

Hyjak n Torcha f/ Hilltop Hoods

"Heard of Us"

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[Hook]

"Put your hands high, ain't you heard of us
...I'm quite bad... but I shouldnt"

(Hyjak... Suffa... Torcha...)

[Verse 1: Pressure]

I like to make the vinyl bleed when I meditate to heavy
breaks

Obsess over thought process until the letters make
There way to my palms, are sweaty, once I'm coming
ready

I carve a deadly manuscript and rip past the petty
This man'll make them big shots look bent on weight
I came ahead of my time while others premature
ejaculate

An addict of breaks and cuts, obsessed
I'm fucked unless I get a hit and spit til' theres nothing
left

I spent my youth like bad credit, got nothing to show
If money was flow I'd be bawling all up in this bro
We got that rough shit, something straight up shit, with
sick flows

Some beat around the bush like perverts looking in
windows

While others rapping for the cash indoors, fasion
awards

They lacking cords, we catching wreck with Jak n' Torch
You say your hard? I'mma laugh and raise my glass
Fuck and ego your only as dope as the listeners say
you are

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Suffa]

You can find me in the hills but you don't try me on this
shit kid

With rhymes that be filthy, and grimy like a dish pig
I rip gigs and spit if you think it's a joke
I'm like a mad digesting hash cookie (wha?)

My shit is dope!

Let's go twelve rounds and see who'se flows tighter

The only way you'd win is if I was your ghost writer,
fuck
Who wrote your raps and who's taking your crew
places
Man you look retarded, who tied your fucking shoe
laces?
Suffa ain't no sucker, fucker
Cook up beats like Jamie Oliver, pucker
Structure, form man
Fuck the, norm man
Suffa, born and rough like porn
And I spit lyrics like water melon seeds
Slaughter red emcees
Cos I thought of enemies
Any reason, season, please man
Three sixty five, it's three sixty degrees
And you don't quit

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Hyjak]
I ain't scared of dying or being missed
But I'm afraid as fuck of being deceased with a techno
DJ making my remix
And having him beat mix at every rave and show he
hear
Dig myself out of my grave and beat him with his own
clothes stick
Don't give a shit if you can spin backwards on canvas
I don't give a fuck about these rap dancers
Damn I'm sorry boys I don't know how to say this
I think I ruined our chance of being on the Nova playlist
(oh no!)
Play this if you love getting wasted destroying stuff
Mic snatching off Guy Sebastian using his head as a
toilet brush
These boys bustin' out the rubbish like Oscar the
Grouch
Wish the Crocodile Hunter stuck a sock in his mouth
(Crikey!)
I might be slightly unbalanced
I'm wrestling lesbians because I like the challenge
Til' a crew of dykes surrounding me with knives and
hammers
I nailed em' all together sold em' to IKEA as a cabinet.
wha!

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Torcha]
I'm hopeless can't focus my intelligence, see

I play them pokies hoping for five elephants, we
Rather smoke this tree than try sellin' it, please
Just provoke this team and I'll settle it, geez
Don't worry 'bout me bro
Won't sell my soul that's degrading
I'm Torcha I hold my own like I'm masterbating
Not masquerading like puppets and writers for nother
Got married last summer
But I'm still fucking a stunner
Crews only step up if they drunk lots of liquor
Now thats dumb enough then ask your dealers for an
odds on ticker
I used to pill pop til' my life fell off the hilltop
But still rock, ya feel it (ahhh!) - my mic is still hot
Better hope you still drop
In this profession we medicine
Got everyone stressing, reaching for anti-depressing
medicine
Some editors veterans testing us at a show
I'll put you in the nosebleed section while your in the
back row

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