

# Feel So Good

Chipmunk

Ayo London, New York, wah gwan?  
I'm Chipmunk, Chip, yeah, whatever

Yo, they call me Chip Diddy Chip, don't tolerate lip diddy lip  
Grab the pen and I'll flip diddy flip  
You can't deny my history, my pen's still working  
Nigga, right now London's bridge ain't burning  
Can't out my fire, darg, I ain't out of fire, darg  
Anyone that told you they could done me is a liar, darg  
Grime's popping, I ain't never got a thanking  
I left Hustle Gang and came home to a mad ting  
Handled it though, I've got more than a handful of flows  
Hand 'em out single-handedly though  
Fuck 'em all, I'm in a league of my own  
Best thing about rap beef, you learn who's your bros  
Who's real and who's fake, who's in the Matrix, who ain't  
Who's concrete, who's plastic, who's sturdy, who breaks  
Who's switching sides and who's gonna ride  
Make no man test God's timing, I've been a wordsmith  
Man who wanna verse me can't out-verse this  
Yeah, my name's Chip but I'm nobody's fast food  
Try and make a wing stop here, hold turbulence  
Up like 7, dere pon Hot 97  
Another top boy repping  
If you haven't seen Top Boy, it's worth checking  
Check yourself when you're in town or hold a check in  
'Nough man a meow, cat my riddims  
Some man are cats, tek nine shots fi kill 'em  
Fast-consuming times that we live in  
Could have man thinking that you're dead when you're chilling  
I ain't spoke to T.I in a minute  
I went home, had business, I'm finished  
Niggas chatting shit 'bout I fell off  
Oi, shut up, I'll dive back in and still kill it  
Our father, thy kingdom's come  
I can't hold my tongue, it's like I've got tongues  
I watch the news like 'look at what religion has done'  
I get high as my mind but my spliff's soon done  
I get my intoxication on  
I'm rolling spliffs but writing blunt  
Done alright with the numbers, but counting gets long  
I've got 99 problems, these rappers ain't one  
Look, if you can hear me loud and clearly  
You'll understand lyrically, nobody scares me  
Now let's play 'spot who's insecure'  
I know a lot of man don't big me up cuh they fear me  
Rap to grime, they know I've got that  
I'm Dizzee, if you start dat, I'll stop dat  
My nigga, I ain't hiding from my pop tracks  
Pussy, if you pen up, I can pop back  
If you don't write what you need to, your flow's messy  
Stop off the heading, I'll off your head then  
Kick back and have a zoot and laugh with my bredrins  
Base your style off a next man, that's a dead ting  
Niggas my age calling me old  
Just cause I was popping when I was looking through the keyhole  
You can test them other new niggas, not me though

Daddy in this ting and I don't touch kids, pedo  
I ain't Crippng but I'm throwing up a C though  
Fab with it, I'm a young OG though  
Fuck around, cook a tape up for free though  
I don't hold back, I squeeese, go

Rap vs. Grime, what the fuck?