

Amazing Minds (feat. Giggs)

Chip

Yeah, oi turn up my mic a little bit
Let me feel the power (SN1)
Yeah, yeah, yeah (CM)
Yeah (yeah)
Aaaah, aaaah

We're inside, what you saying? It's time
Push up the mic, pull out my light, light it
Tonight, tonight, tonight, tonight, vibing
Man ain't on hype, we came polite, mm (yeah)
Man ain't them cats that's chasing mice (nah)
Man grab some veg, some steak and rice
Driving, man can't invest in wasted lives
Timing, man can't get back that wasted time
Chipmunk and Giggs, amazing minds
So real duh, nigga can't fuck with the midfielder
Chill? Nah, nigga can't fuck with the big builder
Man got the pussy I just killed her (yeah)
Man grab my Nicki and Meek Mill'd her (jeeze)
And I got money but cheap thrilled her
Want every penny, I keep silver (keep silver)
Ain't got the money for this meal, cah

Give all my money to this rooter
Chipmunk and Giggs straight back to back, light that
Burn down the place, man struck the match
Right back, heat up the place, just brush the MAC
Dun dun dun dun, might just attack
Man hit the ground, man just collapse
WhatsApp, my man done discuss the acts
Man just dropped the albz, it's up for wrap (jeeze)
(Let me get 'em from here Giggs)
Came in, look amazing, smell the fragrance
Brown eyes but they look red, I been blazing
Your eyes, yeah they look red, you been hating
No time for you fuckboys, where's the papers? (money)
M's around the corner, I can smell them
Cut you off, yeah I sever ties, fuck it, dwell them (move)
Up time on a late night, hit your girlfriend
She said I got a big head, make it swell then (yeah)
Polite but 'raged, tryna balance my ways
You're tackling what? I got balance for days (fam)
You calling your dargs, I attack on my Js (ones)
Atlanta with Giggs, from 2008
Decade in the game, like how am I still under 30?
You know I never quit so don't you ever try and murk me (no!)

Living in my bubble, I had niggas wanna burst me (why?)
Ay allow it man, you thirsty, you sucking off my energy (allow it)
Essential, I got the remedy
Own boss, what the fuck is you niggas telling me?
Seattle gold, neck drippin' in rose word to Spen
Before diamonds I had gems
Independent on racket, yeah I love tennis (swing it)
I'm a landlord, straight, I can have tenants
See them likkle man, them nuh above man
This the sounds of Chip and Hollowman
Ay, it is done

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>