

Hilltop Hoods, The Calling

Verse One Pressure

For many years I was seeking asylum, in the bleakest environments,
Rhyme possessed me, while many started speaking retirement,
So as I rose they all fell in the fashion of yelling and trashing,
For what its worth there was no quelling the passion,
Their love was dead, I was writing papes but getting fuck all said,
So I polished my shit until my knuckles bled,
Treading thin ice and all I caught were chills,
Sacrifices were appetisers, mics instead of meals,
This hand was mine, so I played it until I made it expand my mind,
And burned my name into the sands of time,
Then rhyme gave me strength to less avail,
Got used to these backstabbers, so now I sleep on a bed of nails,
I never fail, but turning tides are moving too slow,
I swam the depths of every ocean just to prove I could flow,
So from the cradle to the grave, turntable to Holy Father,
I swear I didnt slit my wrists I got the hip-hop stigmata.

You got to pray to hip-hop almighty,
We bless the microphone nightly,
Open up the lyric from inside me,
Its our calling thats why we say,
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We bless the microphone nightly,
Open up the lyric from inside me,
Its our calling thats why we say

Verse Two Suffa

This be calling, we could never be fake,
Thanks to hip-hop I got a bed in every state,
And without it Id roam the city with no purpose,
Without the underground Im a clown without circus,
I flip verses, you feeling me, abilities,
My currency with which I buy credibility,
Facilities were built, just to be torn down,
Till the wheels fall off, and my pencils all worn down,
Till death comes to collect his debt, Ill wreck the set,
When heads check in retrospect, Ill get respect
Cos I did what I was called to do,
Its hip hop, I did it all for you
We true to this, got clout on turntables getting played,
We doing this without a label not getting payed
So from the cradle to the grave, microphone to retirement home
Ill be on stage; Ill never leave the rhyme alone.

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Verse Three Suffa & Pressure

Either were all out, or were all in,
And if we fall out, then were all falling,
Its the calling; its what I hear in my sleep,
Its that shiver up my spine when Im feeling the beat,
Its that fear of defeat, the need to better myself,
Its the culture; its not about spreading the wealth,
Its forgetting the time when youre perfecting a rhyme,
Its every drop of sweat that I shed getting mine.

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