

# Transition

## Art af Oryx

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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