

Coming straight out of Melbourne
To melt 'em, run and go tell them
Suff said may never get a damn thank you
But they sure as hell gonna get a you're welcome, I felt that
My blueprint their shelter, swear I
Salute king to king beside that bow to noman
Took a faint hope chance with both hands
Knowing life harsh as cones stacked outta coke cans
Rap took the world over rosebud to rosecrans
Clowns shoot a lotta cheap shots that got round
Since I popped out on top ground
Like I haven't spent half a life getting raps locked down
Like, what you think, I forgot how? Please
Y'all need specs to see my vision
Your bars ain't shit next to these ambitions
See me they see red, my only reaction
Was platinum then platinum then platinum then platinum

Ok I'm on a wave try to catch up
Way back from the first to the latest
From the start to the standing ovations, through it all I been like
Ok I'm on a wave try to catch up
Way back swore my next be my greatest
Still my closing and opening statement
Through it all I been like go

Fuck yourself you ain't with it
I'm way more than these lame rappers with lame lyrics
About making it big, I did it and didn't change for shit
They get a buzz watch 'em act way different
I get the digs, nothing personal in it
Shit a business, do the same we traded positions
I mean take personal taste out it who 'bout it
What they talking, bank balances, platinum or smash albums, what?!
Don't need to brag I do it for fun
Their career album sales I do it in one
Week that is, I been that lit
Give a fuck what your friend's friends feedback is
Every time I drop it's "jeez again?" No signs of quitting
From not having a pot to piss in
To pissing off every Aussie rap critic
They all chase the lights I'm the one who admit it
You want it come get it like

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Do one, way more to soon come
I juggle bars and charts, I walk and chew gum
The truth, I'm the who in the whodunit
Go for everyone old heads, newcomers
Who you think I'd to listen to

My people always backed what the kid'd do
I'll go with them, cause it isn't dudes who ain't fit to lace my boots when
they get in the booth
Game on brother, stick and move
I still show and prove even with zero to prove
3 years on the move you know that I got juice
If you only did a mile in my shoes you wouldn't suit
And you don't need to get it for me to know that's the truth
My work ethic outweighed the pen and the pad
And I wrung every drop out the talent I have
Put rap to the front, my forever first love
Like cowabunga motherfucker guess surf's up

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