

Hilltop Hoods

"Living In Bunkers"

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Verse 1: Pressure

When I came, I started like an arsonist to set a flame
Mastering this art, I'm everlasting when I pen my name
Darker like my letters stained markers on the head of
Cain
sharper than a marksmen with a target in my centre
frame
A father, so my red I veins harboured by my said in
name
Or rather with my other forefathers and genetic strain
If we ain't asking for respect or fame
With words as dope as marijuana, though it's hard to
take what's said in vein
A splinter faction so we're carving up against the grain
Laughing at them grasping over stardom and a sense
of claim
Hard to hang your head in shame rather than accept
the blame
Own your hardships, we're only master when we shed
the chains
affect the game, cause and effect, check the change
Forget your name and not the part of it from where you
came
dangerous tracks like a scar where you inject the vein
Murdering your martyrs, I'm the harbinger to end the
pain

Chorus: Lotek

Unforgiven staying hidden like we're living in bunkers
whether you're in Sri Lanka or you live in Toronto
Dominican or Indian we're living like hunters
whether you're in the Congo or live in Rwanda
What we doing Tek? Staying hidden like we're living in
bunkers
Whether you're in Sri Lanka or you live in Toronto
Dominican or Indian we're living like hunters
Whether you're in the Congo or live in Rwanda

Verse 2: Suffa

I've got a cache of beats to make 'em get on the floor

Ranging from better than you're, to way better than
yours
the heavy metal supporter leaving competitors floored
the most malevolent devil to ever tread on the shore
I'm a composer with a grudge ready to settle the score
And tour supposedly the one to wreck like never
before?
Please, you a stooge like you're standing with Iggy
So please, bear with me like I'm standing with grizzlies
I'm a dark moon rising, bred in the 'burbs'
I'm far beyond the horizon, ahead of the curve
And now your head is on swerve like you're Linda Blair
and
Painted eyes on my Eyelids, they think I'm staring
Even when I'm sleeping, eye the angels
I sleep with demons, dine with angels
Screaming 'I'm the last one that your wanna start on
I'm sicker than lighting the next one off the last one

Chorus: Lotek

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Verse 3: Black Thought

Kick it up a little notch let the heat knock
For the number one soul brother next to Pete Rock
I'm from the gutter, came out my mother Tariq Trot
Doctor told me I was only human like the beatbox
I been sicker than dope friends in Detox
And been around plenty time like a G'Shock
I ain't doing the kind of my dimes my brother Keith got
It's Mr. Big Stuff taking Heavy D's spot
The same Rik Geezy, my man speak easy
Old soul, so ice cold, they can't unfreeze me... Listen
Streets need me so, I represent my town
Two one pound, where they keep enough shots to go
around
Watch the crown, most underrated, none above it
You gotta love it, folks wanna hate it
In a P.A.N.A. mera Porsche four door
Heading down town riding 'round town, bumping Wurx
shit

Chorus: Lotek

We're staying hidden like we're living in bunkers
If you living in Tonga, or you living in Russia
Sydney City to Nigeria they're living like hunters
Whether you're in the Gaza or live in Casablanca

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