

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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