

The Soul of the Beat

Hilltop Hoods

Look. ten stories below if you ever try findin me
I'm the one with rhymes so high tech I write in binary
So if you dont understand at all, thats understandable
The vibe is intangible, the rhyme is like an animal
A beast through the night, he likes to feast in the light
He gives no peace on the mind, with the beats that you like
I'm servin bowls of soul, in the form of a lyric, you know me
I'm the difference between soul and spirit
Everybody freeze
Just hold and hear it, feel the cold and fear it
If you're bold come near it man, feel it
I put soul into mic control, like jazz artists put soul into rock and roll
You gots to roll with us or else you're against us
My flow to me's like poetry just less pretentious
Weak MC's befriend us, are just as bad as each other
Never be phatter than Suffa so why not battle each other?
And just leave me alone like a hermit in a cabin
The vibe is a love reverberating like a hammon light
Thats right we got vibe, its never won, its heaven sent
So Hilltop Hoods represent represent
Evidently, when we
Represent a weakness is never ever evident
I represent the kids from the side of the street, never silencing me
And the feelin thats inside of this beat

"This is the beat"
The hills shows you Suffa
"This is the beat"
That made you call an ex lover aside
Summer nights on the porch with a beer
"This is the beat ya'll of the year"
[Pressure]
"This is the beat"
To put the Pressure to your points
"This is the beat"
To make you scream "its the choice"
They got tunnel vision well let me make it clear
"This is the beat ya'll of the year"

We slam hittin
Crushin MC's for their ambition then
Sticken high frequencies over your transmission
Now listen
While all these crossovers transition
They barely scratch the surface, while I delve deeper than Hans Christian
And to sin battling, damn boy you must be dreamin
Couldn't understand the first of my double meanings
Your double teaming with trouble seethin
I flex like exaggerated biceps over all these muscle he-men
I hear their mic from screamin (maggots)
Honestly none can follow me, from what I been through
I still read true my prophecies
Unconsciencly I took doses of dopeness like an apothecary
And if harnessed properly, effects monopoly

"This is the beat"
For all my mates sucking piss

After Hours, TerraFirm, Cross-Bred, pump ya fist
"This is the beat"
For those who wanna fuck with this
Now everybody wants something but they can't get none of this

Just my line is composed
Will leave their mind comatosed
Like unleveling their blood pressure til' their ryhme overdosed
Many months closed cos they nonbelievers
I walked a water passed all these stranded MC's
and told 'em to catch a breather
Why touch what you don't know?
Learn your words, you washed and dried up
Why fuck with what you know - hurts just to learn to wise up
Open your eyes up for the now, cos tomorrow its too late
Cos this is the beat to leave your sorrows in your wake

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[Suffa]
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