

Chip "Londoner"

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[Hook: Loick Essien]

Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner, I'm a Londoner,
I'mma I'mma Londoner.

Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner, that I love London
Town.

Maybe it's because, Maybe it's because, OH!!
Maybe it's because, Maybe it's because, I'm a
Londoner, I'mma I'mma Londoner..

[Verse 1: Wretch 32]

Maybe it's the way I get my hair cut
Or the way I go faster when I'm geared up
Or the way that I step out on the stage
And make the ladies scream like a actress in the
theatre
Yes I'm so London, little bit of Yards in me
They're shooting, no they're recording me.
And I'm movin, like I'm on a half of speed, I'm my own
boss, nobody can tark for free
Get it? Chyeah
I don't walk with piece
But the chain still swinging like Tarzan G
Niggas claim that they're in it for the long run
But I'll leave em dazed when they see me run past em
Niggas ain't as smart as me,
I say give me 3 nines and they call police
I say I want the rewind and they forward me
Say I'm feeling too fresh, now they call me G

[Hook: Loick Essien]

[Verse 2: Chip]

Anywhere I go I do it major,
The ape in me makes me go bananas for that paper
Council estate dreams, product of my environment
Red and blue lights shine from my chain, no more
sirens no
From a house party where you might see a killing yes
To a nice party where you might see a killing spent on
living, expensive sipping
You can tell it's cream by the way that we're whipping
Paps wanna pap us, flyer than when they flash us

Been a Topboy since listening to Asher
Clean cut carat, got my haters lookin horrid
I'm a Megaman the stone in my ear is so solid
London Boy, bank full of pounds, never banked on me
then?
Bank on me now
C's up, yeah I'm still Chippy
You know I'm going hard for the city what the fuck am
I?!

[Hook: Loick Essien]

[Verse 3: Professor Green]
PG did it, no tints on the whip, mm-mm,
I want you to see me in it
197 if I wanna but I drive slow-
Nought to sixty,
Under bridges under tunnels, laps of the city man,
I don't mean manny when I say that I'm a city fan
Love my city, LON to the death of me
Chicks wanna pin me down, trying to wrestle me
Figure four, four figures give me more, 20 bags plus
for me to even leave my door, cor
Wardrobe full of Givienchy and Dior
Who'd have thought it'd be like this when I was
watching Eeyore
Been doing this for donkeys, ain't nothing new to me
We call bags quids, 1 5th on my jewellery
Real G's getting real P's quick, ain't it a bitch
Clean money got us filthy rich, SICK LIFE.

[Hook: Loick Essien]

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