

Daily Duppy

Chipmunk

30

Daily duppy, yo

Like, why always me? Uh
Kinda feel like Mario Balotelli
Boy, you're just a student, not the prefect
Boy, I don't like your attitude, it's smelly
Like, how many times have I stood my ground
When these MCs chest up like they ready?
I raised that bar, don't forget who's sensei
What you want? Arms? Don't forget leg day
Grime in my core, uh
Like, I know who's dead, it's not grime, listen
2020, I was on my OVO shit, like, trust me, October is mine
I hate when these MC's step outta line
Fuck a machine, don't care if you're signed
To anyone saying they're the kings of anything
Trust, that's you lot's kings, not mine
Happy birthday me (Yeah)
My B-day, you'll get birthday beats (Yeah)
Can't lie, I don't really like MCs (No)
Catch 22 cah I like MCing
Like, listen, I'm a big man but I'm not, yeah
Can't spit that one there anymore
Man wish that I weren't here anymore
But I'm still here, hairlines still at the front of my head
They ain't sittin' in my chair anymore
Grime scene saviour, we know who that is (Yeah)
Every five years, gotta pop up and stop man capping (Uh)
Fifteen years, straight snappin'
Primary school, I went chess club
Fake friend, checkmate, them man cannot outthink me (Never)
Hate when I gotta kill an MC in front of everyone, it makes half the scene m
ove kinky (Uh)
Actin' like they can't see me, I know they hear me
Ain't gotta be a badman for man to fear me
They ask what I do for a living, well, touch mic and get lairy
I could daily duppy, duppy daily
Fuck you, pay me, pay me, fuck you 'cause you crazy
Load it, lock it, off the safety
Launch the rocket, that's my son but not my baby
Stardog, all these spitters are skunked (Licked)
Them man couldn't even spin me drunk (Nope)
Tryna get high like Bob, not high like Snoop so I'm smokin' sess for lunch
Can't have pagans knowing where you sleep (Nope)
Trust me, moving house is not cheap (Nope)
Me, I get money off lines, not money off a line, so of course I be touchin'
the beat
You'll get touched, how you mean?
Ayy, boy, ya see it? Ya seen?
Favourite acronym, "C.R.E.A.M"
Them boy there can't fool me, foolery (Mad)
Spin an MC out his jewellery
Dunno why they think they wanna clash until it's time to clash, this shit is
not new to me
Fuck gettin' back to the way things were, can't tek man for a used-to-be
Cah I love when they tag me in petrol station vids or petrol station pics

Yo, pay me, I'll make your petrol station lit
Get Shelley and petrol station Chip
Governor of this petrol station ting
Better stay out my way, this phase I'm in
No mercy, I'll piss on the grave you're in
Believe that (Brrrt), yo
Late nights bored in lockdown, reading my YouTube comments and checkin' reaction vids
Plus, Two Twos Podcast, dun know, everybody know that I got bars
But, but, but some people's opinions seem so biased
Gotta get to the bottom of the reasons
Probably got a cousin or sister, ex gyal or baby mum I might have been beatin'
I jumped in the Add' Lee, the driver looked back and saw me
Turned 'round and just turned the radio off
It was a pagan playin', told him "I ain't in my feelings, play it"
Never been a bum but I'm cheeky
Man don't want this graffiti, it's art when it's spraying
Fifteen years in this ting, got the thickest of skin, give a fuck what people are sayin'
Yeah, you better celebrate that (Mm)
Chip turned 30, celebrate that
Everyday B-day, where the cake at?

Yo
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Pre-order my tape, love

Yeah

Fuck, I'm turnin' 30 and it's makin' me sick, G
Just thinkin' why I haven't got a wife and a pickney
This penthouse is nice, but need a house in the sticks, B, literally
They never told me that this rap ting would come with pain
It's hard bein' famous when your brothers ain't
What would life be like in another lane?
You see a rap scene, me, I see the Hunger Games
It's Wray Neph' and weed until my stomach aches, uh
Like, fuck a city girl when the city's wild
Just pedal-biking tryna find my inner child
Gangster rap poppin', still ain't no type beat I can't slot in
Cah wavy and cool still in style, uh
A rock and a hard place, are you in between it?
You see, there's good vers' evil and the in-betweeners
How many times can Chippy tell you he don't trap?
The same amount of times these rappers tell you they sell crack
I'm back in my own bag, I plug in my own jack
And I'll get my own back cah I got my own back
You don't believe in karma, well you should becah it helps
Anyone who ever robbed me got it worse from someone else
And any gyal who done me dirty, life sucks now
If you're a goodun, why'd your baby daddy bust out?
I need a God-fearing gyal who's gonna pray for my survival
If men are trash, cool, safe, gyal are recycled
Sin inside my eyeballs, I need to read The Bible
Smokin' on this ital, higher than the Eiffel Tower
I'll run out of bars when the sky falls
And James Bond is black and Kanan's resurrected in POWER
And I ain't even sayin' that I dropped the blueprint
But if I drop dead today, I left a lot of music
About a penny for my thoughts, I need M's for these bars
'Cause this game would be knackered without my two pence
And I ain't got no rap songs 'bout who my knife went in

So sorry darg, you might not relate when I'm pennin', but
Follow my trail, I'll teach you how to not go to jail
But get it from sales, just start when you're younger, it helps
And don't smoke skunk if your brain can't hack it
'Cause I've seen broccoli turn man cabbage
I've seen good youts just turn savage
Sick of gettin' bullied, so he backs it out and shoves it in your stomach
Now the hood's fearin' him, that's how it happens
Repertoire for badness, he left ketchup on your canvas
Trust me, Harringeys a madness
And all these quotes are elaborate
I've been in the lab with cold Sarsaparilla and a mad spliff
'90's babies all came through, but I'm the captain
Killin' off my brain cells, I still gotta bill it fam
At Black's funeral, just cryin' buckets with Skinnyman
Being Black in England, it's like you're born in debt
Is there more to life than born, paid bills and dead? Uh
I feel like Sway cah I just haven't got the answers
My deepest thoughts with two hands on a casket
Thinkin' I'm a chief made me paro 'til I fuckin' buy a piece
Trust me, I will go to war for my peace
Dunno why I still look young, I barely even sleep
Forgot it was her B-day, had to blame it on the weed
I got an ounce on me, I smoke MCs, bounce on beats
You're a king in what castle? You'll get bounced on, B
I got smoke for anybody lookin' clout from me
As you've seen, dickhead
You wanna cheer for someone else, huh?
True, I've been here so long and still entering the charts
My own peers don't even wanna tell me "Well done"
Better wish me "Well done", cah pussy, I ain't well done
I don't know why it's called United Kingdom
Cah this place ain't united or a kingdom
This place don't embrace kids of immigrants unless they're famous
You choose, embrace the fake love or die nameless
When I get my Sony masters back, I'm up, trust me
Own most my other masters, ahk, they can't bump me
If I put these all on the wall, it would look lovely
But I keep my plaques on the floor cah I'm still hungry
Starvin' Marvin', barrin'
I was fully here since them boy there wasn't half in
It's all fun and games until my pen gets to clarting
Cah I was born in marriage but trust, I'm still a bastard with it
Nasty lyrics, this is confidence, not narcissism
Rarse the riddim, bun it like a zoot from start to finish, uh
Like, what you mad about, darg?
Guess you mad about bars cah I'm mad about bars