

The Return

Hilltop Hoods

Duck and cover
Cause when you fuck with Suffa it's like the bomb's dropped
You spit like Bon Jovi, we spit like Bon Scott
We got it on lock, "Deadlock! " Non-stop, "Head nod! "
Even when the song stop...
Step in the cipher and it's danger
I'll set the Pressure on you like a hyperbaric chamber
And he don't fuck around

We've gained such renown
For this state of the art custom sound
For them custom built rappers with under-skilled narratives
The good die young, me and Suff' are still bad with this
Rhyme style it's lethal, "Prime time the sequel! "
Ain't got a single fan, just like-minded people
I told you from the start, I'm a soldier of the art
Effortless, take every breath and hold it to your heart
With Debris and my brother Suffa, so watch another sucker run for cover
It's the return of the motherfucking motherfuckers!

[Chorus:]

I don't give a goddamn... listen, I don't know...
[GZA:] "How many rhymes you got, or who knows you kid"
I don't give a goddamn... "on the shows you did"
"How many rhymes you got, or who knows you kid"
I don't give a goddamn... listen, I don't know...
[GZA:] "How many rhymes you got, or who knows you kid"
It's Debris... [Lil' Fame:] "Blow the war zone, not now but right now! "

[Suffa:]

Obsessive compulsive, repulsive, insulting
Offensive like feeding a vegan some dolphin
Assaulting the system, "A system that's broken! "
The cistern is broken, the shit is just floating
I spit till you're open underground
P-Delaressure and he don't fuck around

[Pressure:]

Now album number five, "Worked hard to earn that! "
No doubt it was a fight, "Too far to turn back! "
Now I step in the sun, take the weather however it comes
Although I'm a second son, I'm second to none
Lesson is done, what goes around comes around
Suffa's down, and he don't fuck around

[Suffa (Pressure):]

The Hood spits the news like Wolf Blitzer, crews
Fear the pit bull in the pulpit, yo it's the
World War Three in a whisper
The Mr. Suffa (and Mr. Pressure)
[Simultaneous] (We rips it rougher)/We spits it fresher

[Chorus:]

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[GZA:] "How many rhymes you got, or who knows you kid"
I don't give a goddamn... "on the shows you did"
"How many rhymes you got, or who knows you kid"

[Interlude]

[Pressure:]

Your nemesis on verses, the desperate and worthless
Try and flame the name, we can wrestle in a furnace
"Never! " came half-hearted, "Never! " came last, started
Everyday like it's my last till my craft's mastered
"And we can get it on! " I'm at peace with myself
Cause there's a piece of myself in every song
I don't just write rhymes, I spent a lifetime building
A lifeline accommodating night time's children
And now they love the sound
Play me with a Gravyspitter and he don't fuck around

[Suffa:]

Check... ain't no stepping to me
Cause P and Suffa bad mothers like Treacherous Three
So "Feel the heartbeat, feel the heartbeat"
You feel your hearts weep cause you still can't beat
The Hills, and aren't we just still too rugged?
I can feel you love it, we the real blue-blooded, c'mon!

[Chorus]

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