

Pepper Riddim

Chipmunk

Hold tight Rapid on production
Certi
Man like
Yeah

OK, so this guy thinks he's bad cause he went jail and he's got something to prove
Going to jail don't make you bad, you claff, it means you got caught on a move
I got so many MCs trying to diss me, I don't know what to do
Well fuck that, grab the pen, clap it like leng, Bugzy I'm starting with you
Like go on then, turn into the devil, man, I grew up on Skeppy, not Devilman
But wait there, where's Devilman? Get the picture, hold the scripture
Think next time, don't diss the kid, the evil ting you can miss me with
I'll dip your mixtape in holy water, take it out and then frisbee it
Prick, straight like that, nigga, bad with a pen, I'm that nigga
Take a peep up in Tinie's arse, you might find Cameo and Saskilla
Why you bredding man that don't bring you? You wanna mind what you get yours elf into
About "Oopsy Daisy", ya dun know, give me the microphone, I'll still spin you
I can't stop now that I've started, call my name out, hall are blasting
I still cut true, slim and classy, none of my tings want Big ol' Narstie, idiot
Don't chat what you don't know, B, no neck, looking all obese
Chatting shit 'bout my fans and yours, shut up, go fry in your own grease
And that's four man down in 32, any other opportunist can join the queue
See, I know these man know my bars, you had to reach for me so I could hear of you
About fuck having As and Bs or something, man sound like they can't read or something
That's why you're stuck on this road ting, cuh in music you ain't achieving nothing
Don't tell me nothing about grime like it started in your city
Diss me and that's your pity, I get Ps for a walk through in your city, aww Chippy
Bare little pricks on a cactus one, this bar here is a casket one
I made more from pop than you do from a box and your chick still whines to my bashment ones
On a Raskit one, don't know what they told you but I'm not a mook
Don't know what they told you but I ain't shook, don't know what they told you but you ain't good, any halfway crook
You're a goon? So what, I know goons, so what? You shot a box, so what?
Designer clothes, so what? You're so lost, that shit don't make you hot
Most my niggas all sell drugs, I've got family in jail too
But none of my niggas do fuckries to blab about it on YouTube
And I'm still the voice of the people, bro, and you ain't got 5 songs people know
Try and knock my hustle, I'll be knocking yours, still lethal with it, you should leave it yo, because
I know you man just might run out of bars, Chip can't run out of bars
I know you man just might run out of bars, Chip can't run out of bars
I know you man just might run out of bars, Chip can't run out of bars
I know you man just might run out of bars, Chip can't run out of bars

Yeah, you get me?
Oi, trust me

I can take opinions, I just don't like lies
Big Narstie, DTI was never ever the first grime tune ever made
It might've been the first grime tune made on the label you was on
But don't tell lies in the situation to make it benefit you, that's dead
That's a fry in your own grease ting, trust me
And everyone can MC, I don't mind
I can too
But trust me, no one's making an example out of me
Believe