

# What a Great Night

Hilltop Hoods

This is for the hopeless, the homeless, the brokest, the dopest  
The smokers, the jokers on opiates and coke it's  
Your choice, I won't judge you tonight  
Cos I'm paraletic, I ain't looking to lose a fight  
So put your hands up if you're not to drunk to stand up  
If you bombing up the toilets put your man up  
And put your can up spray it in the air mate  
Check out my man, fuck its all going pear shaped  
They call me Suff when I'm drunk they call me fuck off  
Head under the bar trying to drink the run off  
I'm a one of a kind; I'll rhyme till I'm cut off  
Or just to fucking blind to get one off  
Don't call me son of a bitch; I'm the son of an angel  
When the sun of the morning hits it's so painful  
These all nighters are killing me  
But it's alright are you feeling me?

And it's all love, and it's alright  
Till we're all drunk, then it's all fights  
Then it's all over, go home, go sleep  
Wake up, get sober, what a great night  
And it's all love, and it's alright  
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This is for the gamblers, the rambler, the grandmas and grandpas  
The fans of the samplers, my godson in pampers  
Champ let's all amp this out like Peavey  
Like De La said it's so easy  
It's so easy, to pack this  
Chain smoking in the back like I had three cigarettes and one match it's  
The one who sucks tequila from a cactus  
You couldn't hack this with axes, to all the detractors  
Go listen to Axis if you want proof  
That Obese ain't actors, we produce  
The rawest performance from verse to the chorus  
Hung like a walrus, run like a tortoise  
Obese, enormous, flawless on the cordless  
I own this mic like my name was Shure it's  
For the poorest or richest, slowest or quickest  
Flow with a sickness, bro you know what this is?

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Gin and tonic, you rock the house and,  
Tequila shots, you rock the house and,  
Chivas Regal, you rock the house and,  
Yager bombs, you rock the house

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