

1 Time

Potter Payper

I'm just tryna get my guap right
Cause how I'm living man, it's not right
Nothing given but I got mine
I'm Pretty Ricky on this hot line
Quavo, I hit her one time
But I think about her sometimes
I blow smoke till the sun shine
Cah life's fucked but I love mine

I hit the M-way and flew back
I put my ends on the map
I've got the ends on this roof rack
My nigga cooks crack like my new rap
Screaming "Thug life" like I'm Tupac
Riding round my ends, where's the roof at?
They wanna talk grind, me I walk grind
P, I hit the strip and abuse that
Cah being broke, I refuse that
I'm still riding on two flats
Got the streets waiting on this new crap
I think I'm Nino, this New Jack
I've got four young boys in two flats
I get this guwop on two traps
Blowing on this reefer, I need me a Keisha, the truth that
I said I need me a Keisha, the truth that
And that's a damn bitch that'll suck a dick and roll a plane up
She gon' take a trip, no whip, she takes the train up
If you love me you'd do that
I've got some young boys that do that
Bird call, I send 'em through that
That's your door, where's the food at?
Try touch me, I'll U that
I just hit country and flew back
And she rolled my spliff up and twosed that
She said she loves how I do that
But I've gotta go, I've gotta go
This money keeps calling me, stuck on these roads
And music needs all of me
Music needs all of me, don't think I know
Don't think you know what I'm going through
So just take my advice cah I'm showing you

I'm just tryna get my guap right
Cause how I'm living man, it's not right
Nothing given but I got mine
I'm Pretty Ricky on this hot line
Quavo, I hit her one time
But I think about her sometimes
I blow smoke till the sun shine
Cah life's fucked but I love mine

I wake up and give thanks, I roll up and stay lit
Blowing in the fast lane, I whip this like I'm legit
Tryna get Richie like Lionel, I'm tryna get Richie like Rich
So it's trap boy Birdman and you know what this is
Shit we came up crazy, came up crazy on Titch
Before all the YouTube, before all the hits

Man you could've got hit
Fuck twelve, free my clique
Shit you could've got hit
So fuck twelve, free my clique
Me I'm an O.G., you'll get smoked off my name
They think it's a game till they see the smoke
And they overstand that we're not with the playing
Trust me, man are getting dropped where I'm staying

I'm just tryna get my guap right
Cause how I'm living man, it's not right
Nothing given but I got mine
I'm Pretty Ricky on this hot line
Quavo, I hit her one time
But I think about her sometimes
I blow smoke till the sunshine
Cah life's fucked but I love mine