

# Darth Vader

Chipmunk

Still young, still here, got waves ah  
I ain't going bald or grey nah  
Fuck 50 shades, man stay dark  
Come through all black, Darth Vader  
Star Wars, yeah man I had war with stars  
Get dark swing my light saber  
Some call me the grime scenes savior  
Test me nobody can save ya  
Special like I'm born in a manger  
Not new to danger, Got no behavior  
Red or blue pill, picked blue took 5  
I just wanna touch mic and stay hard  
So fuck these spitters and fuck their tracks  
With similar beats and the same bars  
Similar streets not the same path  
Get whipped, get merked, man's A-Class

Touch mic with the truth and speak  
Tell an MC tell the truth this week  
You did not shoot this week  
You was in the booth this week  
Had a video shoot this week  
Making tracks about 100 waps  
100 shanks, 'llow it man  
You ain't got war with a 100 man  
You ain't no 300 spartan fam  
These days if you're not chatting about crud  
Then the yout dem don't want to hear it  
It's for the yout them that I'm fearing  
A generation without caring  
Too many parents burying their kids  
When kids should be burying parents  
Man just wanna stay low and bank  
Pray I never get shot or shanked

Yo, our farther thy kingdom come  
On earth can't be like in heaven  
So please give us our daily bread  
All of these spitters getting daily stress  
I write daily yes, Grime Daily yes  
Wanna link up nah, am I anti yes  
Mad about bars from about 16  
Mad about bars from, before you could count 16  
Tell a bitch don't count on me, I'm no number line  
Its Friday now you wanna link up  
All this week am I number 5?  
Tell me lies, yeah tell me lies  
Sweet little ones  
Strapped when I beat, I don't need little ones  
She don't want more, she already got one  
And she can't get preg swallowing cum  
I get graphic, I'm a designer  
She might hear this, but that's minor  
'Cause she rates my path she a rider  
And she'd be down if I never had a fiver  
But I just get rage some times  
Start letting off rage on mic

Man if they cold what am I?  
Whether I pick up a pen or write in my mind  
No I'm not right in my mind and you're right on my mind  
Alright you hopped on the track  
Alright you're hot but you're wack  
Sweep MCs with facts  
Make them think about life  
Let alone think about clash  
Man get shelling, man don't want this unleaded  
Don't come here for your gas  
Man don't try it, man can't side with these liars  
Man do nice with the facts

Still young, still here, got waves ah  
I ain't going bald or grey nah  
Fuck 50 shades, man stay dark  
Come through all black, Darth Vader  
Star Wars, yeah man I had war with stars  
Get dark swing my light saber  
Some call me the grime scenes savior  
Test me nobody can save ya  
Special like I'm born in a manger  
Not new to danger, Got no behavior  
Red or blue pill, picked blue took 5  
I just wanna touch mic and stay hard  
So fuck these spitters and fuck their tracks  
With similar beats and the same bars  
Similar streets not, the same path  
Get whipped get merked, man's A-Class