

Londoner

Chipmunk

Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner, I'm a Londoner, I'm a I'm a Londoner.
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner, that I love London Town.
Maybe it's because, Maybe it's because, OH!
Maybe it's because, Maybe it's because, I'm a Londoner, I'm a I'm a Londoner
...

Maybe it's the way I get my hair cut
Or the way I go faster when I'm geared up
Or the way that I step out on the stage
And make the ladies scream like a actress in the theatre
Yes I'm so London, little bit of Yards in me
They're shooting, no they're recording me.
And I'm movin, like I'm on a half of speed, I'm my own boss, nobody can tark
for free
Get it? Chyeah
I don't walk with piece
But the chain still swinging like Tarzan G
Niggas claim that they're in it for the long run
But I'll leave em dazed when they see me run past em
Niggas ain't as smart as me,
I say give me 3 nines and they call police
I say I want the rewind and they forward me
Say I'm feeling too fresh, now they call me G

Anywhere I go I do it major,
The ape in me makes me go bananas for that paper
Council estate dreams, product of my environment
Red and blue lights shine from my chain, no more sirens no
From a house party where you might see a killing yes
To a nice party where you might see a killing spent on living, expensive sip
ping
You can tell it's cream by the way that we're whipping
Paps wanna pap us, flyer than when they flash us
Been a Topboy since listening to Asher
Clean cut carat, got my haters lookin horrid
I'm a Megaman the stone in my ear is so solid
London Boy, bank full of pounds, never banked on me then?
Bank on me now
C's up, yeah I'm still chippy
You know I'm going hard for the city what the fuck am I?!

PG did it, no tints on the whip, mm-mm,
I want you to see me in it
197 if I wanna but I drive slow-
Nought to sixty,
Under bridges under tunnels, laps of the city man,
I don't mean manny when I say that I'm a city fan
Love my city, LON to the death of me
Chicks wanna pin me down, tryna wrestle me
Figure 4, 4 figures give me more, 20 bags plus for me to even leave my door,
cor
Wardrobe full of Givienchy and Dior,
Who'd have thought it'd be like this when I was watching Eeyore
Been doing this for donkeys, ain't nothing new to me
We call bags quids, 1 5th on my jewellery

Real G's getting real P's quick, ain't it a bitch
Clean money got us filthy rich, SICK LIFE.