

# Going Nowhere

CHILL BUMP

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# 1 < Going Nowhere

Born to strive, I'll always thrive,  
Rap is my morning drive.  
I recall being all deprived.  
Now I write songs and perform 'em live.  
I've toured and flied across borders, I've  
Crowd-surfed, done all sorts of dives.  
Dimes faint when touching my jordan fives  
our name is buzzing like hornet hives.  
C.H.I double L, you know how the name is spelt.  
Chill Bump we done made ourself  
a name without a dumb label's help.  
Microphones, we done made 'em melt,  
turned turntables to piles of ash,  
my crew bout the craft.  
As long as Bankal got a new sound to blast:  
pass my pad and two pounds of hash  
and move out our path, cause you clowns is ass.  
Dudes' styles is wack, your new album's trash.  
The blind lead the blind, and whose down to last?  
See, we bound to stay and you bound to pass...  
And I know the name will live on the day my clique gone.  
I guess I am blessed like Drake and Big Sean.  
But glad that our lives ain't a sitcom that they can pick on.  
We ain't wanna make a hit song,  
to embrace the fame and create a shitstorm.  
We just wanna travel, play then get gone,  
get paid to rap and live safely, withdrawn.  
Live calmly, nothing fancy.  
We authentic and that's what the fans see.  
Fuck trends, you know we don't care.  
Up in this bitch and ain't going nowhere.  
Oh yeah...

Fuck what they say. We here to stay.

Up in this bitch and ain't going ain't going ain't,  
Up in this bitch and ain't going no, going no,  
Up in this bitch and ain't going ain't going ain't,  
Up in this bitch and ain't going nowhere. Oh yeah...

Props to kids who copped my disc,  
Who got my name on their top five list.  
top of the line, y'all got my gist?  
We got rhymes to make you drop lifeless.  
Your squad's signed, but they ain't hot like this.  
Y'all shining, but the plot might twist.  
I leave rappers in the spotlight pissed.  
Ain't a mean asshole that can block my fist.  
Peace to you fans who keep compiling,  
These tracks like they some unique compoundings.  
Fiending every time we release these albums  
Guaranteed, there won't be nothing weak about 'em.  
beat after beat, keep your speakers pounding.  
Theme after theme, we leave people wilding.  
B and I are beasts, we be styling.  
We the foulest team since Zeke and Shaolin.  
And we all about quality over quantity,  
That's what we stand for, we growing constantly.  
no pressure, it ain't no anomily.  
Fuck a fake front that's what no one wants from me.  
Fuck fame and your fake ass fantasy.  
We authentic and that's what the fans can see.  
Fuck trends, you know we don't care.  
We up in this bitch and ain't going nowhere.  
Oh yeah...

Fuck what they say. We here to stay.

Up in this bitch and ain't going ain't going ain't,  
Up in this bitch and ain't going no, going no,  
Up in this bitch and ain't going ain't going ain't,

Up in this bitch and ain't going nowhere. Oh yeah...

## 2 IIIII Save the Day

I ain't got no motherfuckin cape or tights. I ain't capable of breaking walls or taking flight, changing form or falling from amazing heights, but I ain't afraid to brawl of face my frights. Face it y'all: I'm unbreakable when I take the mic. It takes some might to get up on the fucking stage and preach, expose the wack shit and then make sure that the fake impeached. The game's our bitch, we came to save her like her name was Peach. and when the show's over we'll both be leaving with two ladies each. We'll break your teeth and send 'em flying through the roof. Your troops are crying, yelling truce, as I spit fire in the booth. If you are Iron Man I'll fry you through the iron in your suit. Spiderman gets tied up to his web, I'm tightening the noose. I'm the lightning killing Zeus, striking biters in their tooth. My freezing rhymes will leave you guys stiff in cryogenic boots. But why use my super powers, brothers, I am living proof that you can be a true hero just by inspiring the youth. It's time to introduce, the flyest, illest group, the hardest duo: Chill Bump, the smartest artists you know. Your squad is too slow. We ain't got no time for your B.S. Dimes wanna be with us and their guys all aspire to be us. So call us up to save the day and we finna turn up straight away. We'll line 'em up, make 'em pay til every fake ass rapper fades away. Hold up, chill, wait up y'all. Get your weight up y'all. What you waiting for? This your wake up call, so inspirational. The game's in thrall. Follow me and say no more. Let's piss these major labels off and take our art back out the Gator's jaw. Raise the bar, this isn't limbo. They set real low. These little brittle spitters are soft as silk or feathered pillows. Follow me, follow me, independant heroes. Let's piss off mumbo jumbo rappers, bragging about their swag and pecadillos. Let's Knuckle up with these weak clowns. Motherfuckaz get beat down.

