

## Daily Duppy (5 Million Subs Special)

Potter Payper

That's Chucks  
5ive Music

I'm in the hood you can't go with my chain and my watch on  
I'm not the sort of man you really wanna give a drop on  
You tryna get a Duppy like every beat I hop on  
I'm the sort of G feds try and put a lock on  
I bought a couple Glocks, but I weren't tryna put the block on  
One man make him curl up, like a croissant  
I knew what it was I just had to play possum  
Amiri ripped jeans, but they're tailored at the bottom  
Since I come home, I've got money spendin' problems  
My biggest problem's still tryna fix people's problems  
And now it feels like I've got never-endin' options  
We manifest these millions and failures out the question  
She don't want my money, all she want is my affection  
I won't let her love me, she can barely get attention  
She gone take this bag, and she ain't worried bout the contents  
But let me give this shit some context  
See, I'm a 90's baby, from a council home  
I was raised by granny, God bless her soul  
And my dad came from Africa with dreams of gold  
I know the first thing he probably said is "London's cold"  
And my mothers been a G, and we don't speak in code  
I've been out here so long, I've seen the streets evolve  
I'm makin' million pound plays, I came from grease in bowls  
They make me cringe when they act like they been involved  
He gon' make the boogey man come and steal his soul  
I'm a Great White Shark, I'll eat him whole  
I'm the hood manager, whole squad on go  
And I've even got a striker that I leave in goal  
In my comments on the gram it's just "GOAT-GOAT-GOAT"  
She in love with who I am, she give me throat-throat-throat  
How you hate me just for winnin'? We was both so close  
Every single time I hit it, she like "Don't go ghost"  
I'm on the A-4-O in this SVR  
And we're pissed if feds intercept this car  
I got bruddas that'll decamp, tek the charge  
I put my trust in my gun and leave the rest to God  
Oh, set the bar, I am the bar  
You don't get the bar, don't sweat the bar  
She got a face like Saweetie, but the rest Minaj  
She gets me socks and boxers in a extra large (She a real one)  
I'm with some G's in your city  
No jewels, but we still got tools  
Anybody movin' funny, I ain't making no calls  
I know everybody round me leaves marrow on walls  
'Round here, we got work like Horses and Fools  
I got young boys who really make bad-man pause  
Everybody knows I used to sleep on floors  
Now, I got gyal waiting on all fours  
You already know she gonna do me like chores

Real back in style (Trust me)  
You feel me (But that-)