

# Filthy Free

Potter Payper

It broke my heart when I found out Kevin passed  
I went in my cell and I prayed about ten rakat  
When they killed Reece (RXR)  
I cried for whole weeks  
Trapped in my cell again and I felt like I couldn't breath

And I ain't comin' home for a thousand suttin' sleeps  
Between guns, knives and judges I keep losin' all my G's  
Give me space, let me grieve, shit  
Give me space, let me breath 'cah I smile rarely  
I keep a pound under my pillow like the tooth fairy  
Who can I trust? Not him or you clearly  
'Cah I'm talkin', Old Bailey  
Fightin' for your life in a suit scary, shit  
Got me thinkin' 'bout my young hitter Eyez  
And Eyez didn't do it but they still gave him life  
And Tiny Jumbo, he was wrong place, wrong time  
When I think about their mothers, brings tears to my eyes  
'Cah where I'm from your day ones'll hate you on the slight  
Just 'cause you're doin' better but you'd love me if I died  
Put my picture and never ride, man, I've seen it before  
Gettin' liquored 'till three in the morn'  
And why this gang's still the street to my core  
I got pain embedded deep in my thoughts  
I say the richer the man, the cheaper the talk  
Still, I'm grateful nowadays it ain't as peak as before  
When I was homeless and sick he'd let me sleep on his floor  
Nanny loves me even though I bring beef to the door  
So much police to the door  
Shit, it's cold in these streets in my Canada Grey Goose  
I got coke on the streets like Pablo and Jesus  
I said if we're rich, if we're poor now, I just gotta make do  
Five in the trey deuce, blacked out like Wayne Bruce  
I find it funny that everybody's so friendly  
When I was banged up all my teens, most of my twenties  
And man were sayin' free me but never sent me a penny  
Ten toes in the mud, no dwellies, I got some Fendi  
Like, are you a gangster rapper or you just rapping gangster?  
'Cah if you ask me, I think all these rappers are jezzies  
They're dick ridin' and pic likin', I sit silent  
I been fist fightin', big knifin' and spliff lightin'  
Like, my wrist shinin', big diamonds, still twin 9 him  
Ching olders, I ching minors, I'm sick minded  
Man'll use you when they need you, that fake love'll confuse you  
Fuckboys in real life but gangsters when they're on YouTube  
I got lifers on my set, doin' numbers like Sudoku  
I said dua'a in my cell, I buss it with no voodoo  
My spinners, it hold six, my block does whole bricks  
My bitch got her own tits and her body's like 'oh shits'  
Amiri's with no rips, this splash, it's no drip  
I fell in love with the block and I never went home since  
Real gangsters don't snitch lookin' death in the face  
Welcome to London city, it's a treacherous place  
Everybody lost someone they can never replace  
And a coffin or a cell is only seconds away  
Feds stopped me and they search me  
And they're checkin' my name

And if they find what's in my balls, that's a ten or a eight  
Plus a recall with a guilty plea  
I'd rather that than let them kill the G  
In the mornin', light my spliff up with a milky tea  
I ain't filthy rich but I'm filthy free  
Early mornin' with a milky tea  
'Cah I ain't filthy rich but I'm filthy free like

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