I'll uppercut them and punch up in the sky right through the bleak clouds. Comic readers gon read pow, when I knock all of their teeth out. I'll have 'em seeing more stars than if they were in the VIP lounge. Shouts to homies who hold me down. Those that test me get thrown around. One punch and they going down like Gorgeous George and then Golden Brown. They cough up blood they choke and drown, they dead and burried below the ground where we know that they won't be found. We ain't joke around... So is you with us? cause we gone win this. Yo we got one goal. Yo we got one role. To throw you artists off the stage and take control. To make the crowd root for us, have a fun show and leave our ennemies piled up in a bundle. Yo we got one goal. Yo we got one role. To throw you artists off the stage and take control. To make the crowd root for us, have a fun show and have em going fucking coucou cause they want more So call us up to save the day and we finna turn up straight away. We'll line 'em up, make 'em pay til every fake ass rapper fades away.

### 3 | Nothin New

Fist in the air, on this long pursuit.  
I've helped my neighbor, fought for the youth,  
changed my diet, also joined a group,  
branded signs, fought corporate suits,  
donated fortunes for the troops,  
given clothes to poor men on a stoop,  
bought 'em food, talked and poured 'em soup,  
sold my car to boot, walked to not pollute.  
I ain't forfeit. I face off with  
politicians and their fake causes.  
Create conflict.  
Got toilet paper with Donald Trump's face on it.  
Got faith in the future - change coming soon  
to change up the ugly grey colored gloom,  
and wake up the folks - they gonna fume  
but in the meantime - Ain't nothing new!

Change in the air, I feel change in the air x4  
In the meantime ain't nothing new x4

One percent refuse to share their slice,  
treat us like we're foolish little mice.  
I keep telling you this isn't right.  
You think dough and useless shit suffice.  
I can't help the youth and give advice.  
They don't care, they're clueless, living life.  
They know that their future isn't bright.  
No one wanna move an inch and fight.  
We can't breathe in Eden's garden.  
Our leaders say it doesn't seem alarming.  
They don't even wanna see the problem.

Afraid of he truth, I pray for the youth.  
Pray for someone to shake up the room.  
Who gives a fuck today? What it do?  
Ain't nothing changed - Ain't nothing new.

Change in the air, where's the change in the air x4  
In the meantime ain't nothing new x4

Why should I get mad, explode and erupt?  
Everybody else don't give a fuck.  
I've seen a bum take the dough from his cup  
and go give it to the dope dealer shmuck.  
I've given up on others, gotta get my loot.  
Y'all ain't helping me. I'm tired of helping you.  
Why recycle when governments pollute?  
Rants can't prevent a country getting nuked.  
I'm just an ant in the ant-hill.  
There's plenty wounds that I can't heal.  
It's man's nature. Maybe man's ill.  
Why should I have to feel the damn guilt?  
There's so much shit going on.  
I refuse to get so involved.  
People won't care and shit won't get solved.  
It ain't on me if things don't evolve.

Won't be no changes, no change in the air.  
If you don't move with me then why should I care?  
Won't be no changes, no change in the air.  
They just sit back and stare. They just sit back and stare.  
Won't be no changes, no change in the air.  
If you don't move with me then why should I care?

Won't be no changes, no change in the air.  
I just sit back and stare cause we're going nowhere.

I just sit back and stare cause we're going nowhere.

