

Ayo, mate
Pull your trousers up, your arsehole's hangin' out, man
Hahahaha
Virus187
Gotta light one to this
Uh, listen

Look, I seen OG rappers turn to online chatters
Look, if Chippy does retire, bet he's goin' out snappin'
I've been sittin' thinkin' life, death and survival
They on the other of thirty-five and still tryna be viral
Got the message that my uncle died
Couple hours later, Ashley at my door knockin', opened up said "Black the Ri pper died"
Good Friday just around the corner, this is not a vibe
I can't lie, I probably need a hug, but it's Corona times
The mandem's number three in the charts
Everyone congratulatin' but I'm numb as a rass
I was damagin' my lungs before this virus, darg
But Black said light it when he dies, that's why I'm bunning it, darg
Got fourteen grams in the jar, I put like two in a zoot
I know millionaires who started from a two and a Q
Shotters who don't touch buj just 'cah they seen what it do
But I got nothin' against shotters, fam I still buy food
So listen good, I tell niggas miss Chip with all that real nigga shit
When everyone's got different definitions of what real is, uh
Don't keep no jewels in your house, I'm just droppin' gems
I'm paranoid, but grew up in the ends where niggas rob they friends
You're bad or only bad for who you bad for
But that's all I see with these niggas, so fuck the rap wars
Look around and I see sheep, lambs for slaughter
I'm tryna read more, have less sex and drink water
Our father, whom heart cah mine's halfer
Torn between seein' a therapist or a pastor
Think about it, Heaven or Hell, what would you rather?
I've lost friends I still hope to see in this life after
Give a fuck about a bitch booty poppin' for the 'Gram
I'm at home plottin', load it, shoot it, pop it with a plan, uh
Girls tellin' me that I need sleep, I be like thanks, the irony
Tell me have you heard Insomnia? It bangs
They can hate me but can never say my heart isn't clean
When Bugzy came off his bike, I closed my hands on my knees and prayed for h
im
Like, "Lord, stay with him," I came off a bike too, in mad ways related to h
im
Half the industry grudgeful, me I'm out here grudgeless
I've had war behind the scenes and I've took stones in public
Times I felt down and out like, "Why does everybody hate Chip?"
I wouldn't change shit, cah now I know who everybody is, uh
See, they were movin' funny then they wanna bill it now
That's the type of shit that make me wish that Black was still around
Thinking 'bout we was out in Trini eatin' soursop
I turned the lemons into lemonade but this is sour, ahk
Mixtapes sellin' North side, reppin' worldwide
Steppin' battle emcees, I batter a beat
The baton back up in my hand, but I been battlin' grief
That is the reaper 'round the corner, I don't wanna go to sleep, nah

London boy, I told them the word, rappers in therapy
I keep a pen to kill off my paigons and clear my energies
Try acupuncture, try reiki, try, tsk, blud
When the pain's this deep inside, there ain't no remedies
Black passed on the fourth month in the twentieth year of this millenium
It's spiritual, I'm tellin' you
I feel like 4/20 won't ever be the same for me as long as I'm alive, when I
light it, I'll remember him
The Lord is my shepherd, no sword, no weapon
That form shall prosper on this course, ancestors in force help me Luke Skyw
alk
Lightsaber for a pen, I'll Obi-Wan a DARTH Maul
Tatted the word "pain" because I'm stuck with it
Black told me "Stick it", I stuck it
Rhythm and the Rizla, I'm bunnin' it
I see online they bringin' me my flowers, now of course
If I could book a flight and leave tonight, I swear I'd bring you yours
Rest in peace, my bro

Hmm

Cash Motto, Dank Of England, 4L
See, I know what a real friend is, someone that has your back right or wrong
, highs or lows
Trust me man, when certain man were movin' funny, Black never, ever switched
up on me
Rest in peace, my bro