Transition

Clear Cut

Yeah, yeah
What's he gonna say?
You wanna be like me, son, get a change of plan
I don't hardly see my dawgs, get a hand, pick ma fam'
Confused, feeling used, trying to rearrange plans
As I've got a Rolex but no time on my hands
Made a transition from a brain into a man
Step one, never mix ya business or fam'
Haters say I changed but I quite disagree
'Cause the figures damn skippy, ain't the same in the bank
And I just wanna say thanks to those trying to pull me down
I was born to be fly, I don't like the ground
So don't tell me stay grounded I'm good in my town
And when I was blue you just ran around
I shouldn't know stress at my age
Money came around me then everybody changed
Fools say they know me from day dawgs
Stop trying to call me by my government name
'Cry, it's all Chipmunk now
You can blow after, it's Chipmunk now
It's Chipmunks' time, Chipmunk's in his prime
And only Chipmunk can take Chipmunks' shine
I made a transition, I made a transition
You can say I made a transition
I'm feeling like I found myself but lost my mind
They wanna take my life, I take my time
I am hair and flesh but lost my life
My privacy went up in the sky when I signed I
With this six figures then I grin teeth
Airing all the tag alongs like bring me
I never breaded no one when I was working
So hate me if you want but don't say I don't deserve it
Understand the position I played then
Understand the transition I made then
Go and picture me back in the days then
Look at me now and get mad
They just wanna get fly up and down, jet lagged
Now everybody step back
I'm on the next thing, it's not a bless thing

They're number 2, I'm on some next shit
First place that's the first base
Suicide that's the worst case
That's when you're whole lifetime
Just trying to get your dough up
And then you blow up, and blow up
No escalators, stairs and I'm still trying to step up
But I think it's trying to handle the pressure
I can't let the game slip away
When the UK routes for my name, Shame
It's all Mr. Munk now
You can blow after, it's Mr. Munk now
It's Mr. Munk Time, Mr. Munk's in his prime
And only Mr. Munk can take Mr. Munks' shine
I made a transition, I made a transition
You can say I made a transition
Being successful as a gift and a curse
Being paid or being broke I know what's worse
And people at the bottom say that you forgot you're roots but
That's always the case when you rise from the dirt
And preparation is the key to elevation
But them man are too busy hating debating
If I sound better on some grime shit
Half of them don't even know what grime is, it's timing
Even though I blew quicker than your average
I came through slicker than your average
'Cause yeah, I'm not your average spitter
Any tempo or instrumental
The flows mental, straightjacket worthy
Conspiracy, they put in to merc me
If I'm not fire how could you burn me?
Insulting how could you out me
I'm so true how could you doubt me?
Allow me
'Cry, it's all me now
You can blow after, it's all me now
It's all me time, it's all me in my prime
And only I can take my shine
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
You can say I made a transition
Ha, ha, ha, eh
Here we go
Ch-change, ch-change
Change, change, change, change
Change, change, change

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