

Hungry

Chipmunk

You see the way I work?
You would think it's slavery days
Stuck with this pen and paper
Tryna make it pay me papes
Look, I've got no deal
You dig? I ain't signed
So I can talk to the grinders
Cause I really grind
And I can talk to these grime kids
I'm really grime
I live my life at 140
Get money and fast flow just taught me
Keep pushing, soon they'll support me
Until then
Same paper, same pen
Me, I'm tryna make ends
And delink all my fake friends
I tell labels what, I'm a star
I'm a young phenomenon
You're looking at an A&R
Becuh I'm real and 'ard
That's hard without the H
The industry all know my name but

See me? I've got no deal
I'm hungry, I ain't eaten, I've had no meal
It takes determination but I go still
In the studio night shift, non-stop writing
But still I've got no deal
I'm hungry, I ain't eaten, I've had no meal
It takes determination but I go still
In the studio night shift, non-stop writing
But still I've got

I'm independent, I depend on indies
That label shit's peak
But the labels peeped when I was peaking
But now my rate is premium
I've embraced my freedom
We've got no deal but we deal with it
I go hard till they feel me spit
But it's like the harder you come, they'd rather you fall
And get dropped in the winter time, I spray frost, I've got winter lines
I take off till they think I'm flying
Cuh everyone's so plain
They all wanna buck but they ain't got no aim
Let alone no heat
We're right underground, that's why we're so deep
But it still goes over their heads
My style's so fly, they be floating to Wretch
And I'm here with open arms
I smuggled with lines, I put dope in bars
Now the hood's addicted (Coca-Cola)
I only sign cheques, I grind, yes
The king with the CDs
Your highness, but still I've got

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No deal, but hey
I'm still paving the way
I feel like the top spot, changes await
And trust me, I've been through books
[?] yeah, genuine crooks
But I learnt from experience, sonny
Everyone meets me and sees money
Then holla as if to say I see funny
I know what I'm worth, that's beyond your money
And labels keep picking the shit
No wonder why they strain pushing the shit
I just laugh at these arse-wipe artists
In the UK pushing out garbage
And plus getting pushed by majors
Ask Wretch, round here, we're [?]
Oh, and a six figure deal won't change us
They're telling us spit more catchier
A little less content, a bit more simple
The scene does not need a thousand Lethals
Take notes when the [?] are flowing
The scene won't move till the poets are blowing
Believe me, darg
I eat, sleep, shit and breathe this art

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No deal
But Deal or No Deal
Round here, we still keep it real
Alie, Wretch
I swear, like they can't change us, man
Content's the key, believe
We've got the key, man, we'll soon open the doors, fam