

Back, Back, Forward

illy

Before it's performed, before it's released
Before it's recorded, before it's written, before I scored the beat
Before the emails back and forth, hassling trigga
For whatever heat, the quickening ain't need
Before sold out tours, where the runs on the board
Got it looking like I never been bowled out before
And sure, it's before daughters and sisters and mrs' nationwide
Caught a glimpse and turned vicious, uh
Before listeners dissed, 'coz the kids had a run
That'd leave Usain Bolt in the dust
Going 3 years young, what I've done with the chase
The whole country embraced, they still rapping to their mates
So that love turned hate, when this unknown punk turned famed
And it happened at an unheard rate
But before they lay blame put 'em up on this
Before they gave a fuck what I did, I been doing it

Before hitting my bed, after driving from Tullamarine
Before a flight spent trying to sleep
Before lying in the lounge, waiting on a plane
Still higher than the clouds looking out through the window pane
Before check in, packing, dressing
Before sitting in the shower for like half an hour
Before our tour manager is banging on our door, waking me up
Before I pass out blind drunk
Before shot after shot after whatever the fuck punters got for me
Cut for me, crushed or rolled up for me
Before I step off stage
Before I kill it for an hour straight, before Cam hits the first snare, and
we away for the set
Before I pray, before I stretch
Before I chase straight vodka with the redbull that's left
It's just 3, motherfuckers sitting backstage
Hungover like "I swear I ain't drinking again", so

Before I'm gone, before I'm old
Before I'm big into classical and twilight strolls
Before I retire, fuck it before I'm hired
Before milestones acquired, in my time in this rap shit
Before my business man's on, before they try and market this shit as a brand
, stop
Before my whole damn camp's on
Known as the Frankston Line Champ
And each fan thanked by hand, before
The whole future has come
I'll be chilling right here writing raps in tune with the drum
The truth hard to swallow when you don't chew once
Still hungry, dummies saying I already blew up
Nah, you don't believe me, watch
I got the next decade locked, by doing what I've done from the dot
So before I start talking like somebody I'm not
To please other's Ima be in a box