

## 6 Shooter

Illy

Yo, this joint right here is dedicated to all the motherfuckers who fell off  
(yeah)

And the motherfuckers who's about to fall off

How to turn the bass up to the place

Jump in the window shatter [?]

Its new witty banter

My man a benefactor

Phizzle hits are bangin

Illy lets get it crackin'

Twist the fabric of time with a rhyme my style is systematic

I scribble something so ill you wish that you didn't capture

Sprinkle the shit with a little magic

When you and your friends rhyme its bedtime, snoring

Whether or not I headline

Yes I'm supporting

Flavour drip through the speaker when I'm recording

If charisma's a disease I could be dead by the morning

My man weird the entire fuck out here

Lights up, time's up, fire up the sound gear

But I refuse the recklessness but I don't dispute the evidence

I just reload the click

And shoot the messenger

I shoot straight from the water's edge

One stroke get your thought all wet

You getting served like you haven't ordered yet

I score the ref [?] of putting verses in the morgue

Until my services are more sought after than a whore's

I'm getting honey buddy hey getting yours

I'm getting paid to pen and page and add a little more

We smack a stage until it needs to be restored

And I do this shit because I love it not because I'm bored

Moved away from Boe? but it's pumping through my heart

Now I represent the Frankston line and going fucking hard

Aiming for the stars been rolling from the start

Now I'm sharing tracks motherfuckers holding golden [?]

Wild animal mentality

And haters getting mad at rappers doubling their salary

They're talking shit I ain't hearing what they telling me

The colour that they seem greener than a stick of celery

Yeah

Introductions aside

You asking

Who am I?

I'm the owner of a gallery, a tour guide

And you could leave with stained shirts

Because trying to understand how my brain works is suicide

I got a beautiful mind covered in sewer slime

And if you look a little closer there's a [?] inside

To get past the putrid grime like few have tried

Then you could possibly ruin your eyes

Am I crazy?

You decide

All I know is my rhymes are so pimped that I write them in a suit and tie  
I'm superman flying through the sky  
But you guys wouldn't recognise a hero in a new disguise  
Life's like shooting the dice  
Or gambling  
But you just rambling, standing with your hand on the mic  
I ain't battling an amateur  
Get your calibre right  
I'll leave you pussies afraid like you're Hannibal's wife

Check the floodgates (what)  
That door needs closing shut  
They're like a fuckface in porn scenes  
I know they suck  
Put 'em on parole so they can walk free to go get fucked  
Get your own style cause yours seems to be clones of us  
Window character  
Boring stoner cunts  
It's so embarrassing  
It's like the Portuguese showing up  
The Spanish with Brazil  
The whole East is owned by us  
I [?] crashed at will  
Like torpedoes blowing up  
Hit the battleship (boom)  
And all fleets that floated sunk  
Quicker than a cattle whip on raw meat drove to cuts  
The prodigal son since 14 token bus  
Still tropical son with tall trees and coconuts  
My art sells for peanuts  
Like poor street folk that bust  
Can't tell [?]  
With more heat than smoking guns (bam)  
One of the finest  
If you fought me you only just survived it  
You're Irish  
Four-leaf clover luck

If you were gifted then it must have been a lump of coal  
But still you're full of yourself like one of them Russian dolls  
If you're shooting for the top you should adjust the goals  
If I walked a mile in your shoes it would crush my soul  
Saw you live  
Who would pay though to book you  
If you tried to get some girls there  
Then they overlooked you  
Men, men, men  
Like that lame show with Kutcher  
A total sausage fest  
Like a trade show for butchers  
Uh  
This is Adelaide talking  
I'm an animal  
Coursing through my preys  
Natural habitat stalking  
Just hungry  
If there's beef then I'm jabbing my fork in  
At the mere fucking mention of a battle they walking  
And if not  
Then they got more than your standard deathwish (weird)  
Most of them are sweeter than a candy necklace  
Always got something left to write like I was ambidextrous  
And if my music's declined

How come my fans accept it?

Yo

Jumping up with blunt babes

Rock it with a verse

Hopping off the runway

Dropping in a bird

Either way I'm rolling

Optimal at worst

You ain't seeing me unless you got binoculars at work (beeatch)

But don't get mad about it

Be a man about it

Chin up

Its brand-spanking

Hand bag the hand-me-downers

Swap those rhymes and swallow pride

They still paying dues off of borrowed time

And cue my flows monsoon

You pass dog food

Barking up the wrong eucalypt

Six shooters grip mics

We see red and blast like a hoover crib

Higher than thread counts on your goose-down dooners bitch

Its big kahuna shit

And I ain't heard of your small fries and big towns

Man up or sit down

Mercenary's bitch

Hired guns on the disc

Bound to kill by the contract

And keep putting hits out