

One Take Freestyle

Chipmunk

I take shots at emcees when I want, like what?
Going back to back
You think you're me and Big Mike but you're not
Terminating emcees, I do my job
Now why you racing the beat fam?
Slow down, you sound lost (Ha ha ha ha ha ha)
These niggas punchline away and keep missing
I prefer the direct ting, not sneak dissing
(Bluku bye bye bye bye bye)
Cause when I pen pen pen man down, trust man go missing
Sound nicer than me on this sound? Keep wishing
Anyhow, anyhow
You're a likkle man if you ain't top two in your crew
And I'm on one, what you gonna say or do
Can't check me, I'll check you
Correct who? Not me
Think man care about your skin colour?
No, that don't help you bar better (never)
I'll spin man out of loafers, spin man out of Margielas (right out)
Where was you in 2007? I was with Ice Kid doing madness (young OG)
I'll blast man back to the past for pirate radio practice
Ain't got a style so they practice ours
Them man need more practice hours
Fuckboys never seen Practice Hours
Ain't heard shit back from my man, coward
North London, North London, shower
Right now I'm fucking with the spirits and the powers
Gave that fool one boom, no more
Still boy an emcee, I get gash by the hour
You wanna kill me for real? Get leng
Six emcees can't dump me, get ten
You wanna try for tweets, speng
You ain't too big or small to get pen, fool
(Allow it, allow it, allow it)
I ain't letting no one slide, trust I'm on one this evening
I'll swing into Tarzan, saw the tweet you deleted
(What you doing that for?)
Chip the artist, Chip the emcee, oi, which one you feeling?
But don't tempt me, I'm mean it
It's not a tempo, it's a feeling
Your gun talk goes over my head
Bare gun talk, ain't nobody dead
Man wanna try me? Come over then
I got the drive back, run over them
I can't believe you think you're the best
When I'm in the room, can't say it with your chest (never)
Let's go rap, grime, acapella (you liar)
You know I'll leave with your head (dead)
And I don't care what watch you got, trust, it's not that time
And if it is, then drop your first album, see if sells like mine
Go on then, go on then, go on then darg
Swear you just got signed (that won't save you)
Next time you write bars, better take Chipmunk off your mind (write-off)
About man wanna chat about my nominations
Say my name, you chicken (I spoke to you)
I said "if I named you, I rate you"
Then you wanna come back sneak dissing

You brought this on yourself
Now you're gonna need more help
Oi fam
Are you tryna be 'Buggin Alone' as well?
Wait, think about it, man
You don't want hold couple of shots from man
If I pen pass send man you're a dead man
Since when did you become a leng man
Please think about your words
If you're the best, I'm your worst
And think before you splurge
Before you get work on work on work on work on work
I am packing words
When I rack it, swing it, words
But this ain't tennis, ain't no love in this game
But if you wanna swing, get served
Good on my own, have your woes like whoa
If you take this grime ting for joke
You're bantz to me, not challenging no
The people are banging it though
You believe, you believe
You can mention me like I haven't opened doors
Soundboy, you can never face me on grime
I watched the doors close in yours (in your face)
I got signed and bought a house
You went and bought a four fours
Sony's brand new gun man, give man a round of applause
What you saying, you want more? (Are you sure, are you sure?)
Are you sure, are you sure? Are you sure, are you sure?

North London, early
One take
Bang
Cash Motto
Hold tight Ghetts and Rude Kid on the original version
Jump on mans tune, big man up, have manners
Dun know