

OOFT (Ponda Baba)

Hilltop Hoods

Yeah, I know who I am and where I stand
I am just a grain of sand getting washed from God's hands
I am nothing but a lamb in the great expanse

An ape staring into space, so damn insignificant
Primal on the vinyl, I am cro-magnificent
Title after title 'cause I'm programmed different
Dictate a flow that toe-tags dissidents
No, my man, we don't go ham, listen in
We go Jon Hamm, with the double M, triple threat
Nice day, isn't it? Not for workaholics
Open Logic, and work the program like an alcoholic
Man, anybody fucking with P, I'll beat you like Tyson
Beat Larry Homes out of love for Ali
Suffa MC, tell me now, who wanna Suffa?
Want them nuts on your chin like Ponda Baba? Nuh-uh

Listen, I don't wanna fall through the cracks
Like some cigarette ash, on Scott Storch's keyboard
So, let me bring it back to these tracks where we snack
On these hacks, that's you all know me for, ooft

Ooft
You'll get bodied in the booth
I'm not worried 'bout a thing that you might say
It goes ooft
God almighty, we the truth truth
La-di-da-da-di-di-da-di-day

It's just the way of man, staring up into the great expanse
We've been making plans, howling at the moon until the day advance
Taking out the trash, you're getting put in your place
I keep one foot upon your throat the other foot in the grave
So kill my vibe, I'm still alright, can't be stripped of the essence
I've hit my strides signified but the vicious intentions
But still they try to vilify and kill the progression
Like a stripper inside a gift I'm trying to live in the present
Ooft, we fight the madness we know
It's sad your battling my shadow when I've survived the baddest of both
Dagger and cloak, bro I hope you die from gagging on smoke
That's why I'm pissing on the fire you've been fanning your hope

Sometimes I stop and wonder why conjuring something bothers others
They ain't gonna love you just to love you like Donna Summers
We're conquerors brother, just drop the gun and don't be so reckless
Put down your arms like Ponda Baba

Ooft
You'll get bodied in the booth
I'm not worried 'bout a thing that you might say
It goes ooft
God almighty, we the truth truth
La-di-da-da-di-di-da-di-day
Ooft
You'll get bodied in the booth
I'm not worried 'bout a thing that you might say
It goes ooft

God almighty, we the truth truth
La-di-da-da-di-di-da-di-day

Man, drop it
Ooft, ooft, ooft, ooft, ooft, ooft-ooft-ooft, ooft
This is the beginning
Ayy-ay-ayy
Allow me to show you something
Now we burn every track
What's happened?
I've got a different idea
Drop that
Drop it
Allow me to show you something
What's that?
Alright