on

[Voice-Over: Dave Pettitt]

Not all cultures consider a firm handshake as a sign of respect; in fact a grip that's too tight can often be considered as offensive  
Scientists at the University of Manchester, taking into account twelve different variables, developed a mathematical formula for the handshake to which people would be the most receptive

There used to be a time like way before this song  
When the DJ could cut the record right  
Cut the record right, cut the record right  
Cut the record right, cut the record right  
There used to be a time like way before this song  
When the DJ could cut the record right  
Cut the record right, cut the record right  
Cut the record right, cut the record right.