

Distortion

Hilltop Hoods

So many onlookers witness vibes, but never live that life
So how they gonna start to run their mouths and criticise?
About this culture that we give our lives, rap's a whore that's written
Tried so many washed up sounds on any given tide
Openly B-Boy's sympathise, but never live tonight
They couldn't give a fuck whether this rap culture will live or die
The common question given's 'Why? ', I looked at different skies
See that it's the same fame that will face seas and glittering eyes
So all these distorted views, so called important news
Headlines are [?] crews, but really mate, FUCK what they thought of you
Busting your gut for poor reviews, to open doors and muse
So people talk of you like Waterview to discard you like a whore that's used
It's sorts ya bruised with not much more to lose, dignity torn in two
The massive bill you've fought it through, more tries, more like that score
that you
You see all the public's point of views, built on distorted news
Stereotype to the point they don't know who they're talking to

[Hook: Pressure (Suffa)]

(A B-Boy, the force in my soul is sonic)

"Distortion, distortion"

(A B-Boy, the force in my soul is sonic)

"Distortion, distortion"

I hear the beat (Hear the beat)

I feel the vibe (Feel the vibe)

I smell the sweat (Smell the sweat)

I see the pride (See the pride)

Get to taste (Get to taste)

Fame and fortune (Fame and fortune)

There lies uncluttered (Uncluttered)

"Distortion"

[Verse 2: Pressure]

I'm an Aussie B-Boy! Yeah just another decoy

Sent to un-fill my world so they can destroy

They dig foundations that we employed, yet steady being devoid

Of propaganda that many seem to enjoy

Helpless, selfless careers take a path, although they're faint in heart

The media attention they receives enough to make a start

The image hardly makes a start, although they're fake in heart

Laying so much shit they never stay, it's time to take a bath

Then they make the chart, but they'll never take the heart

From a fabled art, too many B-Boy's awake and smart

And even in my waking mark, the first negate the last

But I swear on death that you will never catch me faking arse

Public communions aim to spark, only flame my heart

And wash over this culture like sulphur, over tainted glass

Despite the grip of hate is fast, and this sedated grass

Strangling the life from hip-hop so let's make it last

[Hook]