

## Two Degrees

Illy

(Word to Obama)

Ain't no revolutions, I just move it two degrees  
Then two degrees, then two degrees  
Real influence, lead by example not decree  
I keep my focus tied to the music and not a scene

And I've been through it all, just doing this for sport  
I'm kind of getting bored off beating the top score y'all  
It's Illy [?]  
Rome wasn't built in a day, this started '98

Since a kid, been scribbling, repping the citadel  
No one's selling out, it's 2016, what's left to sell?  
But they'll buy into lies despite all the times I could tell  
Right-turned my back on the money and ran like Dave Chapelle

One man army, king of my own mind, a warrior Dothraki  
I'm throwing my own party, hall pass it out at class  
Greener pasture calling part of me  
Quote [?] bro, they commodores to a Ferrari

Vroom vroom, click clacking, straight dapper  
Run rings, been lapping there and back around the block  
And I got my plan B in the end, if shit happens  
That said, name a law firm hiring ex-rappers

This ain't no revolution, I just move it two degrees  
Then two degrees, then two degrees

'Cause at this point I'm sick of success, did it to death  
I'll do it for life, fuck it, this the shit I do best  
And I been sick since Vickick, little lunch and Pikachu's  
Man since show and tell I show improve

Real life's the interlude, flashback to my folks' living room  
Me at the dinner table whispering through long-forgotten lyrics and verses  
My folks on the couch while The Bill or Midsomer Murders play feet away on the tube

Headphones on, discman on loop, Limewire instrumentals  
Finally gave your boy a platform to rip into  
I've learned if it ain't genuine, that image shit'll limit you  
This my story, against all odds, turned a dream into what I do

No revolution, I just moved it two degrees  
Then two degrees, then two degrees

From BMXing over McKinnon tracks  
Up and down Frankston line, bag packed with Dilly bags  
Every school night, without fail, save those for the classes  
Can't say the same for rap, I'm all Ws like 'Pac bitch

[?], stoned on the last city bound homes  
Me for years, BPS-1, I on the Coppas in plain clothes  
Can't count, close call, forks in the road, on fingers and toes  
Fuck it, my luck growed

And so, put it all out on the table  
Like it's '05, just me myself and I  
[?] are played for the bad news and a peace sign for the faithful  
'Cause the past don't define you even if it creates you

Curly Wurlies and grape juice, I'd rhyme 'till my face blue  
I'd die just to break through, met writers on the way  
Me looping Jimmy Nice, bumping Kanye down Chapel street  
[?] shotgun with a pound under the driver's seat

It weren't no revolution, I just moved it two degrees  
Then two degrees, then two degrees

Through life, I've hunted gigs man I fought to progress  
And turn this shit into a shot, no auto-correct  
If I went back to beginnings, I'd tell me "kid, you do you"  
Though you'll learn the hard way, trust me kid you'll improve

And I wonder how much the younger me would trip if he knew  
Some of my close-to-centre dudes, we grew up listening to  
How sick is that? Illy, Illy and fizzle on the track  
One last time for the dynamic duo man

Fizzle spaz'd, hit the gas, red flag turned checkered  
Ain't an LP bro, this our victory lap  
Cut the check, you can bet that the smart money says  
Phazes' got next, the way he got now, the way he had then

Road for ten years, wherever the shit take him  
That's my brother for life, and I say the same about [?]

Look, it weren't no revolution, we just moved it two degrees  
Then two degrees, then two degrees

From undercut to a [?], underdog to a God  
Understated to major, unemployed to a boss  
Title-winning form, give it all  
Catch a breath, then applaud

Ask me what I'm in it for? Forty-love, tennis score  
Always been game over, summer  
So I guess I took their spot  
Well too bad 'cause I ain't giving it back

Zoomed out from a pin on the map to bigger pictures  
Had my share of indirect jabs and twitter fingers  
Still carry my city with me, every ounce that I give ya  
This that west of the freeway, this that south of the river

And when I say goodbye and my number get retired  
Hang my jersey off the Rialto and let it ride  
Apologise for none of that, and real rep real  
So when you see him just tell him I said to holler back, wassup