## 4 ✂ Blasé

Blasé - all the way  
Blasé - all the way  
I'm Blasé - all the way  
I'm Blasé - cause ain't shit gone change  
Check the truth, the truth just has to hurt.  
Shit got me feeling like a massive jerk.  
You just as hypocritical, don't ask for perks.  
You recycle trash/drive your ass to work.  
Some people lack food to eat.  
You'd refuse a feast that isn't Gluten-Free.  
Some people lack drinking-water too.  
We shit in drinking-water for our morning poop.  
Kids made my sneaks with their tiny hands.  
I hate slavery but like the Nike brand.  
And what happened to the grimey ninetees bands?  
This trapped generation is benign and bland.  
We claim we take action when we're at our homes,  
post «fuck society» from our Apple phones.  
On line dissing every silly hype,  
We write rebellious lines for a guilty «like».  
What? For some the revolution will be typed.  
What? For some the revolution will be typed.  
Why glorify your phoney sweet behaviour?  
We're all self-centered, it's our sleazy nature.  
Every peace-maker wanna be the savior  
He'll write «save the trees» on a piece of paper.  
I won't listen to you one mo' time.  
Stick your contradicting speech where the sun don't shine, I'm...

Blasé - all the way  
Blasé - all the way  
I'm Blasé - all the way  
I'm Blasé - cause ain't shit gone change

Check the truth, the truth just has to hurt - Blasé  
Shit got me feeling like a massive jerk - Blasé  
You just as hypocritical, don't ask for perks - All the way  
You recycle trash but drive your ass to work.  
Check the truth, the truth just has to hurt -  
Check the truth, the truth just has to hurt Blasé... All  
the, all the way...

# 5 ∨ Daydreaming



## 6 IIIII Caliginocity / The Sweeper

Lucifer lurks til early morning hours  
night time falls, foulness is all around us.  
Lucifer lurks til early morning hours  
night time falls, foulness is all around us.  
we can feel an evil force and power.  
corner's crowded. We witness scrawny cowards start a war with bouncers,  
bums shouting «get off the corner pall, the corners ours»  
They downing watered-down brews, leaking in water fountains.  
shorty got pounded for his outfit,  
his corpse is on the floor surrounded by cops, no one is shocked or astounded.  
whores get out to work the corners, can't afford to shower.  
they scavenge in trash for a half devoured quarter pounder.  
Rich broads love snorting powder, they bought a quarter ounce of  
Blow, thought it was pure, but it was normal flour.  
Horny prowlers pounce on drousy broads who wander out a  
bar, when they get drunk and kicked out for snoring on the counter.

Lucifer lurks til early morning hours  
Night time falls, foulness is all around us.  
Lucifer lurks til early morning hours  
Night time falls, foulness is all around us.

Shit is evil, in this city everything's illegal.  
Giddy people give their drinks a refill, slip in wee pills til they  
tripping, sweating, stripping, dancing, fucking, feeling gleeful.  
There's wiffs of weed smoke, md fucking with these kids libido.  
Criminals ditch their P.O's, kids be flipping kilos.  
A trick gets beaten by her pimp over shit that she owe.  
Bitches need blow, beef over twisted egos.  
Freaks blow strangers in bathrooms that reak of piss and B.O.  
A fiend is jonesing for his needle, it's the ring for Smeagul.

He gone steal from a dizzy female victim feeling feeble.  
Dios Mio. Please beware of Mr.Pedo.  
He go rape a teen and steal her soul behind the grim cathedral.

Lucifer lurks in every city we go.  
The devil's at work and hustling incognito. Lucifer lurks in every city we go.  
The devil's at work and hustling incognito.  
Lucifer lurks til early morning hours  
Night time falls, foulness is all around us.  
Lucifer lurks til early morning hours  
Now the streets are hungover, they feeling sore and sour.

Condoms and vomit on the pavement,  
blood and cups everywhere.  
The sweeper sweeps up the traces



