

Whatcha Got?

Hilltop Hoods

[Chorus:]

(Suffa with Pressure)

I got
Hundreds of people asking me, getting pissed with me
And dissin me
Literally blasting me, asking me
When the Hoods' new album's gonna drop
And where it is, well here it is
Man I got
The mic in front of me, peeps to the back of me
Pressure to the right of me
And soul inside of me
I got a variety of rhymes (I rock the spot)
I got notoriety of rhymes (talk about what I got)

[Verse 1: Pressure and Suffa]

A sense of pride so lets just ride off my anguish
Have the sense to slide and coinside with my language
I got microphones and my piece of mind
Despite my closure, get a piece of mind off my problem piece of rhymes
I got my own view, my own reflection in the mirror
I got enough noise to make micky loud, I scream I hear ya
I got plenty of mates (and I've got plenty of enemies)
And I've got plenty of hate (for the many bad memories)
I got energy thats translated into speech
When I'm (packing beats, beats, beats)
The beats on my acca make the world go round
And then I put it on my (rollin, rollin, rollin)
Roll the sequencer, two sequencer
Track format
And mate I gotta speak with yer
I got problems with my wage try'na make ends meat
I guess it's either getting paid or respect on the street

I got envy and jealousy, you're planning on telling me
To drop a new LP because the melody's remedy
I got my own shadow that
Follows me in footsteps
I've had enough people worrying about the props that the Hoods' get
So why not, worry about what you've got
Cos I got, enough of that old fly rock
To make your girlfriends thighs rock
Check what I got
Her own hands between her legs
Had a tap like a keg while you were drinking the dregs
Just pull the styles fine, told her to lick her fingers
Answer up the bass line, hook from Charlie Mingers
And lingers in the track makes you believe in God when
Suffa's so fat I guess I got a weight problem
I got a squadron of b-boys ready to break em' off
I break em' off then and then, from a cut of me costing
I got you at a loss when you give it up for charity
Got clarity, I spose I get exposure like a gallery
I got a four door car and a three room home
I got weekly repayments on a two grand loan
I got one life to live and no second chances
And mates that are writers and ryhmers of break dancers

Clothes on my back and friends that I trust
I got flows that are phat and a heart full of lust
I got a sense of pride, I got agility and speed
Emence ability, man I got everything I need
I got three Hoods, the closeness for three times the dopeness
See even if the nature cant get the situation is still hopeless
I got my notice from non-composers, from their posters
I suppose, so once I come the dopest
(And you notice)
I got a mic thats my companion
My hood labels me champion
Where here to get your publishes with you, we're undermanned
I live a life thats demandive but still got positivity
I got to explore each and every possibility
Hip Hop is feeling me its going straight to my head
(Like those seizures when I rap I'm taking grape juice and Sudafed)
If you can get brews then I got ryhmes
I got a cavalcade of battle rage to I got mine so
(Get thrust, cause other MC's can't deal with us)
I feel a must to get what I haven't got, a stagnant rock is
Filling my ears and getting more play than Clatterol
(I got a sense of direction and a compass
Drive past MC's with no compassion, though I heard the scream sounds)

[Chorus]