Generation Y

Illy

Yeah, my Generation Y
It's just what we do!

Yeah, now where were you when the towers fell?
When folk washed away under broke levees and tsunami swells?
And it ain't hard to tell, so wide like it's hard to see
The separation of uzi shells and artistry
Guess it's the heart in me, flowing like an artery
The can't-figure-for-the-life-of-me why our army be
Overseas fighting, Bin Laden been hiding
Oil fields guarded, why the FUCK soldiers been dying?
I'm the first to salute the troops, send 'em prayers
And the first to give a middle finger to the fucks who sent 'em there
And brother, why would I ever care?
How tit-for-tat get us anywhere? Come on, what's the method there?
How's that gon' seek peace?
When did Hip Hop die? Probably the same night as O.D.B
When we gonna realise hope is free?
You can call this a love song, you can call it poetry.. whatever

Yeah, so we say what we say like it's all or none
Cause we're the ones there when the problems come
So we're the ones tryna change the world
My generation asks why
We fight, we fight, we fight, we fight
We fight, we fight with a fist to the sky
We fight, we fight, we fight, we fight
We fight, we fight with a fist to the sky

Yeah, what happened to the power of one man's voice
When boys my age die from one man's choice?
Happy sipping brews in the sun with the boys
All I need is a push but fuck a Rolls-Royce
How long we gonna let cash rule in the habit of
Not appreciating what the planet's got?
I stopped, switched off the idiot box, fuck a channel swap
Why not? It's real life when the camera's off
I'm like Martin Luther King with a dream
And it sure as shit don't involve Gretel Killeen
Make use of my God-given right to speak
No threat of bombs dropping's gonna silence me
Ain't it worth it if we die free?
When did Hip Hop die? Probably the same night as B.I.G
This from the heart, piece by piece
You want to call this a love song? Well it's sweet by me.. whatever man

My mouth drops to the trail blazers, no path guide
To show the way they made, we don't ask why
We just laugh at how the industry was so damn blind
To Hip Hop from our backyard, no gang signs
And no cocked nines, none of that nah
Just hot rhymes from our own kind, young Aussie minds
Why some push poison like the love's there for exploiting?
How long can the culture avoid 'em?
Why bother? We good brother, they took cover
They mainstream, even our big names hooked up underground

I'm asked how I grind till I'm beat
Like why would I stay? Bro, why would I leave?
It's one life, one may do with less
They say Hip Hop died, but that's a lie in the A-U-S
We going strong from strength to strength
Aussie youth of today backed us, so we represent for them.. my dudes man

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