

# Light Work

## Chip

OK, so man writ a whole diss track for me  
Now I've got a whole diss track for you  
"Pepper Riddim", six at once  
But this one's just for you  
"Pepper Riddim" helped changed the game  
My career, your claim to fame  
DJ gassing you just to spite me, donut  
You ain't hot for my name  
Big up 0161, yeah  
But when you say 0161, air  
Cause you was a London label sellout this year  
So not levelling here  
Me rate you? Nah, heck no  
Built a name off mine from the get-go  
And ya dun know I love Manchester  
But I don't rate you, blud, I rate Geko, hold up  
Diss me for making pop songs  
But you got gassed and worked with a pop star, hypocrite  
RIP who? Can't get rid of this  
I will pepper your clart till you're sick of this  
I rang you cuh my man said you was cool  
But you sang my man too  
You twist the story and put it out for the views  
Wow, pagan yout  
Pagans doing what pagans do  
Two thirds of "Peak" was a pagan tune  
Dem boy paigons, I can't stand them  
Stand on my own, tell a pagan move  
Rap beats, yeah man, I'm on it too  
Peng tings know man are hot for you  
About Sonic the Hedgehog, you drop lip monkey  
This here's Sonic Boom  
Blud, you're desperate, me, I'm strategic with it  
Man might ease in with it  
Drop "My Bruddaz", go quiet  
Grab the pen, pap pap, squeeze him with it  
You wanna come to the ends with  
All your friends but when no one's about  
Come with all your jewels when everyone's there

See what Tottenham's about  
Acting hard, repeating bars  
Living off my past, why do you rate him?  
Plus, he never came no one's block  
Tourist, he was outside the stadium  
Relegation what? Relegation who?  
You're relegating who?  
Telling kids "turn into the devil"  
And the industry wanna champion you  
Man love chat 'bout the "Champion" tune  
But you could never make champion move  
Cool, fuck having As and Bs  
Safe, fuck you and your box of food  
Cuh you're not real, you're not Rage  
Why you acting like you can't hear Rage?  
Reply to him, he's on what you're on  
He'll do it on the roads or do it on a song  
I'm from the school so I'mma have to school him  
No relegation, it's a ridiculing  
Fuck Radio times, I was the problem  
Now I'm 24 and I'm still a nuisance  
Run out of what? I've got fucking bars  
They're fronting on me but I'm fucking hard  
I'm a lovely guy and I'll fucking lie  
And I'll fuck your bird, I am not your darg  
Pree me until you can't pree anymore  
Are you a gyal? What you preeing me for?  
Drop lip monkey, you can't hush me  
I'll watch my mouth when you watch yours  
About "Watch Your Mouth", shh hut ya mout  
Basic hook, dead tune  
If this was ever Fuck Radio times with "whoopie"  
You'd be the worst in the room  
To ghost me as a writer, fam  
Blud, you'll need a ghostwriter, fam  
Messed up, I'm in a catch 22  
Cuh I put niggas on when I write for man  
You can't finish me without mentioning grime or pop  
Or mentioning where you're from  
I'm a fly boy so you wanna hurt me  
Cuh you know bar for bar it's long  
Fuck that shit, pen ammo  
Got my dead friends' energy channeled  
Whoring out for like every platform  
Do something on your own channel

Coming at me, blud  
Gassed off a MOBO tweet, blud  
Anything you ever win in your life  
Thank the devil, then me, blud  
We all know who made who, blud  
Saviour? That's not you, blud  
Fire in the Booth, said I born MCs  
And the big baby is you, blud  
Chipmunk rush to reply for who?  
If not for him then not for you  
Like me, he can make a big tune  
But he ran out of bars and pimped you fuckerys  
I know you man just might run out of bars  
Chip can't run out of bars  
Right now, yeah, I'm repeating the bar  
Cause I wanna wheel with the bar when I pull up in the dance, ayy  
Try and know that's light work  
That you're light work  
Cash Motto  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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