

## Super Official

## Hilltop Hoods

What's up? You miss us?  
Mr. Debris say hi... "Hello, hello, hello" "Hello, hello, hello"  
We are of course representing mighty, mighty Hilltop  
I'm Mr. Suffa, just up the back  
We got P-Delaressure...

I've been earning my stripes till I'm perfect when I'm working the mic  
And I've been serving the type of words that murder insights  
This ain't an urge, it's for life, what I recite furthers the fight  
A service for the circus that occurs in the night  
So put your money where your mouth is, we're doing it now  
Golden Era's let loose on the prowl, loosen the noose of your doubts  
We're here to take back what used to be ours  
So make your last words count like grooms choosing their vows  
It's more than just timing (why?), the sport of slaughter with rhyming  
Of course if I'm writing my name upon your corpse it's a signing  
There's hoards of them vibing, smiling at the thought of us dying  
The water that's rising ain't the shore, it's more of your crying  
Jealous cause we striving and inspired by truths, they know  
Nothing bout surviving with the times and the news, and whole  
Image is a lie and didn't like that my crew's  
Got their own sneaker, feel free to walk a mile in my shoes  
Hip Hop's in hard times, if it's said that time is money  
Then I'll be paying dues until I hit the red  
Is it dead? Or is it just the picture, which you're fed?  
Write rhymes with your heart and do your business with your head  
If you ever bought Pressure a beer, let it be clear  
It was a blessing but I'm stressing I'll be dead in a year  
Forgetting my fears for the blood, sweat and the tears  
Eff a career, I'll be left with the respect of my peers

What we're doing here is crazy  
"In case you haven't heard, my way's super official"  
Super official with the style  
"Yeah, step into my zone and get blown"  
What we're doing here is crazy  
If you ain't up on this then you ain't up on shit  
Super official with the style  
If you ain't up on this then you ain't up on shit

Girl for one night, we'll get drunk right?  
And we'll get tongue tied till we puke together  
... Bitch! Big Lebowski, that rug tied the room together  
Howl at the moon together like Ozzy Osbourne on tour  
In Rio with Ronny James Dio on the encore  
They want a Funkoat, they wanna hold a mirror  
To ninety-four, they want a golden era  
They wanna golden shower so I'm a give 'em  
Sid Vicious, spit vicious (you can't cut me off like circumcision)  
It's just how I'm living so adjust how you listen  
To the music, the new shit can't be touched now I'm driven  
Ain't the same old, lame old, take it in the a-hole  
Payola, payroll, dude shut your cakehole  
This is soul like watching some day old  
Paint on a train roll by as the rain fall  
And it's so beautiful it's painful, it's sweet sickness  
Like picturing the rest of your life with a girl you've known

For three minutes, and proposing in a day and a half  
What we're composing here's state of the art  
It weighs heavy on your brow like a crown of thorns  
And that's when we break it down man, sound the horns  
Now reborn, work hard, eat lunch in the car  
But we play hard, Braveheart drunk in a bar  
We're here to take heart, we're making music that's honest man  
The movement's upon us like some rebels moving through in the forest  
Carrying a torch to burn Babylon  
For every musician a label ever put a saddle on

Golden Era!