## 7 ✂ Me, my Word and my Testicles

Can I get your attention? Don't click on that offer or ad.  
Get your eyes off of your cellies. Get your eyes off of your pads.  
All of y'all have to quit with your selfies and get your minds off of your swag  
Real life ain't come with no filter. When normal's boring y'all brag  
And I lie too. The line's blurred between virtual life and personal life.  
I too thirst for new likes, post to provoke and smirk when dudes fight.  
I too verticle swipe. Yep... We're all verticle swipers.  
Yep... Screens divert us and blind us. Yep... They disperse and divide us.  
Selfishness is a permanent virus. Cause ain't a person that I trust.  
Who finna fight the pervert who might just try touch your girl on the night bus?  
Oh yeah, you ever so smug. If a cam ain't there, you scared to show love.  
If I ever get jumped and left in cold blood. Y'all 'll probably stare, but I bet you don't budge.  
There's me, and then the rest of y'all. (Born alone, die alone)  
Motherfuckaz, ain't no trust or love left at all. (Born alone, die alone)  
There's me, and then the rest of y'all. (Born alone, die alone)  
When I got my back up against the wall: It's just me, my word and my testicles.  
Chilling in your safe haven, duckfacing til your face numb  
Counting all of them fake thumbs and you ain't done shit when the day done.  
I can't come tell you nothing. Your head is growing, your celly buzzing.  
Your dick is growing, you're steady thrusting while staring close at your belly button  
when shit gets real, you helpless homie. your selfish old friends are phoney.  
Cell phones have made communication easy. Yet you never felt this lonely.  
No need to care if I don't want to. I might ignore ya. I'm like a monster.  
Why fight the power? why try or bother? That's how they install divide and conquer.  
Issues get ignored every day. Politicians lie and all get away.  
We're all deaf and blind, all entertained, eyes on our screens, we've all been enslaved  
Empathy's gone, we're caught in a cage, in our fake worlds, we're all lead astray.  
selfish until the coffin and grave but in the real world, we're all getting played.

There's me, and then the rest of y'all. (Born alone, die alone)  
Motherfuckaz, ain't no trust or love left at all. (Born alone, die alone)  
There's me, and then the rest of y'all. (Born alone, die alone)

When I got my back up against the wall: It's just me, my word and my...  
It's Thursday night, I'm in this parking lot, camping, waiting for tomorrow nine o'clock.  
When that door slides up, it's on, it's time to shop. I'ma push and shove and make  
some bodies drop. Hop over, trample, stamp or climb on top. Find that crowded aisle  
and cop what I can cop. Make sure I leave with their entire stock. But I'll be back for  
more cause I know I can't stop. I can't, I, I, I can't stop.

## 8 ✂ Cover Me (Fire)


Chill Bump's back with some organized magic.  
We like pyros who wanna light matches.  
With all the right raps and all the right scratches.  
The perfect chemistry like one of Walter White's batches.  
You write wack shit, quit smoking chron.  
Quit jerking in the mirror you sniff coke upon  
You not spitting, bitch, know you wrong.  
You got 2pac spinning, you Rich Homie Quan.  
Go get your crew for back up,  
my crew carry trays to make your juices splatter.  
If I had to use the chrome, I'd shoot a rapper.  
Act like you the G.O.A.T, I'm the Chupa Cabra.  
And I hate you kids with garbage in your ears.  
God you ignorant. Go and gargle shit and piss.  
My goal is to strangle lady Gaga with her wig  
when I get passed the guards who guard her in her crib  
kidnap Niki, Silly old slut  
and fuck anybody thinking that her singing don't suck.  
I'ma split a hole in her, spill that hoe's gut,  
watch the jelly explode from her Silicone butt. So what?

Cover me I'm going in... x4

I'm a professional, I know that I am special.  
know I'm successful, know I got potential,  
yo this life is stressful, homies try to test you,  
hold the mic to diss you, get a hold of y'all credentials.  
Phoney lying friends'll hover over like a kestrel,  
hoes be lining up to try to blow you by the restroom.  
Emcees try to make your shit their own just like a stencil.  
Stress 'll probably make you have a stroke and pop a vessel.

It's too fucking harsh, God it's fucking hard.  
but I always love the art, love to vomit up the bars.  
I am out this fucking world, beyond the shining stars.  
I'll be rhyming til martians wanna follow us on Mars.  
You can try to bite me til your tooth is throbbing,  
You can steal my raps, I am too uncommon  
But you finna feel the wrath of Tutan Khamun.  
You gone wish your silly ass dad used a condom.  
I am fresh, I am rare, I'm an oasis  
I'm innovative. Einstein's mind is so basic.  
I violated this beat then violently raped it.  
Y'all are PC rappers, y'all rhyme but don't say «shit».

Cover me I'm going... Cover me, cover me... x4

An aerial photograph of a dark, textured field, possibly a forest or agricultural land. A prominent yellow diagonal line runs from the top-left towards the bottom-right. The field is marked with numerous white 'X' and 'T' symbols. The 'X' marks are arranged in a regular grid pattern, while the 'T' marks are placed along the yellow line and in a grid pattern to its right. The overall scene is captured from a high angle, showing the intricate patterns of the terrain and the markers.

