

Common Streets

Hilltop Hoods

It's all the same,
Regardless of your record and your name
Rappers walking in the rain,
tryna state there claim
I can take the weight they just....
Take the back pain
There's much to gained with the money and fame
(It's like that)
I feel the power when I hear it in the streets
(It's like that)
It used to be about the lyrics and beats
(Behind that)
From tomorrow until commercialism
And now it's built as a prison
For us to walk common streets

Now if flesh is weak
My passion is my shield
And my strength is my speech
In which I'll make men yield
Cuz in the field of expertise
Man you rappers flex with ease
Using hip-hop as gimmicks in which to gain sex with these...

With a joint or a bottle...
And a picturing posing crew
The only thing I ever learned is
"I can only trust a chosen few"
I got respect for my crew
And love for my home
Never claimed [?] throne from the use of microphone

(Just let me rideeee)
Or all you critics claiming minor skies
"Better trade in ya faget"
As you look into my eyes
And my sumizeeee'll be the day that hip-hop dies
Or at least until the day the mass of boys [?]

With every [?] on your faith
Companies supporting any and every
Breathe or laugh I take
Makes me gag in nauzia
It's just the asthma....
It's chokin' me, vocally
Provokin' me to live with frustration with words but locally
Cuz globally I'm fucked, if you ever notice me
So I cling to what I got and rock the spot with chromozee...
Cuz sometimes...
The people just don't wanna let go
Now put that mic down before you get crushed like Thredbo

But hold it now....
Who said were walking common streets?
You just keep rollin' them beats hip-hop cost all a [?]
Some lost there creativity and our sense of [?] humble,
Ali threw in the gloves so now I'm rumblin' in the jungle

Don't you worry cuz them punks will fall off figures
Times I wrote these shackle (dadadada)
You lost that love I feel [?], and crackles
And only time he's able to heal the wounds
That was open [?] truth [?] community you food basket
Hypocrites, contradicting shit, every bit of it
I've heard more to save the gas [?] illiterate
I just hung my head in my hands and kept, workin' on the beats
But now were workin for the lands, maybe one day common streets

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I can take the weight they just....
Hate the back pain
There's much to gained with the money and fame
(It's like that)
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And now this spirits a prison
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It's all the same
Common streets
Can you feel it?
Can you feel the vibe?
Seems I'm in a dream as I'm walk through the southside
Can you feel it?
Can you feel the vibe?
Cuz it looks like we leavin' to the people walkin' by
Can you feel it?
Can you feel the vibe?
Cuz it looks like we leavin' to the people walkin' by