

Immortal MCs

Hilltop Hoods

Pressure MC and the pressure
Gonna bless ya mind

It's the immortal MC's we came to build on this earth
So we blessed the microphone like priests did children at birth
Many see microphone mastery please keep it to heart that we
Are not masters of this art its simply this art that has mastered me
For those that shall come after me
Your rhymes just fill the holes with laughter we
Ataxic your duo, don't go starting me
And I am for Reeaaalll like Outkast apologies
As long as we rockin the mic ain't no stopping me
I rock it properly, Hilltops a property
Sometimes I feel that stress is squashing me like fat girls on top of me
Now honesty will get you everywhere
Then everywhere's all over the place like your rhyme styles
So you got styles from anywhere
Lest we dead or be ourselves or see ourselves as individuals
So I make tracks on digital to please myself
Fuck MC's that felt they're hard done by
Sayin tonight's their night
I set their mic alight and have me float my sunrise

MC and the Pressure
Gonna bless ya mind

We got the funk, we got the fire like George Clinton
MC's take an intern like interns take it from Bill Clinton
Smoke that cigar, don't take a breath take a drag
I blow on spots like 200 proof, meth and a rag
See this is livin the flesh like cancer live in the breast
The realest test make you party people scream "yes yes"
So if MC's wanna test don't give up the fight
You need to stand up with your mic and battle all night
Alright, these MC's I'm rippin them n' flippin them
When it comes to mic control I got soul like Minnie Riperton
So do you wanna ride through the south side and Hilltops
With the Certified Wise
Heard you might try but you can't battle perfection
These boys will blow you high like adrenaline injections
When we flex an even RSL diggers label us veteran
Lack direction we put hip hop on the map in your section

Hip hops phattest notes...
Pedigree...

Now how can you compete with this
Half of you are weak as piss
The weaken always need to diss
Your open like a bleeding wrist
Your focus you arn't seeing this
We're dopier than weed and trips
No peace without war go to war to get a piece of this
They cease and miss, we're keeping on
Our rhyme styles your sleeping on
Our fuse is lit and where's the bong
See the naked truth like peeping Tom's

Your styles are weak, mate keep it strong
Your girl said she needs a long
And on and on and on she kept on...
Your style slept on my mattresses
There's no crew that matches this
Try to play the roller but this is nothing but actresses
But don't you kid the phatness is
The shit like we ate laxatives
Underground's where we're from immortal hip hop activists

MC and the Pressure
Gonna bless ya mind