

My words ring true, so until the end of the marriage,  
Cutting my neck from my back is the only severance package,  
For this veteran that is blessed and possessed with the language,  
In a profession that takes less than a second for Pressure to vanish,  
I scream vocals clear in the hope your hearing your host,  
Less we choke in fear of the smoke and mirrors,  
This scene is on fire, feeding my bleeding desire,  
So when P's behind the wheel indeed you'll need to retire cause  
I'm a,  
Hillatoppa, breath no less than seventy proof,  
Yeah we connect with youth, when my left is caressing your tooth,  
Invested in confessing the truth, the proof my sweat in the booth,  
Hang around this ending with your neck in a noose,  
So move back, call truce retract,  
We're too fat to fall through the cracks,  
And I've never had quitting in mind, sick of my rhyme?  
Slit your wrist and consider this the finishing line

[VERSE 2: SUFFA]

You better swallow your pride like lions eating their young,  
Cos I'm a beast with a beat, two lungs and a drum,  
And now that Mr Superflow's back on his feet,  
I'm going stupid bro so you can go back to your seat,  
I'm a Hillatoppa filled with vodka and vinegar,  
Mocking you miniatures, more props than Bollywood cinema,  
Last call, me and P will be drunk all summer,  
Jim Carey, Jeff Daniels, call us drunk and dumber,  
People are starving and they're putting Lamborghini doors,  
On a fucking Hummer? Give some to the funky drummer,  
And I'll ride this beat like a drunken lover with no fucking rubber,  
And I fucking love her,  
Girl don't leave me,  
I need you and see that you don't need me,  
But if you leave me alone,  
You'll break my heart, I'll fall apart and lose my seat on the throne,  
Like an opera,  
A tragedy like an opera