

Hilltop Hoods

"Distortion"

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[Verse 1 - Pressure]

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]

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