

I Am (Interval)

Chipmunk

A little interval
To remind you people
I still do what I do
Holla at me M
Let me go

You talk money I overstand ya
Money is the motive everyday I want my grands up
I weren't the kid in class front row with my hands up
But somehow I still pass
Hit yard and still bar
Commercial incredible I mouth off
Cause I can water down a single for the charts
I'm the one prick, eyes so fly I'm not the one to fuck with
Time is of the essence you boys can't smell it
Chip, so chill with your blunt noses
If you see me, ya cool stop the hard poses
I don't fair posin'
I am not jokin'
I am tryin' to get the bread I don't do loafin'

No lie I'm tryin' stay alive to make a killin'
Send it I kill it
My features alive
A sixteen verse turn your song into mine
Chea, throw me an A even
Odd thoughts in my brain
No I ain't even
No I ain't leavin'
Better see me dim
Still here
Pissed off half the game
Doin' it for years and ain't got half my name
I'm still not the same cause I made the change
Cause I spit the good shit and made the change
Nigga's say I sold out please
I never made an album for the cheese
I made an album that represents me (I AM)
Besides I do as I please

Jeez louse julius cease the beat
First link sees the beat
I don't know what you heard about me
But don't leave your girl around me
You can see I got swag (no lie)
When it comes to word play I'm a dad (father)
Laid back cruise 'round in a cab
But I wear with' money on my hands
And the girls go weak for the tax (they go weak)
Inc made me I get a hit
So I put me inc in the skin (some new tats)
And the ice doesn't freeze my drinks
So I put me some in the rink

Bling bling blackberry ring ring
Ya got money over here
I am in (yup yup)

Seems what I'm tellin' them
The other thing that I'm in is telligent
And look me no liar
Pyrotechnic I play with fire
And I have everything they require
And everything I wear is designer (head to toe)
Fire a liar I'm hot
If they got swag what have I got (somethin' else)
I'm the head of flash kids
Don't look over here if you ever shit (shut your eyes what)
My foots down on the pedal
The best weed couldn't get your boys on my level (too high)
So how you gonna finish me
And tip toe on top of it
No more you ain't topin' it
You correctin' boy put a sock in it
nigga I'm on top a' shit