

# A6586AM

Potter Payper

Name a number to the governor, A6586AM  
Summertime, two bodies, six AM's  
Got feds at the crib at like 6AM  
We ain't spoke in a minute but I miss mayhem  
Cah ever since juvie we've been made men  
Now it's half-past six but my wrist says ten  
And we're sat round the table and we did break bread  
Man I've seen real fake friends, I've seen fame change them  
I've got hittas on go and I've just gotta say when  
And when I see them rate you, I just can't rate them  
I've been on landings with gangsters and had to page them  
And now man don't get shit twisted  
Cah we can do it bare-fisted or suttin's getting airlifted  
I give thanks to the plug, I got a square gifted  
I think you should go to Hell if you bear witness  
From a C63 hitting sales to half a box in my cell, no scales  
From a yute man I've been off the rails  
Always on license, on bail and all this weed smoke I exhale  
Cah my friends ain't coming home and that could be me if this fails  
But fuck that cause I'm feeling myself  
Do you know how much time I done? Did all myself  
Educating myself; suicide, mental health, it's all challenging  
And all of your friends just keep vanishing  
That's why I stay strapped at the gathering  
But he forgot me, I should be mad at him