

# 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:]

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"

[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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