

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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