

Look Like You

Chipmunk

Trap trap in the bando, can't lie, that's my tune
But I'm not proud of the times man had me dropping off food
Manaman are really from the ends, know what peer pressure can do
Might come through in Velour cuh I don't wanna look like you
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Trust me, I'm really from the dungeons, see man pressing up onions
That's standard things you'll see when you grow where I come from
When I get bored, in my free time, MCs I dissect
Try tek this Chip for fast food, pussy, I won't digest
Fuck the underground, fuck the overground becu music's music
From the underground to the overground, niggas know I do this
I wan' see a black man shine, don't wan' see a black man die
If we living in a white man's world, my nigga, it's a black man's time
Oi, what's the problem with Chippy? What's the problem with Chippy?
Man wanna holla in secret, publicly moving iffy
I don't wanna make more diss tracks, beg nobody don't diss man
I'm back on the scene like hello, hi, did you miss man?
These niggas are lost, these niggas are gassed, these niggas are lame
Had Giuseppe Zanottis in 2012, these niggas are late
Times I was on tunes with Travi\$, did you know who he was?
Look, I'm just ahead of my time, I had to wait on the clock
The pressure's on but I'm coping, star from the north, I'm chosen
Could trap if I want, no joking, I'll buy a box and just smoke it
Late nights tryna talk to the dead, bare tings going on in my head
Could tweet how I feel but I'll fuck up a tune instead

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Yeah, wasteman

Paw Gang, ya bish

Done