

Grime Scene Saviour

Chipmunk

"So who are you?"

The question isn't 'who am I', the question is 'where am I'"

Jesus died at 33, but I can't give up now
Friends in heaven that I gotta make proud
One day you're born and one day you die
Gotta figure out inbetween it gets wild
Pen and pad for the childhood feeling
I'm sitting at lab tryna write shit down
Prayin' on fixing me and all my bad addictions
God forgive me, I'm your child
I don't give a fuck where the game is going, na
Destiny, I'll survive
'Cos I'm from an era where content meant bars
I'm an influencer on the mic
Never see tears in my eyes, my heart does the crying
I just smile, I'll be alright
Sitting down, reasoning with SK
And we concluded the main goal is stay alive, so
Go what ends? Link what chicken?
Fuck that
Kano taught me 'that's slippin'' (that's slippin')
Don't get jerked in the West End doing up dates
Better go eat with your mates
Shootings, stabbings, petrol bombings, my estate
Stay there thinking Britain's safe
I got jumped few times cos I did not run, I ain't gangsta, I'm brave
Certain times I cut tho'
I know London cut-throat
He slipped before he stood tall
Now he ain't here to buss joke
True that's how the slums go
True in every slum bro
True he was a good yute
Trouble turned him dumb cold
Couldn't fight to save his life
Now he's bussin' guns though (Brrrrra!)

Niggas like 'Chip I'm harder than you'
I'll be like 'cool, but I'm smarter than you'
Very long day if I'm barring for you
Very long day if I'm barring for you, like
Lord forgive me if I dust this yute
I don't wanna but, I might have to brush this yute
Very long day if I'm barring for you
It's a very long- yo! brrrrra!

Tryna plan my exit out of this rap ting
I check online, it's bare nonsense
As much as I know I was born to do music
My friends who trap got less problems
I know setbacks, I know getbacks
I don't leave home not watching my headback
Sorry, you're on who?
Na checkmate, check dat
Disrespect, we don't tek that (Chippy)
One mic, decks, and a mixer

I'm not the problem
Me, I'm the problem fixer
Operation fix-up
More money, less mix-up
All the stones I took for my scene
In the mirror like 'God, why me?'
Ballon d'Or or Balotelli
Either way, c'est la vie
Pussy, I ain't reminiscing 'bout the past
Snappin', I ain't sitting on my arse
Gunman, where's your gun then, tell me na
Doesn't mean that you can strap a bar
Call him 'Mr. Doesn't Have A Bar'
That's the way he don't run out of bars
I don't need a telescope to see
I can spot a spitter from a star
I can spot a spitter from afar
Coming closer, stop it, you a fraud
You ain't number 1, you 419
I'm 420, bark it and I spark
Used your talent make it out the ends
Getting pole position, buss your friends
Family gon protect me to the end
And what they'll do for me, I'll do for them

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It's Mr. Slap 'Dat - splendid
Never took back that slap, man meant it
Slapped it way before Drake and Kendrick
Two in this leng-
I'm sorry, meant
Two in this pen like I dare you to back your bredrin
He was in the way when I slapped 'dat
I didn't wanna hurt him, I had to curve 'round him, bend it
I still rep Wiley
I'm sending, I'm sending, I can't stop sending
Had a mixtape for sale at 14
Looking back, like where the fuck 20 years went?
Haringey district, animal instinct
Best bet, do not play with this vet
Tell a boy 'come outside', I'm outside
I'm outside like AG and Mak10
Grime Scene Saviour, yeah I'm a flow-dan
Anytime manaman deya dem dead!