

Illusionary Lines

Hilltop Hoods

Verse One - Pressure

I once had time on my hands, but now handling time,
Is coping with this life cycle and the mandatory grind,
My sanity's fine, just falling short of stamina I'm,
Searching for some food for thought to feed this famine of mind,
And when I'm stagnant I rhyme, it helps the night turn to day,
I churn my way through this nine to five and urban decay,
Believe me it's bleak, and though the city's breaths in its sleep,
It's just a paddock, ain't no where a shepherds leading these sheep,
Now most prefer it covered up lie than the truth naked,
The truth is ugly like cellulite; please don't publicly parade it,
I hate it but to escape it would be luck on fluke,
I feel like I'm a dope beat but I'm stuck on loop,
But that's my life cycle; freedom means everything to me,
And face value's got us believing everything we see,
So if our eyes tell us lies the truth is we're blind,

So keep on walking straight and narrow down illusionary lines. Verse Two - Pressure

I once had respect for this game, but now this game of respect,
Is sold to the highest bidder with some fame and a cheque,
Now any layman can get respect without breaking his neck,
Paying dues, time these crews started paying some debt,
It ain't lights and cameras, personalities on set,
Distorting realities in their context,
With no originality concepts,
Who gives a fuck about a salary; this ain't a popularity contest,
Cos hip hop ain't faking for ends,
Hip-hop ain't fading with trends,
It ain't rich kids playing with pens,
It ain't the clothes on your back, or the label on them,
It's where you're at, so I say it again,
It's just my life cycle; music means everything to me,
It's just a fashion show, nah; don't believe everything you see,
Cos if our eyes tell us lies the truth is we're blind,

So keep on walking straight and narrow down illusionary lines. Verse Three - Pressure

That's just my life cycle, nothing matters but setting me free,
Because my freedom and hip hop be meaning everything to me,
Now face values and fashions empower everything we be,
Believing everything we hear, and everything we see,
So if our eyes tell us lies, then we usually find,

Our visions cluttered by this scutter so the truth is we're blind,
It's just poison food for thought for these dillusionary minds,
So stop walking straight and narrow down illusionary lines.

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