

I'm Fine (feat. Stormzy & Shalo)

Chip

Yeah

I might just let it run for a bit and then, like, start later, start like now
Now, now, now-now right? Alright, cool, cool
Me and my team the cream of the crop
Me I'm the cream my niggas all crop
You man claim that you spit fire
It's not that deep, you're not that hot
2015, it's a lot, it's a lot
Got a couple singles, I'mma let em pop
Me, I'mma fuck it up, Storm's gonna fuck it up
Whatever the weather, you can put that on my watch, bae
I was on a mild, I'm erecting
I'm going blind like where's the peng tings?
Chipmunk, shout out to Section
No dead tings in my section
I been nearly everywhere you ain't never there
Looking for a fuckboi, nah, never here
I smell some hating arse niggas
Take that shit over there
Waiting on, just waiting on my time
Need to brush some of these bitches off of my line
You been laying low, we ain't heard from you in time
Don't worry bout me, don't worry bout me, I'm fine
Waiting on, just waiting on my time
Need to brush some of these bitches off of my line
You been laying low, we ain't heard from you in time
Don't worry bout me, don't worry bout me, I'm fine
If you getting money nigga, show that
Tell em that I'm coming for my throne back
The love that you get for your mixtapes
Look, I get that for a throwback
Wait... we already know that
Bare peng tings wanna pose for the Kodak
And I know that you love my flow AK but
Please can I have my flow back?
You are not bad, nobody's scared
You drop tapes, nobody cares
You go shows like 20 man deep
When you get to the venue, nobody's there
London ting but you ain't never here
I be nearly everywhere, you ain't never there
All these hating niggas wanna hitch up
Better take that shit over there
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Hey, didn't you niggas get the last memo?
Bodywork all art-deco
I don't even like Hublots
If you're my nigga, I'd rather you blow
Skinny jeans like I'm on a diet
But my pockets fat, that ain't rocket science
Who are you?
Same team since "Who Are You?"
I turn up fresh like a white wedding
And make lightskinned girls light-headed
It's Cash Motto, bare cash with me
I turn up late, everything fashionably
I be nearly everywhere, you ain't ever there
Looking for a fuckboi, nah, never here
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