

Fire In My Studio

Chipmunk

Certain DJs kiss arse so much
But why? Wipe the shit off your lips, look
Comparing just-comes to legends
But really, why you influencing?
You see, Chipmunk's still not having any
Rep for myself till I'm dead and buried
Come on, how many spitters are on me?
Can't be that special if you're one of many, look
And this scene just feels like crabs in a barrel
So when I spray, I spray shells, there ain't no crabs in my barrel
I've gone past caring who the best MC is
Passion back, I can't stop MCing
Last year, I made man stop MCing
Between us spitters
We all know who can snap and who goes in
But you can pop back up and get hits
Cuh the net's got a memory span of a fish and
I've got no more space
In my MC cemetery
So forgive me if I
Kill off an MC that I've killed off already
Look, I am not like these youts, no
I will not lie for views
No propaganda, just bars
Man ain't got time for staging moves
Still the one that everyone prees
Just goals, working on me
Emails, joint album? Don't lie
Not from anybody on my team, 'llow it
Lethal with it, I'm the "pow" in "powers"
Last year, I lost my bearings
Now I'm rolling Baauers
Late nights, putting in hours
I'm getting sick of addressing man testing
But some man don't know when to 'llow it
You could be a badman for your whole life
And still be a dickhead in about six hours
Love and hate my culture, fam
Bare MCs tryna vulture man
Garage v. grime at a Culture Clash
I'm like why? Same fucking culture, fam
"Chip, why do you love to clash?"
I'm like nah, that's part of the culture, fam
I'm assisting bringing my culture back
Plus, if I don't, you won't defend my brand
So I'm my only hero
Counting on my niggas only got me zero
I brang my man, man didn't bring me
Won't forget how certain man did me
These niggas remind me of me as a kid
They get signed and start thinking they boasy
Cash Motto, pay as you go, G
Dem fassyhole, deh nuh know we
You dun know, I pray to God and he hears
Prayed for Ice to return and he's here
Devils are on me, you think that I care?
Spray over here, spray over there

Knew if I mentally start again
Bare MCs would start again
They're like "Chip, how you feel about my man?"
I'm like "boy, same way as Charlemagne"
Other night Mario, rhymes from the can like bro
How comes my man's all up in my man's vid?
Code talk, you know who my man is
I was like "Mario, things have changed
Look, these days, don't know who my man is"
Yeah, it's a brand new era and ting
So look, if the cap fits, that's your wig
This ain't no card game, you little pricks
Think you can snap like me
And you think it's all good
Till I snap on you and your clique
Like look, if man go bananas, you'll split, Dasheen
You ain't reaching the realms I hit, blud
Cuzzy, I'm, cuzzy, I'm Chipmunk
You ain't gotta back me, are you sick, bruh?
I got Chip like a spliff does
I fill up a page and a Rizla
Sundays, bumping sizzler
I be like dry cry, even tears
Even my heart cries, but who cares?
Been through dark times, still here
Now I got a dark side if you dare
Bars hard to digest like steak when I'm here
Still get served, blood, medium rare
Cuh I know you man
You know my ting, me nuh like you man
I'm one MC but I'm too bad
Take on three MCs, coming four man
You'll get peppered
And eff a punchline anyway
I can punch like any day
Niggas don't like me, I don't like niggas
Well, that's that then anyways