**9 / The More The Better**

# 10 IIII Turn this Ship around

People should be eager to put their forces together, the more x3  
The more the better, the better, the better, the better...

Let's try unite, intertwine, mingle, mix and  
let's try do right. Let's not let their motherfuckin  
shit fly tonight. Cause we are one and suffering, brothers,  
it's time to strike, shit, it's time to fight  
and let them die slow. I can feel your pain  
everywhere that I go. They get inside heads and try to  
terrorize folk. Let's turn this ship around and take controle.  
(Take controle) Let 'em know! (Let 'em know)

Here's where we at now? Democracy's backed down  
Our leaders just act out, and we play the background.  
We can't make our choices, our voices get muzzled.  
One percent get more yet unemployment's just doubled.  
Boy, we in trouble, joyless and puzzled.  
Bruh, these leeches' speeches are like poison we guzzle.  
Something wild's filled the air.  
We now feel it's down hill from here...

They dick us like bitches on all fours, make riches that's offshore  
til they eventually kill every priviledge we fought for.  
We're victims, we're all poor, we've been given the hard chores,  
But our vision and hearts pure, shit we living is hardcore.  
Listen: that's why we're willing to start war.  
on corners with «fuck the system» written on cardboard,  
quick to bombard stores, kick in a cop's jaw,  
Wear a mask against their gas, stick a brick through their car door,  
dodge shots they fire, set fire to our turf.  
we gone fight 'em to the hearse, til you guys in blue disperse.  
And if the media won't speak of us, I'ma spew a verse

until our message gets across to the entire universe... Uh!  
Let's try unite, intertwine, mingle, mix and  
let's try do right. Let's not let their motherfuckin  
shit fly tonight. Cause we are one and suffering, brothers,  
it's time to strike, shit, it's time to fight  
and let them die slow. I can feel your pain  
everywhere that I go. They get inside heads and try to  
terrorize folk. Let's turn this ship around and take controle.  
(Take controle) Let 'em know! (Let 'em know)

They hate us mingling. What's up with that?  
They like shut up, fuck off, get out, tough luck, get packed.  
Pigs snap on young kids, scream hands up, shut your trap.  
You'll get cut up, get clapped, get whacked just cause you're black.  
They like Bang! Young hoodlum, you reap what you sew.  
They like Bang Bang! cause you done reached for your phone.  
They like Bang Bang Bang! three to your dome,  
squeeze your throat, beat you, smoke you for reasons unknown.  
They thirst for blood, committ so many murders  
Twenty versus one, sir, now that's a heavy surplus.  
Worthless Officers pretend that men are worth dust.  
But fuck the dumb cause they serve, cause son, they meant to serve us!  
The people.

(News flash)

So that's the type of war we in, guys can walk in when  
I'm performing and try and slaughter my entire audience.  
Storm in a bar, find me ordering wine or pouring gin,  
fire four in my grin for singing to my accordeon.  
According to them, we're truly a menace.

Dudes feel offended by our beautiful women wearing cute little dresses.  
They'll shoot you in the head with heavy tools til you perish,  
for cruising in Paris or simply sipping brews on a terrace.  
Is terrorism our fault? Are we the ones to blame?  
Cause of the Inequalities of the economic chain?  
but we are the people, not the cowards beefing, causing pain.  
And we can all agree that power and evil are the same.  
So, bear with me. Let me sing a tune of freedom,  
For YOU, whatever religion you believe in,  
Syrians who are fleeing, civilians whose stinging wounds are bleeding,  
men, women, children too... Every single human being.  
We feel for you. What happened to our capital was crazy.  
We can now imagine tragedies that happens on the daily.  
Catastrophies are yet to happen under the sun  
But let's not let some rotten apples watch us suffer for fun.  
My president's a son of a gun, he's both stubborn and dumb,  
but it ain't yours or our fault how our countries are run.  
So please don't judge us by what our government's done.  
Our doors are always open if you need somewhere to run.  
As here's for you, the extremist, you ain't a preacher you're a felon.  
people y'all have deaded will greet you when you reach the walls of heaven  
stomp your head in all together, start beating on your ass,  
virgins will sever your weenie balls and penis off and laugh.  
And that's when you meet God and the curtains fall  
because he hates you on a level that's personal.  
He'll send you to hell with nazis, burn you all.  
You cursed to war for the number one scum spot in an eternal brawl.

