

## Guess I Could

Illy

Yeah, I'mma let these other dudes talk about how they're the best  
I'm just gonna get right into it and prove it  
Phazes you ready?  
Then let's go!

I'd say I'm back but I never left  
And I could say I'm right but I never guessed  
I could talk shit for days but I never would  
But I could if I wanted, yeah I guess I could  
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It's Illy Illy, yeah I'm back again, backing it up  
Sophomore slump not happening, chump  
Still ride through the Frankston line, in my VX  
System cranked to all fuck, black cap with the hoodie up  
I got 'em tripping like I stuck my foot out  
Turnaround so quick, cause it reads so sick, that my rhyme book is hard to put down  
But its always a safe bet  
That anything I put out's how hip-hop should sound  
They used to tell me my vocal chords didn't warrant a snowball's chance  
Ain't got a snowball no more man  
I got an avalanche  
Look at what I created with my two bare hands, when given half a chance  
I'm representing the future  
So I don't need no guest verses to prove shit, just talented producers  
Fizzle we still killing 'em, before he hit the tarmac to split  
Left me some classic boom bap as a parting gift  
Thanks for that, I took it, ran with it and I never looked back  
Put my patch smack bang on the map, Burn city where you at?

Raised middle finger to your raised nose  
Home sweet home on a beat, I make 'em move like the rates rose  
I know what's up, what's nothing and what matters most  
I ain't acting what I'm not knowing that I don't, never that  
I take none of this for granted, the privilege ain't lost on me  
Its common knowledge any minute it could stop, (sheeit)  
So even when humility is tossed  
With the brags, still always thanks given for the props  
In this chase that I'm on the road's steep  
I could tell you bout the peaks, the lows, little bit about the nosebleeds  
A little bit about weekends on no sleep  
Or jumping depends with both feet  
But its worth it for my folks smile when I tell them bout my nights  
Or the front row reciting back every single line  
Or the people thanking me for the lyrics that I write  
You pretty much validate the last decade of my life  
Humble thank you, for round 2 I've been run ragged but I must add  
don't call it a comeback, cause umm, yea, about that.

I took my hobby made a job of it, and honest  
You see the plane in the sky, or tune into the j's, man I'm probably on it  
Still broke mate, my quotables  
Have earned me self-satisfaction and a few beers at my local

Slice of humble pie, shit I lick the plate dry, but hey  
Not being big headed ain't easy with a size 8  
Time took to refresh the page  
We stood on our yesterdays triumphs leaped fences in the way, now  
Danny's international, Phaze's international  
J-Skubs a genius, Phrase is an animal  
Flagos the business, me, I'm kicking goals from a distance  
Crooked Eye on that bullshit big shit  
I'm like a proud brother, watching all my peers doing it  
Still get a kick when kids say my music influenced 'em  
I promise i wont stop  
Until it ain't just the fellas who be getting my lyrics tattoo'd on em  
I celebrate the past  
But cant wait for the future to start, raise a glass for my graduating class  
like

I ain't like you rappers  
I'm back  
I don't need to tell everybody in a song how I'm the best  
That shit's for loser, mate  
Man, I ain't even give you time to miss me, man  
Straight back into it  
Shit, I ain't even left the booth since "Long Story Short", man  
We do this shit like no one else does it  
Crooked eye, mate