

My Ones

Chipmunk

Mighty Mouse
That spells real trouble

Last summer, I cried tears
At Benga's funeral, the day my brother got nine years
Writer's block, heart stopped, oh my God, I need my mind clear
If the good die young then tell me why the fuck am I here?
Studying my purpose, laying out my spirit in these verses
24 sounding like a sermon
If lives can be taken in a flash, others snap
Then these rappers only diss me cuh they don't think that I'll shank them
And safe, where we going now?
Cuh they hate me and I know it now
Always wanting my spot, I guess they show it now
On mic I can't take a check, the motto's cash, son
And I don't make threats, I just am one
Other night, my bro rang from the can, he told me "keep going hard"
VO for them link-ups, he's really behind bars
I pray you stay safe the whole time, brother
Cuh fuck going prison being my brother
What, you really wanna know how I'm feeling?
Yeah, I smoke weed for obvious reasons
If you was in your teens like me and on the scene like me
And I passed you the zoot, you might need it
I've been facing my demons
So keep your opinion, who needs it?
They will bring up what you've done wrong but not your achievements
I've got everybody judging me, leave it
Keep your credit for me, I can call on God when I need him

These showers don't wash my sins away
But I pray I'mma be OK
I face devils in town on a day-to-day
Just pray You keep all my ones safe
And these showers don't wash my sins away
But I pray I'mma be OK
Just pray You keep all my ones safe
(I pray You keep all my ones safe)
I pray You keep all my ones safe
(I pray You keep all my ones safe)
I pray You keep all my ones safe

And big up all the girls I thought I wanted
Who ended up as ones I thought I wanted
Fuck naming names cuh that's a long ting
But I ain't tell you love me, hope you're doing lovely
And if I'm such a fuckboy, don't tell no one that you fucked me
Courtesy of late nights of me and my thoughts
Cutting people off like "nah, I don't wanna talk"
So tell me what your manor's like, mine's kinda mad too
Circle full of clean hearts, my friends still got stab wounds
Backstage in Manchester blazing zoots
Like tell Charlie I've got angels too (amen)
It's good vibes only when I roll through
But all I see is fuckery, this a halo tune
Cuh nowadays the yout dem are so lost, they don't want no job
Rather eat another man's plate, I'm like "oh God"

I ain't sold no box, you trap, nigga? So what
I've got weed like a shotta and I don't shot
Man, it takes a lot to stay positive in negative times
I'm not a wicked man, still lick you with the wickedest rhymes
Bun your gun talk, you're stuck if I stick you with lines
Still alive in the stickiest times
Been rushed cuh Chippy don't run, took the check on my ones
Got back up on my ones, now I stick with my ones
What, you really wanna see me dead? Just do it then
I'll be living till my time comes

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