

Living In Bunkers

Hilltop Hoods

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 vein's 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

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,
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I've got a cache of beats to make 'em get on the floor,
Ranging from better than yours, 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 you 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 so they think I'm staring,
Even when I'm sleeping, eye the angles,
I sleep with demons, dine with angels,
Screaming 'I'm the last one that you wanna start on,
I'm sicker than lighting the next one off the last one

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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

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 fiends 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 downtown riding 'round town, bumping Wurx shit

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