

## Common Streets

## Hilltop Hoods

It's all the same,  
Regardless of your record and your name  
Rappers walking in the rain,  
tryna state there claim  
I can take the weight they just....  
Take the back pain  
There's much to gained with the money and fame  
(It's like that)  
I feel the power when I hear it in the streets  
(It's like that)  
It used to be about the lyrics and beats  
(Behind that)  
From tomorrow until commercialism  
And now it's built as a prison  
For us to walk common streets

Now if flesh is weak  
My passion is my shield  
And my strength is my speech  
In which I'll make men yield  
Cuz in the field of expertise  
Man you rappers flex with ease  
Using hip-hop as gimmicks in which to gain sex with these...

With a joint or a bottle...  
And a picturing posing crew  
The only thing I ever learned is  
"I can only trust a chosen few"  
I got respect for my crew  
And love for my home  
Never claimed [?] throne from the use of microphone

(Just let me rideeee)  
Or all you critics claiming minor skies  
"Better trade in ya faget"  
As you look into my eyes  
And my sumizeeee'll be the day that hip-hop dies  
Or at least until the day the mass of boys [?]

With every [?] on your faith  
Companies supporting any and every  
Breathe or laugh I take  
Makes me gag in nauzia  
It's just the asthma....  
It's chokin' me, vocally  
Provokin' me to live with frustration with words but locally  
Cuz globally I'm fucked, if you ever notice me  
So I cling to what I got and rock the spot with chromozee...  
Cuz sometimes...  
The people just don't wanna let go  
Now put that mic down before you get crushed like Thredbo

But hold it now....  
Who said were walking common streets?  
You just keep rollin' them beats hip-hop cost all a [?]  
Some lost there creativity and our sense of [?] humble,  
Ali threw in the gloves so now I'm rumblin' in the jungle

Don't you worry cuz them punks will fall off figures  
Times I wrote these shackles (dadadada)  
You lost that love I feel [?], and crackles  
And only time he's able to heal the wounds  
That was open [?] truth [?] community you food basket  
Hypocrites, contradicting shit, every bit of it  
I've heard more to save the gas [?] illiterate  
I just hung my head in my hands and kept, workin' on the beats  
But now were workin for the lands, maybe one day common streets

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Regardless of your record and your name  
Rappers walking in the rain,  
Tryna state there claim  
I can take the weight they just....  
Hate the back pain  
There's much to gained with the money and fame  
(It's like that)  
I feel the power when I hear it in the streets  
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It used to be about the lyrics and beats  
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From tomorrow until commercialism  
And now this spirits a prison  
For us to walk common streets

It's all the same  
Common streets  
Can you feel it?  
Can you feel the vibe?  
Seems I'm in a dream as I'm walk through the southside  
Can you feel it?  
Can you feel the vibe?  
Cuz it looks like we leavin' to the people walkin' by  
Can you feel it?  
Can you feel the vibe?  
Cuz it looks like we leavin' to the people walkin' by