

# Whatcha Got?

Hilltop Hoods

[Chorus:]

(Suffa with Pressure)

I got  
Hundreds of people asking me, getting pissed with me  
And dissin me  
Literally blasting me, asking me  
When the Hoods' new album's gonna drop  
And where it is, well here it is  
Man I got  
The mic in front of me, peeps to the back of me  
Pressure to the right of me  
And soul inside of me  
I got a variety of rhymes (I rock the spot)  
I got notoriety of rhymes (talk about what I got)

[Verse 1: Pressure and Suffa]

A sense of pride so lets just ride off my anguish  
Have the sense to slide and coinside with my language  
I got microphones and my piece of mind  
Despite my closure, get a piece of mind off my problem piece of rhymes  
I got my own view, my own reflection in the mirror  
I got enough noise to make micky loud, I scream I hear ya  
I got plenty of mates (and I've got plenty of enemies)  
And I've got plenty of hate (for the many bad memories)  
I got energy thats translated into speech  
When I'm (packing beats, beats, beats)  
The beats on my acca make the world go round  
And then I put it on my (rollin, rollin, rollin)  
Roll the sequencer, two sequencer  
Track format  
And mate I gotta speak with yer  
I got problems with my wage try'na make ends meat  
I guess it's either getting paid or respect on the street

I got envy and jealousy, you're planning on telling me  
To drop a new LP because the melody's remedy  
I got my own shadow that  
Follows me in footsteps  
I've had enough people worrying about the props that the Hoods' get  
So why not, worry about what you've got  
Cos I got, enough of that old fly rock  
To make your girlfriends thighs rock  
Check what I got  
Her own hands between her legs  
Had a tap like a keg while you were drinking the dregs  
Just pull the styles fine, told her to lick her fingers  
Answer up the bass line, hook from Charlie Mingers  
And lingers in the track makes you believe in God when  
Suffa's so fat I guess I got a weight problem  
I got a squadron of b-boys ready to break em' off  
I break em' off then and then, from a cut of me costing  
I got you at a loss when you give it up for charity  
Got clarity, I spose I get exposure like a gallery  
I got a four door car and a three room home  
I got weekly repayments on a two grand loan  
I got one life to live and no second chances  
And mates that are writers and ryhmers of break dancers

Clothes on my back and friends that I trust  
I got flows that are phat and a heart full of lust  
I got a sense of pride, I got agility and speed  
Emence ability, man I got everything I need  
I got three Hoods, the closeness for three times the dopeness  
See even if the nature cant get the situation is still hopeless  
I got my notice from non-composers, from their posters  
I suppose, so once I come the dopest  
(And you notice)  
I got a mic thats my companion  
My hood labels me champion  
Where here to get your publishes with you, we're undermanned  
I live a life thats demandive but still got positivity  
I got to explore each and every possibility  
Hip Hop is feeling me its going straight to my head  
(Like those seizures when I rap I'm taking grape juice and Sudafed)  
If you can get brews then I got ryhmes  
I got a cavalcade of battle rage to I got mine so  
(Get thrust, cause other MC's can't deal with us)  
I feel a must to get what I haven't got, a stagnant rock is  
Filling my ears and getting more play than Clatterol  
(I got a sense of direction and a compass  
Drive past MC's with no compassion, though I heard the scream sounds)

[Chorus]