

Opening Night

Illy

Live and direct us, Crooked Eye directed
This life's like a movie, these opening credits
9 times as epic, white lines for breakfast
Low lives in presence, but the highlights is hectic
As I level measured up here with giants and legends
But I built it myself, just minding my business
Fuck I'm high as the jet is, shit I'm flying forget it
Shit I fall from grace, but shit I climb from the wreckage
Ain't here to smash it, what you here for?
Shotgun summer cause suckas hit the rear door
Long as I hear applause, cheering me on
They like Illy, Illy, it's yours, kill it, kill it
Let's go, sure I don't see why not
ONETWO my own label, now the deals signed off
I'm a franchise player, put my home team on
We toast to the winners with our own theme song
And ain't no match for it, y'all act like it's an accident
Me and Phizzle smashin' shit, it's arrogant but accurate
4 discs deep, they can wonder how
With all respect to the underground

We put it down my brother, black suit, black tie
Cue applause, kill the lights, welcome to opening night
We put it down my sister, we composed that score
Making silver screen records while they scream encore
And it's real beyond reels, way beyond skills
Motion picture shit like we put it on film
We roll, we roll, we roll, we roll
We roll, we roll, we roll, we roll

Ain't shit changed but the year and the album name
And the album number and the label, and the standards way up, anyway
I ain't been gone that long, still missed y'all fam', couldn't keep me from
it
I promised to be right back, so here I am, run a track get a canter
And they still can't keep up with the pace I set, matter fact they 'bout to
get lapped
And already blessed with the grace to accept it, never that nah man never th
at
I don't rush I'm prolific, I don't give a fuck if they different
They just lazy, at a snails pace, still lucky they finished
Still leads us to the hoops they (?), for how I got ahead of them and I'm li
ke
Hmm actually that's probably true, fuck, forget it then
I'm a competitive son of a bitch, I got enough friends, fuck what you think
I'm on that I-L-L-Y ONETWO tip
No respect if none's deserved, no glory if nothing earnt
With that I present to y'all the Nexis worth, of verses of my words
Rest assured, fourth time lucky, 2013
Viva la un deux dios mio, bitch we...

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The camera's pop, snare's snap, record's crackle
Serial cinematic's capture every angle
Peel that curtain back, see them wheels churning
Poetry in motion my dream works, I'm Spielberg'n
And I Tarantino the flow, lotta slick shit, pulp fiction
Adrenaline hit that dope, flatline then back to the living
Sh-Sh-Sh-Show of my life, hold your applause
Welcome to opening night