

## Hilltop Hoods "Tomorrow Will Do"

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Verse One ¶ Pressure

Be careful what you wish for; be cautious what you seek,  
Women are like opportunities; grasp them when they're in reach,  
All that glitters is gold, and sold for green locally,  
Life's a blind struggle that's why fate keeps tripping over me,  
With fines, debts and warrants trust me when I say they serve you,  
What you don't know can't hurt you; so not knowing you's a virtue,  
It's a fast food world; I fear that I'm a die gluttoning,  
But life is like John Howard, too short to waste time worrying,  
I moved from my parentals, used to lose it in the mental,  
Now I'm using my potential, for bruising instrumentals,  
I'm a bad natured human, bound to stagnate in ruin,  
Till these man made delusions catch a bad case of bruising,  
We're all drunk philosophers so give it time now,  
There's a fine line between a smile and a frown, Yeah?  
It's called an eyebrow,  
If measurement of ones worth was one word of testament,  
I'm done keeping it real I keep it relevant.

Chorus

Life is a road, full of turn-offs, short sprints and long runs,  
We'll deal with it as it comes,  
If I lose my way I'll follow you,  
Cos today's like yesterday I guess tomorrow will do,  
Life is a road, full of turn-offs, short sprints and long runs,  
We'll deal with it as it comes,  
If I lose my way I'll follow you,  
Cos today's like yesterday I guess tomorrow will do.

Verse Two ¶ Suffa

I've been an out and out loudmouth since my youth,

I'm generous with words but selfish with the truth,  
I'd never say some things on my mind anyway,  
Cos ideas are like cars, they get stolen everyday,  
And when I do speak women call me a creep,  
Ladies chivalry's not dead it's on the couch where you  
made it sleep,  
I get deep without the meaningful,

Mimed a rhyme to a blind man, he said 'Boy now I've  
seen it all',  
The worlds an ugly place filled with beautiful women,  
And people, who love music but lack suitable rhythm,  
What a computer will give them an instrument won't,  
It's called hip hop, guess what we're the industry joke,  
But hip hop followers, follow us till your sorrow is gone,  
And be strong cos tomorrow it's on,  
We ain't no beat nick, weak trip, kids on the sneak tip,  
We spit deep shit all of life' secrets.

Chorus

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