

## Where Are You?

Chipmunk

It's been a journey but I'm coping  
I picked my boy up from prison today, I came home and wrote this  
I disappear on my goals shit  
But when I drop, you know it's dope shit  
Yeah, listening to Wiz while I blow kush  
Playing lucky dip with all these lighties in my phone book  
I need to chill with the fucking and fucking focus  
Show my country I ain't joking, yeah  
I stay down for my dargs, they know I got them  
Torn between Hollywood and Tottenham  
And tell the people that done me dirty  
Revenge is sweet, see I ain't diabetic nor forgot them  
So tell the rap game I want my throne this year  
I got new shit, no one can't own this year  
You see my lyric book? Don't push your nose in there  
I stay busy with it, every line's coke in there, yeah  
So what? You don't like the look on me?  
But that'll probably be the look on you  
When them people that you put on don't poop on you  
If that hurt then you know it's true, good  
I hope you feel it, take it in, wheel it  
Black and white world and true colours keep revealing  
You grow with some and you grow apart from others  
Well, some things are better off leaving and not redeeming, yeah

I lost my V at 14, my little sister's 17 now  
Definitely things I hope she never learnt from me now  
And these days for my future I've been faring  
But nothing lasts forever, see we learnt that from our parents  
I've had a dose of heartbreak, I don't need another  
My EP's my kid and studio's my babymother  
If you can understand that, then get under the cover  
As long as I got a rubber  
See, I be like the good guy in me is tryna talk, but I ain't listenin  
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I keep faith knowing when you're faithful, you're the victim  
Girls want dick just cuh I'm good with the diction  
I've got a fucking addiction, it's a fucking addition  
I need a shrink, I need my ink  
Yo, where's that Hennessy? I need a drink  
I picture it, make it happen, I just live out what I think  
They tell me I'm gonna do it, I feel it, I'm on the brink, going in  
Who's hot and who's not? You can done with the talk  
Probably catch hater AIDS if I could fuck what you thought  
Tell Team Chip I'm coming, they wanna see me on tour  
I'm tryna do it again just how I done it before  
You see, the things I've been through blud, I should roll two blunts  
Last winter, buried two loved ones in two months  
Gripping on the pen while I'm crashing in life  
It's like we only come together when somebody dies, for real