

Deaf Can Hear

Hilltop Hoods

Oh my god boy
Bukue One here with the Hilltop Hoods man
Come and hear, aiiyo
The year 2000, we got something new
We on some next, way out of here
We got stuff so dope you know
Guess what, even the deaf can hear
Yeah

It's the Hilltop Hoods and, Bukue in the place
From the place where the kids rhyme with flies on their face
(Australia) And the Oakland crew
(Star fighter number one to ya'll, Bukue)
Hear us, they feel it in their spirit and they cheer us
Fabulous flows from the three life feelers
? Flak check to match up?, the fact test, I snap necks
Like whiplash, I get down, I get smashed, so sit down
Don't get rash, just check out, the kick out... Now
Hear this, I'm a tell you what I like
I like crowds when they scream, hate when they boeing
Hip-hop that's clean, not rap that's deluded
I like to dispute the - undisputed
Like to, kick a style, teaching Howard how to do it
Now hear this, don't read my lips
The only sign I want to see in the air, is a fist

Sign language not needed when we appear
With these flows so deep even the "Deaf can hear"
Heartfelt delivery is loud and clear
Simple telepathy so the "Deaf can hear"
If your not feeling this then disappear
We don't need you cause "The deaf can hear"
Our sounds penetrate like the ancient spears
Penetrating the soul so the "Deaf can hear"

Top of the hills with contents under pressure
Star fighter Bukue makes you sufferer
Now hear this...
Irresistible lyricism with compatible turntable techniques
Speaking with vocal presence of a messiah
Who inspires all, sets tracks on fire
You be tortured, radiating heat no doubt
Burning toys - from the, inside out
Crowds burst into flame, each bomb makes it hotter
Before the show I hid all extinguishers
Hahaha, no way of prevention
It was either burn to death or smoke inhalation
Alleviates you a painful existence
Allow your spirit to ascend (Rest in peace)
All this seen at the show very clear
Rhymes penetrate so even the deaf can hear

It's the Hoods, you can't hear this? Then get my picture
Cause all I need's a beat bass and lip twitcher
To fix ya, it's audible without the use of sign wave
I'm [?], might play, now MCs do it my way
Now I'll wait, cause time's ticking, my rhymes kicking

I feel my mind tripping on words and phrases, the lines thicken
My memory, from the next MC's telepathy
But I leave 'em deaf and dumb and put in double jeopardy
Regrettably, some are hard in their interior
Even the deafest MC's be yelling "Crack it man, I'm hearing ya"
Now whether the fans are cheering ya or whether they're rivals
Whether their freestyle recitals just be needing some titles
They all listen in, to rhyme slander
It's the highlanders?, demander
Beats might slam ya, and your peer's weak
Radiate toxic thoughts over deaf, hear me clearly