

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
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

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 p
ut 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
Fizzles 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, (sheeiit)
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