

The Calling

Hilltop Hoods

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 it's 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 didn't slit my wrists I got the hip-hop stigmata.

Chorus

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

It's our calling that's 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 I'd roam the city with no purpose,
Without the underground I'm 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, I'll wreck the set,
When heads check in retrospect, I'll get respect
Cos I did what I was called to do,
It's 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

I'll be on stage; I'll never leave the rhyme alone. Chorus

You got to pray to hip-hop almighty,

We bless the microphone nightly,

Open up the lyric from inside me,

It's our calling that's why we say,

You got to pray to hip-hop almighty,

We bless the microphone nightly,

Open up the lyric from inside me,

It's our calling that's why we say...

Verse Three - Suffa & Pressure

Either we're all out, or we're all in,

And if we fall out, then we're all falling,

It's the calling; it's what I hear in my sleep,

It's that shiver up my spine when I'm feeling the beat,

It's that fear of defeat, the need to better myself,

It's the culture; it's not about spreading the wealth,

It's forgetting the time when you're perfecting a rhyme,

It's every drop of sweat that I shed getting mine.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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