

# I'm a Ghost

Hilltop Hoods

Two sheets to the wind in a taxi  
Two feet to the wind in the backseat  
Two beeps to the car in front of us  
And one of us ending up wrapped around the chassis  
Think about these rhymes and what they gave me  
Sounds out this world, but a microphone and two turntables saved me  
Took me around the world and bought me a home  
I've seen all these other crews bank too  
Not knowing all the ways people helped them  
Might not ever get a damn 'thank you'  
But they're sure enough gonna get 'you're welcome'  
Matter of fact, I ain't leaving  
I was here first and I don't believe them  
I was here bursting listening to Premo and Chino and Thistin  
And missing out on being there for people in person  
Cause we don't sleep when we're working  
We don't bleed when we're hurting  
We wear our heart on our sleeve and I'm certain  
That we'll feel the burden 'til we call it curtains  
You feel me?...  
Do you feel me?...  
This that inside the core that can blind with its force  
It's the writing on the wall, light it up on the porch  
It's 1994, 5 mics in The Source  
There's a mighty mighty roar from the crowd and of course  
It's this  
Do you feel me?...

Went from going through quotes in the liners  
To being known for the shows on the fliers  
Playing packed rooms, heading to the backroom  
To cool down my face with some ice from the rider  
Looking out to a crowd full of lighters  
And the day those lights don't inspire us  
You'll see me walking out, I'm a ghost, I'm gone

[Verse 2: Pressure]

Two sheets on a surface of water  
Loose leaf writing worthless and torn up  
If I could do these words justice  
You'd see how much it's worth that I fought for  
Every kid that never got one mention  
Every little bit of love or affection  
I'm done with pretending the sun is descending  
And all good things must come to an end  
Cause I swore to the day this is nothing more than a flawed entertainment biz  
And I walk away with nothing  
And let me tell you something  
That's fucking more than I came in with  
You feel me?...  
Do you feel me?...  
And I'd be lying if I said I wasn't grateful  
For my life, for my friends, and for the faithful  
It's been a ride, but there's been a few times  
That I thought I'd lose sight when the effort was too painful  
But rap gave me such inspired dream

That maybe touched my life when things  
Got a little crazy, and nobody would play me  
The ends that plainly justified the means  
At last I can we've all been blind  
It's hard to believe that all this time  
That I wore my heart on my sleeve  
For this art and the scene  
Gonna be hard when I leave it all behind  
You feel me?...  
Do you feel me?...

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[Pressure/Suffa:]

Low winter sun, light the dawn in gold  
I'm a ghost, I'm gone  
Though when it's done night is on us all  
I'm a ghost, I'm gone  
Nowhere to run, writing's on the wall  
I'm a ghost, I'm gone  
So when it come rise before we fall  
I'm a ghost, I'm gone  
Low winter sun, light the dawn in gold  
I'm a ghost, I'm gone  
Broken and done dying on us all  
I'm a ghost, I'm gone  
Nowhere to run, writing's on the wall  
I'm a ghost, I'm gone  
So when it comes rise, rise before we fall

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