

CEO Flo

Potter Payper

[?], yo
Cold, yo

When they used to act like, said they couldn't see me before
Had to barricade the bando, send fiends to the door
For a pipe, I had spice-heads cleanin' my floor
Had to hit the road runnin', I'll sleep in the morn'
I was so broke, now I mix McQueen and Dior
I drummed the whole game, fuck the key to the door
Put my head on my mat and I speak to the Lord
I don't wanna sell crap, wanna go, wanna tour
I wanna make my nan proud, maybe win an award
When you live, you mature and you get sick of the talk
Six bells in the tray, six bells like
Six in the morn', they can't act like
Say I never licked it before
And I ain't vouchin' even if we done business before
Bro heard me on the radio and kicked off his door
Now I'm back, just a bit more drip than before
Never put my lips on a whore, that's distasteful
Never had a gal who's been faithful
Back then all I ever needed was an 8-ball
I turned it to a brick house, they shoulda been grateful
I said they shoulda been grateful

Yo, uh, I had a quarter kilo in the Clio, then I have my soldier wrap it like the Migos, uh
They told me I can rap and blow but I need one more re-up like the man in Blow
Italian garments
Akh, I used to shout my neighbour from the garden (Walahi)
Bro, I 'member V whippin' in the crackhouse and nothin' comin' back out
Brother, I was losin' like Pacquiao
Just to make the light beam
Told me had to do deals, Jimmy Iovine
Them man never been there (No)
And Mary's no D-square, white girl in the bowl like the three bears
I saw my first gat B, around the same time when I heard Gatsby
I'm an E-fifth rider slash grinder
My brother, uh
Straight outta white like I'm Tyga
Bentley jeep, the seats is rouge
Brothers is dyin', just read the news
I think that I'm money, I eat for two
And my lifestyle scary like Beetlejuice
I done falcon, heron and eagle too
Got my day-day on me playin' peekaboo
I'm a real OG and who the fuck are you?
And I ain't chillin' on the block G, I got stuff to do
Yo, teriyaki steaks and lobster tails
I took five-figure Ls, I was still in jail
Only the real prevail
Buuj from Pakistan, the silver cod from Hakkasan
Sexy women, expensive linen
Shoes Christian, coupe whippin', roof missin'
Two whippers, ah
I need two kitchens

Brudder and my food's brilliant