

Im from the city of light with the sky of vanilla  
known as the city of churchs home of the serial killers  
and in the summer it feels like a hundred degrees  
where im from you might see SUFFA MC  
walking the traps uh tryna escape the map  
91' was my shit im tryna take it back to  
when writers ran the line and transits ran the gambit  
my memories the paint let the track be my canvas  
13 sitting in a park sipping wine casks  
watching wholecars as they went flying past  
I couldn't paint so I'd rhyme to writers  
they'd laugh light up a smoke get blinded by their lighters  
nasty arts ran my line evading cop cars  
and we looked up to them like they were rockstars  
paint stained hands and fame like manson  
thats charls not marylin that city held to ransom  
cans and markers country road parkers  
Hands of an artist left the landscape enchanted  
until the government pigs had all the paint washed  
from the city walls end of the renaissance  
and so the walls where the colours played  
were replaced by the buff now a sullent blunt grey  
white washed shity all grey all black  
waiting for the kids of the city to take their walls back

[Verse 2: PRESSURE]

Im from the city of light with the sky of vanilla  
known as the city of churchs home of the serial killers  
and in the winter the city sleeps dead in a freeze  
where im from you might see PRESSURE MC  
walking the traps tryna escape the map  
93' was my shit im tryna take it back  
got kicked outta school but I would of left in time  
with nothing but a knee on rap to get me by  
I swept floors pact orders went poor racked from porters  
liquor store just to score me a 4track recorder  
15 sneaking in the backdoor to the gig  
thought I could rip bro trust me a fought for this shit  
coz the cities then a starless night  
and treats a starter like fresh peice of meat greet the carving knife  
till the day come when I'd scar consortiums  
I'd lay waiting trains and parks my audience  
before we had our beats made before we had a dj  
we'd rock to a beatbox before that shit was clichéd  
you see mate? I refuse to laylow and gave those  
better years of my life to pay rose  
live as hell we did it by ourselves  
the only secret to this shit is one the time I tell  
so breathe in coz the city invite jealousy pity and blight  
Huh your in the city of light