11 ↙ Normalude



## 12 ✂ How it is

I'd hate to hate some foolish life I've chosen, puffing cubans while I'm boasting,  
posing in suits and ties, and stupid shiny clothing,  
supervising big bouncer-guys that I use to fight commotion,  
eyeing the dudes that I'm approaching. They like: Who this guy? You know him?  
I'd be spooked, some random fool might shoot me while I'm smoking.  
I'd be spooked, he'd poison my food with a suicidal potion.  
I'd be spooked, by these groups of groupies with loony type emotions,  
with their juicy thighs that's open, coochies oozing like an ocean.  
I'm glad that I never get on the news, glad that I never get stalked by dudes.  
I never get stopped when I order food. I can still hop down to the store for brews.  
Still get in that car and cruise. I'm just one of them normal dudes,  
just doing what normal do. Come, come, come walk in my Jordan shoes.

Why try get big? I love my life how it is x2

Calm breeze, palm trees, I'm kicking back, smoking that bomb weed.  
Y'all chasing that fame like zombies. Living your lives, on knees.  
Man, listen, my plan's different. I don't got no damn mission.  
I don't got no grand vision. I don't need no ambition.  
Chilling's how I'm living, I kick it down by the river,  
I sit around with my cliqua, pass the piff around with my liquor.  
I don't want to live in the city, shit is crowded and bigger  
Shit gets wild and gets gritty, kids are rowdy and bitter, I'm like:

Why try get big? (I don't wanna be famous, I wanna be nameless)  
I love my life how it is (I don't wanna be famous, I wanna be nameless) x4

Picture living with pressure on you. Your chick's a model. Your crib's colossal.  
kids all think you spit the gospel. They jostle for pics and the shit gets hostile.  
Paparazzi wanna dig up fossils. They wanna snap pictures of you,  
They sit and watch you pick your nostrils, piss or squat too. Shit, is awful.

Bitches sue you, try get shit off you. You've been to court for ten different law suits.  
Shit, it gets hard to live in your shoes. You feel sick of being picked a part dude.  
There's pics of you while you swim in your pool, sipping brews on a frigging bar stool.  
Pics at home where you think it's all cool. Pics of your kids when they head towards school.  
See, I don't wanna be famous, I wanna be nameless.  
I love my life, I don't wanna see changes. Don't kill my vibe, I don't wanna be heinous, buddy  
we strangers strangers... And man I'll admit: I like privacy when I'm having a shit,  
to stand and piss without you snapping a pic. I'm thankful and blessed for the fans that I  
get but...

Why try get big? I love my life how it is x4  
Why try get big? (I don't wanna be famous, I wanna be nameless)  
I love my life how it is (I don't wanna be famous, I wanna be nameless) x4

Ain't no life like the one I got. See I don't want more. More than I need, I mean...  
Ain't no life like the one I lead. See I don't need more. More than I got, I mean...  
(Ain't no life like the one I lead...)

## 13 IIIII Fuckwit / Quarantine

On the one, start it off. Start up the Ferrari car.  
We living fast, party hard like mardi gras carnaval.  
Rocking the free-world. Do do do do - Nardwuar.  
Squads who wan' brawl and spar, we can go bar for bar.  
Brawlers all cross their arms, the audience call us Gods  
and horny broads toss their bras on us like molotovs.  
Life's a joke - hardy har. We part cigars, spark the la,  
talk to Jah, wander far til ours lungs dark as tar.  
I'll body your corny squad, dolo, no bodyguard.  
I am not fucking with you kids. I'm not your cardinal.  
We resist - Charles DeGaule, with symphonies - Marley Marl  
All of y'all lying/lion in the closet like Narnia.  
We always gonna make sure our legacy goes on and on  
and y'all cannot stop or yet slow the phenomenon.  
Kid, you wanna front like you're king? We'll chop your noggin off.  
Sleep and we gon' break your fucking face when you nodding off.

