

# Hat-Trick

## Chip

Call me hat-trick hero  
Cuz  
London boy settings  
0208, 0207  
Line up the miemies dem  
Mad  
Young Gunner going Super Saiyan levels on him  
Man United with the flow, I done the treble on him  
I'm sidetracked, boy this wasn't my plan  
But I can cook up sidetracks for a sideman  
Lyrically I can catch me a corpse and  
I ain't pretending I can't hear when you're talking  
God over everything, Christians taught him  
The Devil comes in disguise but I caught him  
Blud why you bloffin'  
'Bo trust me they ain't on nuttin'  
Chippy had bars from a young'un  
You came at me and kept comin' and comin' and comin'  
I preed it, he's done now, I'll done him, I'll son him  
Don't get mad when I cuss you  
Jump on me to grow, I'm not no Mario mushroom  
Big up all the DJs, the ones who play fair  
When it comes to wordplay, boy don't play here  
This is London  
Fresh out the dungeon  
I ain't gotta scream it, niggas know where I come from  
BET Cypher, you cancelled yours, yeah?  
True you feel that Chipmunk spirit in the air  
You ain't ready, I sweeeear  
Cuz, why did you risk it?  
Looking like Kylie Jenner, with your big lips  
Fire In the Booth debate, the fish bit  
Hunger Games - don't test Haringey district  
Fuck, look at the power of the internet nigga  
Never seen him in my life, he's just an internet figure  
I watched NFTR but that's another story  
I wish they had the lie detector test like Maury  
Back to you now, my lion, you're getting more G  
I dunno what drugs you sell but buy more G

Yeah I had 2 2 songs that are corny  
Still a green giant with the pen, you can't corn me  
You ain't got a plaque, miss me with all the chart talk  
Now I gotta boogie with the devil on the dancefloor  
Dumb guys can't have me in a art war  
School of grime or school of crime, he's an arsehole  
Man wanna come up easy, that's all sleazy  
You can get three in a week - bun your EP  
Sat back, preed it, lined him up neatly  
Somebody should've told you  
Chippy 'im nah easy  
Trust me, I don't wanna hear nuttin' 'bout no five months  
After you jumped in sittin' that don't even concern you  
Preein' my life for YEARS. From "Who Are You?" to now, how many's that cuz?  
Come on cuz! Furthermore, I hope all your gyaldem friendzone you - straight  
Cah you're dealing with some haterade ting... and we don't sip that round here rudeboy - you get me?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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