

Mad With It

Chipmunk

They call me Chip and I'm mad with it
They're like "Chippy gone mad, innit"
Got choong tings and they bad with it
See Cash Motto, my gang winning

Fuck the industry
At this point, it don't mean shit to me
If you was laughing when I was down
Don't applaud my victories
I had lows and highs, been low and high
Had times I lost my mind
But I never went bald like Britney
Nah, never that, I'm Derek's pickney
Baseball bars, man, swing if you're chucking it
Pen like a knife, rudeboy
And I've got bare different blood on it
Last night, I had two hours sleep
Had a 'mare that I ran out of time
I woke up, had a big zoot and told JC bring on the mic
They're like "Chip, break down what an agent is"
You see a radio DJ, I see Agent Smith
They said I'd died, I came back to life
I'm on the other side with some different eyes
A whole different grind
Survival times, I'm a lyricist
Don't cry me a river, I'll swim in it
I'll take it to you if you're bringing it
If there's only bullies and victims
Fuck that, can't be a victim
You see a music business, I see a corrupted system
And my weed addiction is a deep addiction
But I still got deeper diction
Memory loss tryna creep through
But I still remember what I need to
So I still remember I don't need you
Cuh I still remember how you treated me
And I still remember who I owe one
I tasted revenge and it sweetened me

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Jumped up, took my throne back
Cutthroat, Game of Thrones, fam
Addressing niggas like the postman
Pen it up and tell you "hold that"
Lost spitters looking so stupid
I see A&Rs with my old blueprint
Numbers this, numbers that
I still write bars, looking at plaques
Yeah, I'm not no YouTube spitter

I was here before YouTube, nigga
Chip left pop cuh he way too nigga
KKK, I'll still do you, nigga
They tried to fuck with my confidence
But I came back more confident
She's telling people I gave her the bang
But she knows I tapped it in confidence
They're like "Chip, break down who the agents are"
Can't come on your show, you're an agent, darg
You think I don't know who's trying it
Collabing, tryna show alliances
I'm a weed man, how ya mean, fam?
My paranoia got me firing
Dun know, the visions are global
Cash Motto, we antisocial
Don't wanna come to your session
Send me the beat and I'll vocal
I got my Mac and my mic and my Pro Tools
Handling B but with no tools
Niggas will hug you to boy your clart
Blud, you best watch who you're close to
Flexing with people you don't like
You call it playing the game
Where I'm from, we call that fake
Tell them brothers I ain't playing
I ain't into reminiscing
I'm accepting people change
Back to back and back to snap
And now I'm back up on my way

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