

Dear Family

Chipmunk

Dear dad I know your having problems with marge,
But as long as I am living with her, she can't bring anuver man
In that yard. and I know that you say that im too street
And you shuld've raised me up in the church. but imma make a
Success o my life,and trust me im true to my words.
Proper shouts for the man that raised me and my bro, tried his best
To keep us off the road,, and when my dawg got killed on the estate
Things started getting bait,shit me out to them country zones,
I rate that still, si if I ever make that mil, just know I'm paying
More than your bills. You're always tellin' me, Jemal just know you
Ain't a big man yet, but I know I can handle my biz.

Dear dad
I know your having problems with marge.but as long as I am living
With her, she can't bring anuver man in that yard.
And I know that you say that I'm too street
And you should've raised me up in the church.
But I'mma make a success o my life, and trust me I'm true to my words.

And mum I love you too, and I mean it, if you and daddy ain't cool
Then yuu af a leave him. 'cos all good things come to an end,
And your arguments are why I'm here with this pen.
For real, you've raised your kids and you've raised them fine,
Even though you never ever really spent no time.
But when you argue all the neighbours can hear that,
And ma lickle sister don't need to hear that.
Dear mum I know your having problems with dad.
But all good things come to an end,
so I can see why your packing your bags.
And I know you say that I'm too rude,
and all I care about is money and tunes.
But the reason I do music and grime is so one day I can provide for you.

Daddy tells me to come church but I ain't listening,
'Cos to me that's a room full of hypocrits.
God forgive, God that's a hell of a line
But my father always told me I should speak my mind.
And I thank the Lord for my life yes I'm truly blessed.
I thank my Mum for giving birth to my massive head.
I thank my father true he showed me them ropes,
Let me end it on a positive note.

Dear Dad, dear Mum, dear God, together look what you've made,
Look I know I ain't no perfect kid, but I'm slowly tryna change my ways.
P.S Grandma I'm on the street quite a lot,
Can you pray the lord keeps me safe?
To ma aunties, and uncles brothers and sis,
I swear I love you's all the same.

Dear Dad, dear Mum, dear God, together look what you've made,
Look I know I ain't no perfect kid, but I'm slowly tryna change my ways.
P.S Grandma I'm on the street quite a lot,
Can you pray the lord keeps me safe?
To ma aunties, and uncles brothers and sis,
Yes I love you's all the same.