

Loop (The Outro)

Chipmunk

Ok I spruced up, used to clean my boots with a toothbrush
Flash-forward coming out clean going through mud
Christmas wasn't that lit as you cause
Still got the gift of the gab, how are you blud?
They know me I'll risk it for more than a biscuit
Love Grime, love Rap, Pop I just pimped it
Look at what they making now? Don't pop me for the pop me
I got a mic and some wifi and nobody can stop me
Erm you feeling froggy don't leap here
Niggas thought they left me behind, this the leap year
Visionary, see clear
I pray for these years
Niggas hear more in silence, I don't speak bare
Came through in the era where you had to be yourself
It was alright to touch mic and sound like someone else
So sorry if I liked him before I heard you
And you just bite a mans style, I ain't tryna hear you
You can old school or new school or didn't go school
Don't know what they told you but Chippy's no fool
And no women gets time like my vocals
You tryna snuggle with your bae, I sleep next to protools
And voodoo ain't working on me, that's on God
New levels, new devils, new door, new knobs
Ain't no fortune tellers or reading palms
Reassurance of my paths, just read two Psalms
Zoot after zoot when the pain hits
How I'm I feeling but my life has been amazing
Came to do music, never came to be famous
Big Brother offer just under a mill, I didn't take it
That's no offence to anybody who did
Go ask any spitter in England "Like who's Chip?"
Don't care about the industry and dumb ruthless
Have me dishing out community payback like Whoo Kid
Whos in? Who's out? Who's strappng? Who's snapping?
Who's shooting Who's rapping? Who's lying? Who's gassing?
I've been farda with the pen, look I can son them all
If I believed everybody I'd be gullible
Angels on my side, I ain't tryna get touched
Flipped it on its head, look I got haters showing love
Was a team rocking chains, paw shining in the game
I know niggas that ain't happy for me I don't give fuck
Burning pictures, I ain't tryna keep the memories
There's no developing when focusing in negatives
Young boy grown up now, so I what I changed then?
I can strap a whole album about fake friends
Rhythm after rhythm, yeah I'm nice on the beats still
When I when I'm in room I listen more than I speak still
Sign what for 100 bags? That's a cheap deal
You was bubbling and now you're flat boy keep still
Said when I was younger I would be colder when I'm older
I'm zoned I'm a stoner, cold blooded I'm a revolver
Not a nigga she can cry on, get d and not a shoulder
Tryna drink some more water, madting I'm never sober
I don't wanna skip dude, just sittin' I gotta skits to
Told my engineer we gotta go and get his kid soon
Or maybe give it time, that's a good plan
But Bells when you hear this know your daddy was a good man

I hope your Mumzy hears this, I hope she's listening
Cause there's more to life than just bickering
Sam that's my brother, held me down through all the mix up
Bells listen you got a uncle called Chipmunk
And my life behind the scene gets challenging
Done these nigga nuttin', they just mad I'm still talented
Battling, I was trying write my way to happiness
I bounce back exactly how I imagined it
Yeah, just tryna to touch you with the pen
Guns are bussin' where I grow up, need my brothers off the ends
Tryna top on these bars one to one, gimme credit
Need the house with no neighbours, I ain't stopping till I get it
It's man like trust me, I'm not a little boy now
Neighbours friends wanna buy my pad to keep the noise down
And they talking cash too, cool I like pinkies
If I shot that quickly, one flip, one fifty
What the fuck? Shit miss me
Told T I'm going ghost on these niggas, beg you hit my yard to trim me
Dying over bullshit that can't be my destiny
In Haringey it's grimy, summers looking eski
Times I ain't know where I was going fam
I prayed when it was going good, I prayed when it was going bad
Swervin' into my lane, 'llow it where you going man?
I know where I'm coming from and know where I'm going fam
It's Chippy