

Transition

Chipmunk

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' shineI made a transition, I made a transition
You can say I made a transitionBeing 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 dirtAnd 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 timingEven though I blew quicker than your average
I came through slicker than your average
'Cause yeah, I'm not your average spitterAny 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 shineYeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
You can say I made a transition
Ha, ha, ha, ehHere we go
Ch-change, ch-change
Change, change, change, change
Change, change, change

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