

Run Out Riddim

Chipmunk

Yo, about I took longer than Meek
Sonic Boom, hold two in a week
What? You ran out of bars but got time to tweet?
Go get your pen, you chief
I am the good guy, yes, from a badboy ends
Around here, they trust my pen
You wanna film here? Tweet the time one day before
You'll get run out the ends
Run out the ends, get run out the ends
Waste of petrol, don't try that again
I can't run out of pads or run out of pens
Blow! I got him again
How can a chipmunk fight with a lion?
How did David kill Goliath?
Saviour, that's not you, stop lying
For me this is effortless and you're trying, look
You ain't the devil, blud, you're a human being
So you can die like me
Camouflaging in evil settings
To hide the fact you can't rhyme like me
Or look fly like me, batty boy preening my life
It's boom bye bye from me
Boom bye bye from T, As and Bs
Boom bye bye from a geek
You keep coming at me, I've gotta send back
This one's not for grime, it's for your head back
Too much disrespect, I can't tek that
You bounced off my name, ayy bwoy, get back
I ain't gotta say your name, you know I'm at you
Don't be tweeting, I'm really at you
Why should I clash you when I'll thrash you?
If you sold a million too, I would be glad to
Man said I run out of bars
That's my bar, blud, are you dumb?
Even catting my hooks, now who looks shook?
Hmm, cat got your tongue
Said I went pop, came back, that's lies
Hip hop in between, blud, that's true
Now anything you can do, I can do better
Boy, I can do anything better than you, you
See, I let you run, you went first
But look, bar for bar, you'll get burst
And I could done your dance in a verse
But you don't need a verse, you need church
Big man ting, are you not 'bout paper?
Why you wanna lock off my show, you hater?
When you win your Rated Award
In the back of your head, know I don't rate ya
Dex on the beat, pow
What's with the milk it games? Cow
Fuckboy, you think you're Drake? Wow
Peng tings don't rate you, sit down
Man wanna take my throne, not today
You couldn't take me then or today
"Light Work" proved you're dead, you get me?
Dead, #PissOnYourGrave
I nearly went off the rails this summer

Where's my brother? Gone jail this summer
Now I'm on treating man how man treat me
So I'm giving man hell for my summer
Yeah, I still wear my own clothes
Man still see me on road, I'm on dough
Ice Kid's evil bars were better than yours
I swear to God, you're not cold
Look, I know you man just might run out of bars
Chip can't run out of bars
I started the year with the bar
I finished the year with the bar
I finished careers with the bars
I-

Oi blud, you're rubbish!
You get me, when you reply, I know your reply already, you get me? You're a
badboy
0161, obviously
Big up Manchester, I love you lot, I just don't rate this brudda, like, you
get me
He's gonna send about repeating yourself and all of that
You get me, 0161, the cars and that, obviously
Gangster and that, jail and that
Blud, everyone from round here's been through all of that, blud, that don't
make you no better on the microphone, now just 'llow it