

John

Chipmunk

It's Chippy the teach and nigga, you could be my pet
I'll give you a stroke... dead
I be on my feet, they tryna amputate my legs
Look, if I ain't the best, then I'm just screaming I'm a threat
When I'm overseas, I don't reply to my texts
Spiritual bars, I'm still alive when I'm dead
I'm Mick Jagger, bitch, a rolling stone
They try puncture my tyres but still I'm on the road
I'm a little problem, yeah, I know, been here for a minute, them flows
Fucking up, no, nigga, double dutch, no
I'll skip on the beat, hang you with the rope
Tell them gold diggers I'm a pot full of Money means you can't fuck till you
r back's broke
Get it? Broke. Get it? Broke
You ain't gotta sniff my lines, I'm dope
Stuff your mouth with yourself, darg
Shut up cuh you're a dummy
If I told you kiss my arse
You probably would becuh you're bummy
Smiling at my future but my vision isn't funny
I live with eye bags, never tired of seeing money

I'm not a star, somebody lied
I've got a chauffeur in the car, I never drive
If I die today, remember me like Mussolini
Bury me on a beach with bad bitches in bikinis
Yeah, we get it popping like it's the fifth of the eleventh
Union Jack, that be the flag that I'm repping
If I die today, remember me like Winehouse
Bury me in McQueen and tell my niggas ride out

Noel Edmonds, I'd have done it deal or no deal
I just spent two Roleys on my phone bills
I like my Sprite fizzy, she love her coke still
She showed me how to make a mountain out a molehill
Sniffing like she got a runny nose
I'm in the club with fifty niggas and a hundred hoes
Top down, throw them bras out for me
Niggas hating that I'm still spending "Pass Out" money
Drive the Aston through make that motherfucker vrmmm
I'm just tryna turn that M into some mmmms
He weren't in damage, why that nigga getting jaded?
One hit single, now that nigga think he made it, huh?

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Every gyal I'm mad ripping up the world, fam
He can't stomach me, bet his girl can
You're just an earthling, I'm in another world, fam
I'm spitting letter bombs, you got mail, fam

It's straight Henney, fuck a chaser
I hit the club with Tinie, the girls chase up
And anywhere I go, I'm putting on a show, boy
CMAR, no, I don't roll with any broke boys
Yeah, so fuck these niggas if they talk bad
Raise my hand for what? I just talk smack
To estimate the outgoings, fuck the income
We got our back to you niggas cuh we're in front
They taking shots, I'm shooting back
With your piggy head and your fluffy Gucci hat
You know the rules, keep your hating eyes off me
If it isn't on a screen then you fuckers shouldn't watch me, huh

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