

# The Underground

## Hilltop Hoods

We went from spitting jams to fifty fans in a little cramped room,  
A shoebox you couldn't fit a shoe in to touring,  
Switzerland with my man in a mini-van,  
Being the man of the minute can happen in a minute man,  
And it's funny, I've seen buddies that I trust turn away,  
'Cause money can't buy you love but It can earn you hate,  
And none of you gave a fuck till the movement went large,  
Now every crew is making music, every dude has got bars,  
Now every half-ass bar fly up in the bar rhymes,  
We sit about, spitting 'bout the dark and the hard times,  
But got perspective on the fighting for the crowns and the such,  
When we encountered an old pal who had been down on his luck,  
In some Volleys pushing trolleys eating soup from a tin,  
My girls like golly, man these polly's aren't improving a thing,  
Well swap your worries for some Bolly, swap your suit for some wings,  
And fly with us, we light it up and it's a beautiful thing

That's where I started at, the days of Walkmans and Starter hats,  
The open mic nights mastering the art of rap,  
We man-made, underground like an artefact,  
We don't need to worry when the market crash,  
I'm from the bottom, bottom of New Scotland,  
Planted all my seeds watered them then watched it blossom,  
Then they try to tell me over time we'd be forgotten, rotten,  
Thinking that you're gonna keep me boxed in? Nonsense,  
Hilltop and Class rock till your noggin's nodding,  
You can walk in my shoes but never fit in my jeans,  
I do this with no option till my body's old and rotten and exhausted,  
Keep it going cause I'm living my dream,  
Till the grave we'll spit the pain and, when it comes to picture painting,  
We might be the illest rated with the visuals illustrated,  
That's ill communication, therapy for life without the rehabilitation,  
Keep waiting I'm about to blow up

We about to blow it up, but we all started this as amateur,  
Carving out a path was a hardship for the traveller,  
It said that raps a facade, you'll never manage it,  
In these parts, I guess it's our scars that give us character,  
We misfits and slackers, at risks kids or hackers,  
With a wish list, sick of doing six shifts at Macca's,  
From listeners to rappers, prestigious to hapless,  
I don't need a gift to know that this shit is backwards,  
When we're done officially another visionary,  
Will light the flame, write their name in their sweat, blood and infamy,  
It's gutter symphony fuck the industry,  
Let them come we're the ones carving history,  
So we rhyme for the hurting, poor hard working for,  
International heard applaud to local suburban tour,  
Y'all gave a purpose for the roar when the curtains draw,  
Furthermore ask yourself what you're searching for?

Follow me to a place I like to go,  
Liner notes are signposts to find that which lies below,  
Born in eighty eight so I came in late,  
To find for the first time in life I felt right at home,  
Through the growing pains and hostile takeovers,  
People trying to put us down like Beethoven,

We stayed strong and remained focused,  
Until they had no other choice but to stand up and take notice,  
Never thought what I wrote on a page back in the day,  
Would ever have me catching a plane,  
Or rapping up on a stage,  
Staring out at the crowd in amazement,  
Thinking back on the days when,  
We were confined to the limitations of the basement,  
The subterranean kids became the main event,  
I pay respect to those who spent days laying foundations,  
Countdown to detonation