

Foul

Chipmunk

I never once said fuck grime,
The clock kept ticking I just moved with the times.
I'm smarter that's why I do better,
So don't act clever,
The in sound changed I never.
I m on anything I want,
I spit on something wack,
I make it something hot.
I got everything these MCs slightly want, so not one of you noughts could ever make me cross.
My mouth wasn't born with a silver spoon in,
Not everybody made it in the hood I grew in.

I'm still so young but I've achieved so much,
It probably hurts a lot of grown men see me moving
As for little boys, well there just little boys.
I got a massive buzz, your making little noise.
I love all my fans especially the girls and to everyone who loves me, I love me as well.

This beat is Foul
Deserves two yellow cards
Send it off I'm going hard
With each and every bar.

This beat is Foul
Deserves two yellow cards
Send it off I'm going hard
With each and every bar
P.s I'm a star.

I'm a shampoo above ya
Yeah head and shoulders
I'm trynna be the coolest
They're tryna be the roadest
Lyin' for the cameras
Thought I wouldn't notice
Internet G's
B-B BOGUS
I'm super duper cool
I am never on the hype
I'm super duper fly
All I know is Nike
I come through in a turtle neck and
Chain but nice
Peek down the side you see a tiny red stripe
All I really know how to be is myself
I never try changing my image just to sell
I wanted to be famous
I wanted lost of trainers used to see up for a pair
Now I buy the whole shelf
A lot of things have changed since back in the days
The best chat-up line I got now is my face
One man soldier, I'm in my own lane
So be beatin' me's impossible
Joining me's the same

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Deserves two yellow cards
Send it off I'm going hard
With each and every bar.

This beat is Foul
Deserves two yellow cards
Send it off I'm going hard.

(Let me cut the voice,
Check, check it, listen)

I'm not a postman prick
I don't need to know what your postcode is
And don't tell me you're on your ting
Nigga I ain't trynna know what your ting is
See the greeze talk I ain't trynna listen
Munks steppin' up, they wanna diss I'm!
But you can't ask the last man w2ho violated
What happened cah coincidentally he's missing
And I'm just saying
I am not plant
I meant rare plant
We are A R
And you're just aren't
As in are not
You're not Jesus
You're not flee
Certainly you're not me
So don't dizzy me if you can't make a better song
And if you ain't see man you got the letters wrong
Cash motivation we go hard, fuck the alphabet minus A R

This beat is Foul
Deserves two yellow cards (go on)
Send it off I'm going hard
With each and every bar (yeah)
This beat is Foul
Deserves ten yellow cards
Send it off I'm going hard
Nigga fuck you I'm a star.