

## Hilltop Hoods

### "Hard Road"

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#### Intro

Going down a hard road, (just don't know)  
Don't know where I've been, (where I'm going down)  
Going down a hard road, (just don't know)  
Don't know where I've been.

#### Verse 1 - Suffa

Growing up I needed a guide like, a blind veteran's  
dog,  
Cos I was going nowhere like a child's letters to god,  
Though life's road was hard I was never so lost,  
That I looked for an answer in a medicine box,  
I never did pop pills, or cop deals, just rocked hills  
Kids with skills, still got harassed by the cops till,  
They'd have me in the back of a paddy, down to lock  
up,  
Smack me, pat me down for a baggy, mums would  
rock up,  
And bail me out, a failure out once again,  
Next weekend, bail me out, drunk again,  
And I never will forgive myself,  
For putting you through all that hell,  
I went from high school dropout to factory labourer,  
Slave to the clock until four, went from sleeping on the  
floor,  
To being out on tour, now no stopping me,  
I'll finish with a bang like Kurt Cobains biography.

#### Chorus

Going down a hard road, down the hard road,  
Don't know where I've been, and don't know where to  
go it's like,  
Going down a hard road, down the hard road,  
Don't know where I've been.

#### Verse 2 - Pressure

I spent my youth like life was cheap,  
The only change that I wanted was enough to buy a  
drink,  
Was on a path to nowhere, the harder the road,  
The more broken baggage we carry the larger the  
load,

This school drop-out got knocked out, chased by the  
cops out,  
Got clout, dumped by my girlfriend and locked out,  
Been broke and beaten, even chocked at being,  
A dope mc but never lost hope in dreaming,  
We used to thrash boosted cars till the engine would  
fail,  
If I never had bailed maybe I'd be dead or in jail,  
And man I got no one else to blame,  
I thank my family and music for keeping me sane,  
But that's the breaks right? Started working late nights,  
Never seeing daylight, and paid like a slave might,  
And I've done too many years to miss this for my  
missus,  
To have to tell my son he nearly never existed.

#### Chorus

Going down a hard road, down the hard road,  
Don't know where I've been, and don't know where to  
go it's like,  
Going down a hard road, down the hard road,  
Don't know where I've been, DJ Debris c'mon and break  
it down like,

#### Verse 3 - Suffa

And I speak what I feel in the booth in the spirit of truth,  
Cos all these kids that I meet man they mirror my  
youth,  
And I could have gone the wrong way, the easy option,  
But I chose to go the long way, the streets are  
watching,  
So keep a look out, look up, B-Ballers keep your hook  
up,  
Pull a page from my book out, and pull out,  
Your finger put your foot out and keep a lookout,  
For what we put out, the brand new flavour for your  
cookout.

#### Chorus

Going down a hard road, down the hard road,  
Don't know where I've been, and don't know where to  
go it's like,  
Going down a hard road, down the hard road,  
Don't know where I've been

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