

Hot 97 (Outro)

Chipmunk

With all due respect, I'm one of the best in the world at rappin'
I'm from a borough where not many people make it happen
It's do sports or sell drugs or maybe make it rappin'
And baby mothers trappin', boy, you better keep a Magnum
Mappin' out routes before coupes came with Satnavs
Boots in my rucksack like, "Cuzzy, what's in that bag?"
Back when he would scoop me in the Golf and take me QPR
I never thought my first half a milli would be from a bar in Haringey
Like, oh God, you could die tryna go shop
Niggas outside the bookies, fiends in the phone box
Monkey on the lobster first time I sat at Novikov
I'm from the hood where two pounds could fill you in a chicken shop
And the owners probably millionaires, you clocked it
Get the chicken, do the dash, we can't live where this shop is
If you ain't sharing codes, you ain't playin' fair (Woo)
I started from the bottom, I ain't stayin' there
Penthouse, the views are rare
I ain't got no problem with no rappers from the states
You could be from any country, I'll still have you on a plate, uh
Niggas tryna use my name to gallop, what you talkin' 'bout?
Pen time giddy up, you'll get it from this horse's mouth
It's like half the internet just feels safe for speakin' on
Those who want to shoot them in the face, swiftly movin' on
I ain't need to be in the room full of people who don't like me
I just love seein' they face when my tune is on
Couldn't see a rainbow in the rain like, "Where the damn sun?"
I don't play on a console, killin' spitters how I have fun
Look, I'll rip a rapper's spirit right out his chest
And look him in the eye like, "Your soul is mine" on my Shang Tsung
Microphone combat, call me if it's on, ahk
I'm on back, sittin' down, talkin', I ain't on that
I am not here for applause, I'm just gon' clap you once
Still prefer a cheesy beef patty to a chatty one
World's in a crisis, I'm at home, sittin', writin', in my zone
If you do for him what he won't do for you, then he ain't bro
People call me this and call me that, just stop it, call me cold
It's injected in these flows, don't wanna have to let you know
Thin line between stuntin' and motivatin'
If I post it, you'll be hatin', so more time I keep my wins to myself
And now they wanna cosign
But I've been going this hard the whole time
I never stopped believing in my... uh
Yo, this is World Cup levels on the mic, uh
Back to back with J. Cole, like trust me, that was lite, uh
Look at how I'm rappin' now, I started out on grime, uh
Never see my timeout, steamin' all the time
Fuckin' sidetrackin' from the side, man
Not in my plan, go bang, I know, go hang
And you're outside fam, this is sport to me, you should stop there
Rules to the game before you got here
Top table, top chair, top tier, top label, Cash Motto
Take no bullshit and let the cash follow
Best thing I done was mix my biz with family
So no one disrespect and ask or ever chat to me, factually
They say no new friends, but still I made some
Better yet, some great ones, got me changin' numbers on the fake ones
You gettin' money? Hardy har

You probably always thinkin' 'bout your niggas are your dargs
Just give it 10, you might relate some
From your block to the chart, bet this shit will change you
Go from being broke to gettin' money, you can't be the same you
Like half these niggas sound the same, but they still getting change, too
Lookin' at me like I changed, cool, think you changed too
I been through it long enough to see the cycle
Trust me, I can teach survival, still I'm tryna meet me idols, uh
You might see it all from lookin' in my eyeballs
Ain't nobody harder than me, dummy, I'm my biggest rival, uh
They say I don't get the accolades that I deserve
I don't give a flyin' fuck, I'm still doin' the work
Niggas want a feature cah they know my words are priceless
But it's 2020, fuck it I need 20 for a verse

Gang shit