

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 Pikachus
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 t
he 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 grewed

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