

## Chasm f/ Jewson, Tuka

### "Chumps"

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[Verse 1: Tuka]

So many chumps stepping up with these murderous  
raps

Yeah fuck that, man to me that's like the surface  
scratch

Worthless chaps, I guess that I'm circumspect  
Cos young lads haven't figured out their purpose yet  
Fake thugs take drugs, pop a percocet  
Then straight up out my way while I work the set  
I won't fade away til they learn respect  
They say that knowledge is free - but I've incurred  
some debt

I owe about ten grand on the tertiary  
And don't stress if the next man hasn't heard of me  
Prone to rock a fresh jam, lift em verbally  
With a verse that burns spots like the third degree  
[Jewson takes over]

This word mercenary who's date is slaying at the rate  
of knots

Like DJ's on the fader bringing the flavour like an  
apricot

It's blazing hot, my syllable's are melting your screw  
face

Got originals to bootleg so stash it in my suitcase  
Yeah I blew up a new place, the future's repugnant  
With humans replaced by computers that function  
on no sleep, so sick of losing my lunches  
These fools in their suits are the root of destruction

[Chorus: Tuka & Jewson] {X2}

'Sup chump, why you speaking up?

It's all fun, we can see your bluff

How long do you think you can keep it up

Before the real recognise that you're weak as (fuck)

[Verse 2: Tuka]

Yeah we're bonafide, while these cats are boring as  
manikins

Pre-packed prototype's of corporate shananigans  
With their facts distorted, ya'll kiss the floor and spit  
the pure

You only act important cos you're insecure  
I bring a storm that'll linger on and on  
The phenominon dropping bombs on your friggin pop  
songs  
Yo I'm thinking what's wrong with the world - it's gone  
quite mad  
We're buying sweat shop products with expensive price  
tags  
Go melt the ice caps, hide in your ignorance  
Dollar signs got your eyes blind and oblibious  
Understand I'm not try'na rub it in  
This is real, not wonderland - this world is suffering  
Yo it's not buzzing, acting like you don't know  
about Kyoto, man I'm going low coast stand  
Go watch your smoke float and infect our horizons  
While the globe chokes and the temperature rising  
Channeling thoughts, ya'll can fill in the blanks  
This is tucked to the snatch and I'm building a case  
I'd rather spit in your face and start kissing your feet  
I'll leave it for the pecking, all the sweet chickens can  
feed

[Chorus] {X2}

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