

Illy

"Generation Y"

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[Illy] Yeah, my Generation Y It's just what we do! Yeah, now where were you when the towers fell? When folk washed away under broke levees and tsunami swells? And it ain't hard to tell, so wide like it's hard to see The separation of uzi shells and artistry Guess it's the heart in me, flowing like an artery The can't-figure-for-the-life-of-me why our army be overseas fighting, Bin Laden been hiding Oil fields guarded, why the FUCK soldiers been dying? I'm the first to salute the troops, send 'em prayers And the first to give a middle finger to the fucks who sent 'em there And brother, why would I ever care? How tit-for-tat get us anywhere? Come on, what's the method there? How's that gon' seek peace? When did Hip Hop die? Probably the same night as O.D.B. When we gonna realise hope is free? You can call this a love song, you can call it poetry.. whatever [Chorus] Yeah, so we say what we say like it's all or none Cause we're the ones there when the problems come So we're the ones tryna change the world My generation asks why We fight, we fight, we fight, we fight We fight, we fight with a fist to the sky We fight, we fight, we fight, we fight We fight, we fight with a fist to the sky [Illy] Yeah, what happened to the power of one man's voice when boys my age die from one man's choice? Happy sipping brews in the sun with the boys All I need is a push but fuck a Rolls-Royce How long we gonna let cash rule in the habit of not appreciating what the planet's got? I stopped, switched off the idiot box, fuck a channel swap Why not? It's real life when the camera's off I'm like Martin Luther King with a dream And it sure as shit don't involve Gretel Killeen Make use of my God-given right to speak No threat of bombs dropping's gonna silence me Ain't it worth it if we die free? When did Hip Hop die? Probably the same night as B.I.G. This from the heart, piece by piece You want to call this a love song? Well it's sweet by me.. whatever man [Chorus] [Illy] My mouth drops to the trail blazers, no path guide to show the way they made, we don't ask why We just laugh at how the industry was so damn blind to Hip Hop from our backyard, no gang signs And no cocked nines, none of that nah Just hot

rhymes from our own kind, young Aussie minds Why
some push poison like the love's there for exploiting?
How long can the culture avoid 'em? Why bother? We
good brother, they took cover They mainstream, even
our big names hooked up underground I'm asked how I
grind till I'm beat Like why would I stay? Bro, why would
I leave? It's one life, one may do with less They say Hip
Hop died, but that's a lie in the A-U-S We going strong
from strength to strength Aussie youth of today backed
us, so we represent for them.. my dudes man [Chorus]

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