

## Hilltop Hoods

### "The Return"

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{\*Turntablism by DJ Debris\*} [Suffa] 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 [Pressure] 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...  
"How many rhymes you got, or who knows you kid" -  
GZA I don't give a goddamn... "on the shows you did" -  
GZA "How many rhymes you got, or who knows you  
kid" - GZA I don't give a goddamn... listen, I don't  
know... "How many rhymes you got, or who knows you  
kid" - GZA It's Debris... "Blow the war zone, not now but  
right now!" - Lil' Fame [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... "How many rhymes you got, or  
who knows you kid" - GZA I don't give a goddamn... "on

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

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