

# Hilltop Hoods, City Of Light

## Verse 1 Suffa

I'm from the city of light, with a sky of vanilla,  
Known as the city of churches home of the serial killer,  
And in the summer it feels like a hundred degrees,  
Where I'm from you might see Suffa MC,  
Walking the traps trying to escape the map,  
Ninety one was my shit I'm trying to take it back,  
To when writers ran the line and transits ran the gambit,  
My memories the paint, let the track be my canvas,  
Thirteen sitting in a park, sipping wine casks,  
Watching whole cars as they went flying past,  
I couldn't paint so I rhymed to the writers,  
They'd laugh, light up a smoke, and get blinded by their lighters,  
Nasty Arts' ran my line evading cop cars,  
And we looked up to them like they were rock stars,  
Paint stained hands and fame like Manson,  
That's Charles not Marilyn, a city held to ransom,  
Cans and markers, Country Road parkers,  
Hands of an artist left the landscape enchanted,  
Until the government pigs had all the paint washed,  
From our city walls, end of the renaissance,  
And so the walls where the colours once played,  
Were replaced by the buff, now a sullen blunt grey,  
White washed, shitty, all grey, all black,  
Waiting for the kids of this city to take their walls back.

## Verse 2 - Pressure

I'm from the city of light, with a sky of vanilla,  
Known as the city of churches home of the serial killer,  
And in the winter, the city sleeps dead in the freeze,  
Where I'm from you might see Pressure MC,  
Walking the traps trying to escape the map,  
Ninety three was my shit I'm trying to take it back,  
Got kicked out of school but I would have left in time,  
With nothing but an ego and rap to get me by,  
I swept floors, packed orders, when poor raked from Porters,  
Liquor store just to score me a four track recorder,  
Fifteen, sneaking in the back door to the gig,  
Thought I could rip, bro trust me I fought for this shit,  
Cos the city's darker than a starless night,  
And treats a starter like a fresh piece of meat, greet the carving knife,  
Till the day came when I'd scar consortiums,  
I'd lay waiting, train stations and parks my audience,  
Before we had our beats made, before we had a DJ,  
We'd rock to a beat box, before that shit was clichd,  
You see mate, I refused to lay low and gave those,  
Better years of my life to pave roads,  
Live as hell, we did it by ourselves,  
The only secret to this shit is one that time will tell,  
So breathe in cos the city invites, jealousy, pity and blight,  
You're in the city of light.