

10:30am

Potter Payper

Ay, what? Ay, what, now?
(HONEYWOODSIX)
(That's Chucks)

10:30 in the AM
I just spoke to AM, he said he's tryna take ten
The mandem I take there
So many times that they can't even say who did it
We ain't claiming the drill
He ain't real just 'cus he says that he's real
Yea they used to be dargs now it's mad he tryna body him still
Fuck writing a verse I feel to write me a will
Fuck doing life broke you gotta pay to appeal
Yea I came for the money but I stay for the thrill
I got her naked in heels I never take her for meals
Either I came wi' my shhh or I came here with Bills
I mean I came with the bells, Louis scarf on my belt
Video with my stylist but I'm dressing myself
And my bro's got issues so I'm stressing myself
I got old school beef I tried stretch it myself
They say I'm flames still I'm cold like December the 12th
I fuck with a snowman like Buddy the elf
I can't love you right now I'm too in love with myself
So don't gas me cuh I'm rolling with a darg like Daphne
And nuttin ain't sweet like Cadbury
Now they call me Potter but they used to call me Frankie
Dark killing cats like Itchy and Scratchy
Diamonds in my Rolly but they set them in the factory
I said there's diamonds in my Rolly but they set them in the factory

Half a million pound folders on this MacBook Pro
It never happened over night all of that took slow
I got crack from coke, I get blood from stones
I'm from a council house, that's a public home
This ting's 22 inch this ain't Game of Thrones
If I push this in I probably break his bones
God save his soul and let me make it home
God save his soul and let me make it home

On the M-way so long I got pins and needles
Stepping in my bando full of pins and needles
Stuck behind the door I had to miss my people
I still spin this vehicle and risk a recall
Cah, I'm always thinking worst case scenario
Male lothario blowing weed with my Mali ho
Ain't no steel on these bangles it's all Carti bro
But they still leave you mangled you little nani-hole
All this Gevinchy and Cavalli bro got me feeling like I'm Fabio
I got beef like I'm Ciro Di Marzio
My lifestyle's Gomorrah
The size of this bora I'll cut you in half you know
Hood stars but the screws call me Bousbaa
And they got me in the castle where the crooks are
And every day I'm getting closer but it looks far
Said every day I'm getting closer but it looks

Shit half a million pound folders on this MacBook Pro

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