

The Calling

Hilltop Hoods

For many years I was seeking asylum, in the bleakest environments
Rhyme possessed me, while many started speaking retirement
So as I rose they all fell in the fashion of yelling and trashing
For what it's worth there was no quelling the passion
Their love was dead, I was writing papes but getting fuck all said
So I polished my shit until my knuckles bled
Treading thin ice and all I caught were chills
Sacrifices were appetisers, mics instead of meals
This hand was mine, so I played it until I made it expand my mind
And burned my name into the sands of time
Then rhyme gave me strength to less avail
Got used to these backstabbers, so now I sleep on a bed of nails
I never fail, but turning tides are moving too slow
I swam the depths of every ocean just to prove I could flow
So from the cradle to the grave, turntable to Holy Father
I swear I didn't slit my wrists I got the Hiphop stigmata

You got to pray to hip-hop almighty
We bless the microphone nightly
Open up the lyric from inside me
It's our calling that's why we say
You got to pray to Hiphop almighty
We bless the microphone nightly
Open up the lyric from inside me
It's our calling that's why we say..

This be calling, we could never be fake
Thanks to Hiphop I got a bed in every state
And without it I'd roam the city with no purpose
Without the underground I'm a clown without circus
I flip verses, you feeling me, abilities
My currency with which I buy credibility
Facilities were built, just to be torn down
Till the wheels fall off, and my pencils all worn down
Till death comes to collect his debt, I'll wreck the set
When heads check in retrospect, I'll get respect
Cos I did what I was called to do
It's Hiphop, I did it all for you
We true to this, got clout on turntables getting played
We doing this without a label not getting payed
So from the cradle to the grave, microphone to retirement home
I'll be on stage I'll never leave the rhyme alone

Either we're all out, or we're all in
And if we fall out, then we're all falling
It's the calling it's what I hear in my sleep
It's that shiver up my spine when I'm feeling the beat
It's that fear of defeat, the need to better myself
It's the culture; it's not about spreading the wealth
It's forgetting the time when you're perfecting a rhyme
It's every drop of sweat that I shed getting mine