

Connected (feat. Eric Bellinger)

Chip

[Intro: Eric Bellinger]

This gon' be your favourite song

[Hook: Eric Bellinger]

She said "take me on a plane with you

It don't even matter where we headed

I just wanna get away with you

Cause I know that you can teach me a thing or two"

Connected

She already know I'm connected

I'm the only one she wanna mess with

She know my whole squad is connected, connected, yeah

[Verse 1: Chip]

I'm well-connected, well-respected

The only queue I know is weed, eff a guest list

I drop my big chain for a necklace

But smelling good and looking good still on the checklist

She said "you're drunk, right?" Nah, I'm high, boo

I'm high as fuck like shit, it's my tune
So when the time's right, I make the right move
She smell my neck like "that ain't Chanel Bleu"
So ayy, you know my new shit, but y'all be on some new shit
Taking out some rappers on they haven't got a clue shit
Me, I'm on my cool shit, never tryna prove shit
Looking arse niggas always look and never do shit
Hold up, London Boy, I feel like booking a flight
Cali, kush and Hollywood nights
Worldwide, I catch a vibe
You could put that on my life or just put me on the mic, turn up

[Hook: Eric Bellinger]

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[Verse 2: Chip]

I like to party, she like to party
We like to party, true

Ayo wasteman, you ain't made no money this week

What you doing at the party? Move

Bun fuss and fighting, I'm worldwide vibesing

Ty booked a flight, he bussed out on a Dubai ting

Too many man are on some real tough guy ting

Bun that, smooth thing, fly ting, my ting

Listen, I know your ting but you don't know my ting

If you've got the cake, cool, Chippy got the icing

Talk long, niggas smile when I see I'm shining

Calm in a Hublot, I took off all my diamonds

London Boy, I'm tryna do it for the buff tings

Tell me drop more bangers, that's a done ting

So I'm ghost putting work in in the booth

You don't see me in the club, boy, I bet you hear my tunes

[Hook: Eric Bellinger]

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[Bridge: Chip]

I like to party, she likes to party

We like to party, true

What you saying, girl? You getting stressed in the ends?

Let's book a flight, me and you

Tell me what you're saying, tell me where you wanna go

Wanna roll with me cause she know I'm on a roll

Who out your friends ain't rating the team

When we tell 'em let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go?

[Hook: Eric Bellinger]

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