

The Art of the Handshake

Hilltop Hoods

Golden Era Records in conjunction with Hilltop Hoods proudly presents 'The Art of the Handshake'

I used to wake up, bathroom, face-wash, cartoons
Ma Dukes, far too smart to start to
Talk to this awful swine with a score to
Settle with the world, whose only crime is that it bores you
Walked to the train it was covered from the floor to
Ceiling in graff and stickers, up back no ticket
Can't afford to, life off the payroll
Lye rolled up made my eyes and my brain roll
Headphones wrapped like a vine 'round my Kangol
Walked like a Bengal Tiger, and the train rolled
And the train rolled, and the train rolled, and the train rolled on
Then I was stopped by these two cops who got made rude
I'm like 'What? There's not a whole lot that you can do'
Then whop-bop-a-lu-a-whop-bam-boo
Next stop, what have you got? The whole damn crew
So I grabbed 'em by the wrist, then switched to a grip thumbs
Flipped then we clicked then we finished with a fist bump
This chump, tried to get cute with me and diss us
About the handshake, I said man wait

There used to be a time like way before this song
When all the handshakes were like twenty seconds long
And they just went, and they just went
And they just went, and they just went on
There used to be a time like way before this song
When all the handshakes were like twenty seconds long
And they just went, and they just went
And they just went, and they just went on

The handshake is thought to have developed as a gesture to demonstrate that neither party at an encounter is carrying a weapon or poses a threat
Over hundreds of years this simple act has developed into a sometimes-complex ritual and a way to convey status, mutual affiliations or just plain respect

I used to wake on a Saturday, play in the matinee
Game, get faded on the train down to Adelaide
Headphones playing looking out at fresh painted walls
Rakim saying we about to get paid in full
My man entered, cap and black sweater
Jacks get all up on a fella that act clever
Train tracks were graffed with back-to-back letters
But we came to rap and that was back when a
DJ would supply the wax, stage had a lino mat
Place full of writers in a Raiders or a Giants cap
Casing with minors, crates are piled by the back
We'll break in in time to hit the stage and freestyle attack
Walk in like I'm possessed by the beat mix
Clean kicks, full of more hot air than a phoenix
Move right away to my crew side of stage
Nothing new but this groove how we do night and day
Bring it back; no high five shit is whack
We're bringing that old side-to-side, finger snap
Fist poke, stop and lock, just don't stop the rock

Look away handshake body pop

There used to be a time like way before this song
When all the handshakes were like twenty seconds long
And they just went, and they just went
And they just went, and they just went on
There used to be a time like way before this song
When all the handshakes were like twenty seconds long
And they just went, and they just went
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[Voice-Over: Dave Pettitt]

Not all cultures consider a firm handshake as a sign of respect; in fact a grip that's too tight can often be considered as offensive
Scientists at the University of Manchester, taking into account twelve different variables, developed a mathematical formula for the handshake to which people would be the most receptive

There used to be a time like way before this song
When the DJ could cut the record right
Cut the record right, cut the record right
Cut the record right, cut the record right
There used to be a time like way before this song
When the DJ could cut the record right
Cut the record right, cut the record right
Cut the record right, cut the record right.