

Tolerance Levels

Hilltop Hoods

I conversate to all MC's with my double jointed tongue
Slapping, fuck ya wack rapping
Taking-a-bite-out-of-ya-mix and best mic just happening
You're lacking in persona
While I throw lyric bombardments to your crew in every corner
I discharge a mad flow that'll stop dogs from barking
Snap your leg bones so you can use disabled parking
Give you unimaginable meanings to the word fucking
Your raps mean nothing, I get your grandma to cook me muffins
Move in so I can hide eggs in the neighbour's ceiling
In plastic bags next to the cocaine and Bruce Lee key rings
You MC's are still teething, intriguing
Before the battle pleading, after that your heads are bleeding
Miraculous flows with raggedy clothes, my trademark
Overweight but I'll still move fast, on any beat that's hard
You claiming to be battle MC's with tight flows and integrity?
Blow me, you mother fuckers are far from scary

Pressure MC, get with me, from Adelaide to Sydney
This be dedicated to MC's that struck out but still yelling 'hit me!'
With their gimmicks and imagery, this isn't ability
They barely stand on their own two, I got infinite stability
The difference admittedly is minimally in your favour
The thinnest paper, while I got the flavour to stimulate ya
Censors and integrate the presence in every sentence
So I harness life essence and kept my blessings as lessons
My tolerance overloads, MC's are over-exposed
Can't get over themselves like females can't get over clothes
Hip-hop is overdosed like here we over rose this distortion now
Every asshole got an opinion - but it's mainly shit talking
I break new ground while many fall short of the high land, they tir-an
Missed the point like saying 'it's that way' to a blind man
Fucked if I'm a by-stand while my cultures choking fast
My tolerance is wearing thin, man they treading on broken glass

(2x):

Why, why
Tell me why-y
Tell me why these MC's try-y-y

[Verse 3: Suffa]

I'm reaching the threshold of my tolerance level...
Cause you might...
Weather the storm but you can't stand the rain boy
Gets played like a game boy
I'll make you FUCKING SUFFER like my name boy
Hey boy, what you got there? Is that a microphone?
Well two's company so why not leave me and the mic alone?
Fighting clones, shit they lack, I'm walking on their grave when
Alone on this mic so no one else is on my wavelength
Gave strength to the weak, gave breath to the breathless
You can take it to the street but it's like playing in asbestos
Test us, like you holier than thou, lose control of ya bounce
Pack up your suitcase and fold up your blouse
We all in the house, like home-arrest, I'm known to stress
So show your best flow and let's see my next rhyme blow your chest
Open like a surgeons scalpel, I'll leave you hurt and doubtful

Of your words cause this is murder in a mouthful
Suffa bring disaster from within, hear the laughter from my kin
I'll leave you with the Hoods logo plastered, crafted in your skin
Step and bust, but realise there's no stopping us
So watch your whole crew get fucked, like my dick was filled with Phosphorus

(2x):

Why, why
Tell me why-y
Tell me why these MC's try-y-y

I've been busting raps since the days of fat laces
There's a lot of new rappers, but they're not Fatfaces
They're disgraces, they could never be compared to me
(Like are they really that bad?) Well I'm prepared to see
I'll be at their stage show, waiting in the front row
And if they try and diss I'm gonna stop their flow
Like cholesterol in the arteries and shit in the S bend
I'll rattle their whole crew and scull back the west end
I'm destined to be known, for ripping the microphone
Try and bite like a clone, that'll never be condoned
I've shown some restraint, but now I've reached the edge
Of my tolerance level, so it's you I'm gonna sledge
I pledge allegiance to Australia, I'm a true aussie rhymer
Mate your raps stink more, than a prostitute's vagina
I find your accents laughable to say the least
You're far from honour with a life betting on junior treats fool

Tell me why
I'm sick of misfits, I'm sick of twits
I'm sick of internet gits that choke a microphone, miss
From gargling piss, of their message board buddies
They should be writing real raps, instead of uni studies
I'm throwing stubbies, in the general direction
They can only battle us, when they pass our introspection
Neglection, is the sole reason for this fake fate
When the quality of life depends on board rate
And E-mates, who's reality revolves around
Incoming attachments and mp3 sounds
They think they're bound, for infinite glory
But have got a multiple choice, perspective on this story

(One)

They go back to where they came from

(Two)

They study explosives then drop bombs

(Three)

They learn to stand up, fight and terrify

(Bitch)

They look me in the eye and tell me why

(2x):

Why, why
Tell me why-y
Tell me why these MC's try-y-y