

## Jamie Oliver

ChillinIT

This that, smoke some pokemon, purple weed type shit  
Blue light in the studio  
Don't even know what's going on in here  
Probably gonna make a banger and stack half a rack off it  
Shut the f\*ck up

I'm going Jamie Oliver to cook  
I was just living off minimum wage  
Now I got money, I make all my books  
What yall' be making, i'm giving away  
Speaking of chapters, i'm writing my book  
Rest of you rappers, are out of your page  
I got some money that got you all shook  
Track of the year or the track of the day  
And this shit' ain't a phase

Homie I give you a look and my hitter come chip up your pay  
And he f\*ck up your hood  
f\*ck up whoever, whatever  
McGregor this isn't your cage  
And this isn't your race  
Homie this isn't your lane  
Homie there's heart on your road  
I got a J, and my bro got a bimmer and [?]  
Let's see how we're going, which way we could blow  
There's no G's at your pop's house  
Bar hard man, when the dog's out  
Copper's a friend, your all cop's now  
f\*ck that, dog on the end, you get blocked out  
I'm giving decisions, your getting knocked out  
All your politicians has sentenced us in a lockdown  
I don't give a f\*ck, I'll still make a buck over crypto  
Go and get a bimmer with the drop down  
Your boi get Philly with a dunk now  
I get one, I test where the fun crowd  
Call Nate like  
What he make like?  
Mate, caught a milli' on a busdown  
Make a bitch get silly, when I f\*ck now  
Bobby [?], touche, with a touch down  
Put the water on the wrist, not a cut now  
Blowing Bruno with the funk - [?]

I'm going Jamie Oliver to cook  
I was just living off minimum wage  
Now I got money, I make all my books  
What yall' be making, i'm giving away  
Speaking of chapters, i'm writing my book  
Rest of you rappers, are out of your page  
I got some money that got you all shook  
Track of the year or the track of the day  
And this shit' ain't a phase

Trust me, this ain't a phase  
I'm not here, looking for praise  
It was just loose change in my pocket

Now it's six digits on stage  
And I took that chance roll dices  
Now i'm rolling up herb spices  
Big smoke, all shapes and sizes  
Got me seeing, fake love disguises  
And they hated on me  
So suddenly  
Asap with that, bad company  
Tell 'em, I don't, need it  
I got loyalty, and I breathe it  
Just, smoking on some M.J, then I beat it  
Cause the trap phone can't stop ringing  
And the [?], can't stop singing  
It's empty bags with them re-up, leaver  
Uso gets hot, like fever  
It's Chillinit, it's Mwayz  
Mix bag, [?] sativa  
If it's foreign cars, then it's money ties  
And don't [?] my bars, I want neither  
Tryna live life like [?]  
I need a Mona Lisa, no diva  
I ain't no pleaser

I'm going Jamie Oliver to cook  
I was just living off minimum wage  
Now I got money, I make all my books  
What yall' be making, i'm giving away  
Speaking of chapters, i'm writing my book  
Rest of you rappers, are out of your page  
I got some money that got you all shook  
Track of the year or the track of the day  
And this shit' ain't a phase