What made you think that you could fuck with  
Chill Bump? You silly ass fuckwit.  
We more than what you think. We a movement.  
So hop on board or keep it moving.

We are wild, out controle. Down to drink, bound to drawl.  
Drowning in alcohol. Downing it with Tylenol  
and now we feel powerful. We bound to move mountains y'all.  
We in the clouds, towering tall. Towering on Pau Gasol.  
We are young, we are dumb, fiending for weed and rhum.  
We need to fuck, need to come, before the damn Reaper come.  
Repercussions ain't a thing. We came to play, play to win,  
taste the vibe, take it in, stage-dive, graze a chin,  
break a limb, make you grin, make our haters take offense

til they attempt to break my pen and make our stack of paper thin.  
There's heclars every place we been. I ain't got shit to say to them.  
They end up on the grey cement, stomped by a parade of Tims.  
This one is for you man. For you and the loyal fans  
who spoil us like Royal Fam. We wanna see all your hands.  
Ennemies go call your fam, do all you can. Boy, you damned.  
Annoy me and our fans will break your face when our voice commands.

What made you think that you could fuck with  
Chill Bump? You silly ass fuckwit.  
We more than what you think. We a movement.  
So hop on board or keep it moving.

C.H.I to the two Ls x4

C.H.I to the two Ls.  
B.U.M.P We drop jewels.  
Too sick I ain't feeling too well.  
Quarantine my team cause we too ill.

## 14 ✂ Panorama

Uh! Time to kick off my sneakers...  
Sit back with my feet up.  
I'm just having a breather...  
Relaxed... with a six pack and a reefer...  
Freedom... To be honest...  
I feel like my mission's accomplished.  
I always did what I wanted, and my dreams are now alive  
I feel blessed as an artist.  
From trying to tour in tiny bars, times were hard  
but now we play for thousands.  
and we get paid to bounce around from place to place  
cause we're making albums.  
crowds shout our names out loud,  
we play in crazy towns and great surroundings.  
gazing down from planes  
at the Himalayan Mountains and smiling... Cause it's straight astounding.  
From Bangalore, getting hammered at the party,  
hanging at the Humming Tree and having chats with everybody.  
starting cyphers up in Khatmandu -  
with passionate shorties all rapping in Nepali.  
We got lady fans wearing Saris,  
in Delhi some were singing all my lyrics in the front row.  
Young bros from Chennai shouted «Snip Snip»,  
and then bumrushed the stage, oh boy... what a fun show.  
I guess touring is traveling.  
we tour to talk to the fans. Fuck a Tourist attraction.  
I've had clothes torn in the madness.  
Broads write their numbers on their panties and toss 'em up at us.  
Fuck a Notorious status.  
I wanna influence rappers and pass the torch to them after.  
But when I'm gone will it matter?  
I'm happy to die now, I got it all and I'm flattered...

And when I go who gon miss me yo?  
When I'm a ghost, who gone diss me most?  
Who gone sing my songs and stick me on their G.O.A.T's list  
with Lamont Coleman and Chris Rios?  
I don't care as long as the whisky close,  
I could just close my lids and let myself go.  
Knowing the life that I lived was dope.  
Will I regret anything? Well, the answer's hell no! Hell no!

You wanna strole in my pair of shoes?  
which road you prepared to choose?  
I know that you're scared to lose.  
but you gotta say NO to your parents rules.  
NO to the parrots, to their molds and their pressure too.  
Your goal is everything, their codes are unbearable.  
jump... I know that's a scary move.  
but if you want it, life is gonna open your parachute.  
Ask athletes, cats who always fought,  
Who wanted more, actors who snapped and won awards.  
They'd always fall, then get back up on the horse.  
Always forced to focus when their tracks went off the course.  
Curry is Curry cause he practiced on the court.  
I laugh at all y'all yapping rap is not a sport.  
Talk to rappers with the plaques upon they walls.  
Perhaps they got it all from scratching on they balls?  
Not at all... Cats that got deals,  
and cats you watch climb the ladders do not chill.  
The Passion is what matters and that's why they got skills.  
That is what pays off cause talent is not real.  
Yeah, it's harsh, it's tough.  
But If you ain't shining it's cause you ain't grinding hard enough.  
Grind harder, if you really got the heart, good luck!  
Give it all, cause you will win if you do not give up, so keep going...



