

The Blue Blooded

Hilltop Hoods

We have a whole lot of superstars on this stage here tonight,
And I want you to know one thing, this is...

Hilltop, that's where the blood runs,
Thick, it's where kings bury there loved ones,
Sick, kids guard their crop with a slug gun,
From rips, move like Schapelle on a drug run,
So quick, there's kids in the park waiting,
These are my poison diaries like Mark Latham,
So start hating, though you know in your heart,
We've been owning this art since our flow in the park.

You can't serve me like Serena and Venus,
Comparatively I leave you looking like the machinist,
Cats know they've been hit, when I spike the mic level,
And draw blood like intravenous,
Without a pencil I'm hell bent,
Leave dents in the condenser, you can tell when,
Mortar's been in the booth to rhyme,
I don't scratch vinyl, I scratch up the mic with my canines.

Mr Trials, young ladies jump in the sack,
I never kiss and tell instead I fuck it and brag,
I'm an angry drunk when I'm grabbing a rum,
And skull shots till we fall from grace like Eric Clapton's son,
South of the country, west of the city,
Chip into that kitty if we're going to be drinking until the skank pretty,
Will he attack? When he snap, got the track like,
Bring it back, hear him rap? Isn't that Funkoars?
You can find us staggered in a cipher,
Turning human traffic to a five car pile up,
We leave them all for dead,
I used to think big till it killed L, Pun, Smalls and Kev,
Like bad move, got you looking like you're eavesdropping the devil,
And T set the theme to send them to hell,
Bet on it, you're never better, I tell them again,
Seddy bury every adversary he put against.

Fresh off the boat with an impressive approach,
To writing rhymes like pressing your throat,
The unquestionable dopeness, and oh yes,
It's the one and only, in the house like the gun is on me
Got you gronks saying blimey he's clever,
He's brighter than that sun in the shiniest of weather,
Girls you want diamonds forever?
Well throw your hymens the sky if you feel the vibe.

None of gravities properties are on top of me,
Can't hold me back from taking a stab like Chopper Read,
Can't hold me back, I'm back around again like stalkers,
My mic holds a force like a sword or a tomahawk,
To Conan, walking with no man now,
Cos you freeze when you spit like a snow mans mouth,
Arouse with every word, first you've got to know this,
We don't belong together like Rove and showbiz.

And we what? - Run with crew,

Whose what? - Blood is blue,
Through life's - Fucking zoo,
And we might - Come for you,
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The saga begin, RPM drama again,
My lung burn, dangerous carcinogen,
Starving like Stalin in parliament in Prague again,
In camouflage targeting,
In Rock Creek Park, carve terror in the bark,
Blueprint, build pyramids in the dark,
The blood run deep, renegade creep,
Hilltop connect bro, centigrade heat.

Muph, some give me shit for my name,
But I don't give a shit about you shit for brains,
Been a long while so I know the game,
It's more about music than your clothing range,
We're here to overtake, setting the standard,
Obese crew, we're the devilish family,
Stand on stage accepting a Grammy,
For the most incredible rapping since edible panties,
Unforgettable pansies in a flickering fit,
Knickers in a twist in a spiral of shit,
Undeniable gift with decipherable spits,
My fireball pit will burn you Muppets,
True rugged, blue blooded dignitary,
Crews love it when we do something visionary,
Move up never lose touch, living ready,
This is the hard road cargo hitting heavy.

Robby Balboa bless the text,
Deliver you ticket to death,
Rivers of rhythm ripping the flesh,
Triple your bets on the primitive pest,
Selling sick smut from the cinema steps,
It begins with a breath, a kid killing his pets,
Just sitting in debt when I'm feeling a wreck,
Life's a bitch and so we're wringing her neck,
Fuck a metro in a pink shirt cos we're kicking the set.

The Funkoars and the Hilltop, yes, we still rocking it,
And I ain't going near your bill unless we fucking topping it,
I drink till I'm all over the shop like barcodes,
And as far as rap goes, I've mastered my flows,
Certified and we back again to wreak havoc,
With these pads and pens so understand my friend,
We about to take over just like Hove spit it,
To the most gifted get them glasses up and toast with us.

Pressure MC, born with a mechanical mind,
The talent of rhyme, instinctual like animal kind,
Now I flow with the best, from east coast to the west,
We live in the flesh like my raps sewn in your chest,
You can't fathom the dopest flow, amateurs don't you know,
What ever happened to a good old fashioned broken nose?
Don't become a casualty of my faculty,
Damn I got spine but you'll never see that back of me.

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