

Back From The Dead

Chipmunk

The way I came back was a mad ting
I don't know which one that I'm better at, rap or the acting
I dare man call man a has-been
Like they ain't had Scorch on their flat-screen
I ain't ever done no lesson for the acting
Straight off the curb, man stepped in and smashed it
I ain't like them man perfecting their angles
Doing anything for a cheque when it's dangled
Integrity, they can't send for me
A breakup with a bird ain't the end for me
Them man spit like NYC
My ting's British like Tetley tea
I'm so North with it, so 9 with it
They ain't fucking with me and I'm fine with it
I don't get stuck when I write lyrics
I come up with this in like five minutes
I come up off scuffing and knife lyrics
Fucking up bruddas with my killys
Weighing up suttin on my digis
Man ringing up like, "Slide with me"
Put your hand on who? Try and see
Mistakes gonna cost you but dying's free
I don't know you like that, don't Tayo me
I come back from the dead like Dirty Den
Twenty years straight, had a certi pen
My angles still move work again
If rappers ain't real, I don't work with them
Them man are babies, I should nurture them
Do a little throwaway verse for them
My killy here Chip woulda murdered them
But I ain't tryna get a next bird again

I told Scorch, "I like this one"
No pen ting, I ain't gotta write this one
Pree a man tweeting, typing nuff
Got no motion, find him some
Better zip it about
Nobody cares what you're spitting about
Touch mic killing but I'm living about
Weighing this brick but I'm giving it out
Twenty-eight G's on the scale, I'm high
Twenty-eight G's in cash from grime
Your crew weren't built off love so it died
Me, I love when a man switch sides
Switch sides, pick sides and stick sides
All this switching sides, it's half-time
Ever been dissed, thinking, "Who's this guy?"
And nobody cares 'bout platinum, silver and gold
But I been platinum, silver and gold
Murder a pussy and I did it with -
Murder a pussy and I did it with flows
This is not podcasting, I am not talking
This is bloodclartin, this is bumbaraasin
Essex dog, how I'm back and barking
I was in the middle when the slapping started
Now everyone knows I'm no fucking target
I'm a fucking artist, like, fuck these artists

I pop up and show out when capping's starting
I'm a household name, not just 'cause of grime
Couldn't pen this way, not for your life
Top three barrers, I'm top on the -
Top three barrers, I'm top on the right