

Down for the Cause

Hilltop Hoods

If someone you know's in the room talking to the wall all day
Don't be afraid, it probably means they went out and bought my tape
Cause all it takes is these freshly chopped herbals
and I can rhyme the language that translates crop circles
Controversial cause I contest commercial rappers
'Jak is throwing bottles while they rolling in their convertibles
Don't take it personal, I was born to burn you off
With words so berserk I'm forced to stay disguised like Surfer
Call me "Crime Watcher", that's right I watch guns and laugh
and take my half of the profits after watching for cop cars
I can't cooperate, only operate
Chase promoters for dough that they owe us and take what's in their bank

(2x):

"People, people want to see me get busy cause I'm
Very, very dope when I'm spitting the funky line"

I'm down for the cause like suicide bombers
I made a life promise pushing underground through city night corners
Suddenly spread through these southernly treads
I've got a beautiful mind, it's just stuck in an ugly head
I'm stunning with skill while some are run-of-the-mill
We coming real, we're from Adelaide... {"One in a mill"}
This underground's broke, by any means we ain't getting CREAM
So the scene will burn you never-beens like Aussie Centrelink
The larger a fool's ego, the harder they fall
So I drink till I can hardly recall a party at all
I've had enough, while they acting tight I'm acting up
I don't put emcees under 'Pressure', I ain't into all that faggot stuff
This rhyme addiction's so bad, I'ma go mad
and stick up emcees for their thoughts and add 'em to the vocab
If life's a bitch, then death's a slut
cause death comes for everyone and when it's your turn, you're fucked

(2x):

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I think I've finally lost the plot, let's have a round of applause
I'm down for the cause, I'm moving mountains, bouncing off walls
with countless cordlesses, confused counsellors talking shit
Forced to spit from now until I'm on stage with walking sticks
Depicting a portrait of an anti-corporate kid
Scared rappers getting court orders against such rawness
I'm mad for life, in the club hand me the mic
I kick one verse and get myself banned for life
If these hecklers dissing when I'm standing on stage
I'ma call you out and show you the true meaning of crowd participation
Roll a down ass chick, then slap the shit out of a groupie
and distract store managers, while I'ma steal a nicker at movies
Forever broke, no job, nowhere left to go
Jerry Springer comes on and I've already seen the episode
That's when you know you're really unemployed, brain destroyed
Step into Centrelink and you see all your fucking boys...

(2x):

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Emcees claim they moving units {"They serious?"} That's not the fact though
The fact is you couldn't sell a burger to Fat Joe
Think you're all of that? {"NO!"} You be pulling back bro
{"Jack Lives Here"} You call him Jack, I call him Fatso
I pack shows, slap flows, I've been in de factos
Step on this mic, and when you're like flat tobacco
my style's more fatal than second-hand medicine
I even bought veteran's, Hip Hop connects as well as Thomas Edison
through lettering and underground peddling
I get these kids open like lungs of Ventolin
Presenting them with controversy like Jello Biafra
I'm down for the cause, protect these artists like we're APRA
Like cats on Viagra I can serve you all night
Call me the customer {"Why's that?"} Cause I'm always right
And I'm always mad tight like rich people with funds
And the style's more deadly than sharing needles with bums

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