

Im from the city of light with the sky of vanilla
known as the city of churchs home of the serial killers
and in the summer it feels like a hundred degrees
where im from you might see SUFFA MC
walking the traps uh tryna escape the map
91' was my shit im tryna take it back to
when writers ran the line and transits ran the gambit
my memories the paint let the track be my canvas
13 sitting in a park sipping wine casks
watching wholecars as they went flying past
I couldn't paint so I'd rhyme to writers
they'd laugh light up a smoke get blinded by their lighters
nasty arts ran my line evading cop cars
and we looked up to them like they were rockstars
paint stained hands and fame like manson
thats charls not marylin that 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 the city walls end of the renaissance
and so the walls where the colours played
were replaced by the buff now a sullent blunt grey
white washed shity all grey all black
waiting for the kids of the city to take their walls back

[Verse 2: PRESSURE]

Im from the city of light with the sky of vanilla
known as the city of churchs home of the serial killers
and in the winter the city sleeps dead in a freeze
where im from you might see PRESSURE MC
walking the traps tryna escape the map
93' was my shit im tryna take it back
got kicked outta school but I would of left in time
with nothing but a knee on rap to get me by
I swept floors pact orders went poor racked from porters
liquor store just to score me a 4track recorder
15 sneaking in the backdoor to the gig
thought I could rip bro trust me a fought for this shit
coz the cities then a starless night
and treats a starter like fresh peice of meat greet the carving knife
till the day come when I'd scar consortiums
I'd lay waiting trains and parks my audience
before we had our beats made before we had a dj
we'd rock to a beatbox before that shit was clichéd
you see mate? I refuse to laylow and gave those
better years of my life to pay rose
live as hell we did it by ourselves
the only secret to this shit is one the time I tell
so breathe in coz the city invite jealousy pity and blight
Huh your in the city of light