

# 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