

For The Block

Potter Payper

(Beam me up, Scotty)
(Supreme)

Real outlaw like John Dillinger
My lifestyle's scary like-
Do it for the block, for the block
Said you'd do it for the block
Real outlaw like John Dillinger
My lifestyle's scary like Damascus in Syria
You do it for the block, for the block, you're a prisoner
You do it for the block, but the block'll never visit ya

You can't compare me to rappers, we ain't similar
I circle my house, I'm securing the perimeter
Pain in my heart, so much now it's familiar
Blade in the dark, gotta ride for the whistler
Bangin' and I'm hangin' like a lifer on a ligature
I cook cocaine and supply the distributor
I never could've pictured none of this when I was littler
When I used to bunk into Showcase Cinema
I had this little jaan with a back like Vivica
Couple years later she's on crack and I'm tickin' her
Ammonia on the stove like white wine vinegar
They just write rhymes I write real life literature
In the booth lick o' dark
Old school stick 'em up
In the trap triple up
Cloth I'm a different cut
No one ever wished me luck
So I ain't never give a fuck
I'm from BK bitch I gave that boy a fifty buck
Shit I mean a buck fifty
They're killing in my fuck city
All that big drip now
Only ting you drip in's blood
They was out hitting clubs
I was out slinging dubs
They was out hitting clubs
I was out slinging dubs

I'm a real outlaw like John Dillinger
My lifestyle's scary like Damascus in Syria
You do it for the block, for the block
You said you'd do it for the block, for the block
Man a real outlaw like John Dillinger
My lifestyle's scary like Damascus in Syria
Said you do it for the block
Said you'd do it for the block

I used to do it for the block
Been through it for the block
My boy done shit acted like I never knew him
From the block, down the block
Banging out, that's a three man unlock
Gotta close that back door
Gotta keep that one locked
Gotta keep that gun cock

Cah they're hating in masses
Cuh we ain't choosers and beggars
We rather gangsters and rappers
Armed blaggers with trackers
Boy this is Barking and Dagenham
You know we're known for the mazza's
But not that that even matters
I'm eating dauphinoise and salmon
I drizzle olive oil all on my salad
They ain't in my tax bracket I mean wap bracket
And I deffo let you have it I 'on't smoke passive
And I ain't talking 'bout this Cali that I roll backwards
She put that needle in her vein her eyes just rolled backwards
And I can't rate most rappers I guess I'm old fashioned
Shit, and I can't rate most rappers I guess I'm old fashioned

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