

Rattling the Keys to the Kingdom

Hilltop Hoods

We came and we conquered, they praying to poppa,
They claiming they want to, they really don't want to,
You ain't maiming a monster so don't bother with offers,
Till the day that I die, I ain't stepping aside for one of you,
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Check, When I start breathing heavily, I scar the beat and melody,
They said that we dreaming we'll keep reaching till we leaving heavenly,
The key to freedoms said to be, release and leave the memory,
Think you offended me? Please, with critics like these who needs an enemy?
Indeed a breed of pedigree beast unleashing speech telepathy,
Here to bleed the industry of its diseased and evil effigy,
Demons, thieving, greed and revelry, we're in need and seeking remedy,
But it seems to stay ten feet ahead of me like a centipede,
I'm a train upon a track, I'm a flame upon a match,
Ain't straying from my place I want my face upon the map,
I'm the weight upon your back, I'm a razor on your lap,
We came to conquer, stage and opera, fade it onto black,
Now hush, hear the voice, so addicted to the,
Rush to fill the void, missing everything we,
Love to feel joy, build it up then we,
Crush, kill, destroy

[Chorus:]

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[Suffa:]

I go bananas every time, mind blown Nirvana, Nevermind,
They need some ketamine to calm us, harness the darkness every line,
Till I been enlightened I'm leaving 'em terrified,
Like Bin Laden been hiding under their bed every night they go beddy-bye,
Fat as the fattest Federline, fat as that cat post Brittney,
Madness that is a friend of mine, rappers get mashed so quickly,
War comes, hear the roar from the raw drums, beat your poor son just from the boredom,
Jump up, but you're stunned, dumb struck, you're done like Young Buck post Fifty,
We claw at the morons, and pour on the soothing hooks on heaters,
Like them pouring the Boron on core on the shore of Fukushima,
They adore the recordings and we lording it over them,
Think we're joking? Then we're going door to door with some Dobermans,
No DMX, they thinking they got me pegged like BMX,
But ain't seeing T or X, Briggs, Hons, Debris or Vents,
We the best, no Khaled,
We the best like Ali, Muhammad

[Chorus:]

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