

# Free Daff

Potter Payper

(That's Chucks)

(Ayy what? Ayy what? Ah, hold on, nah, Honeywoodsix)

Still got it on me, gotta duck them jakes  
They wanna run in my place, put a gun in my face  
Still, I can't get no rest or peace  
It's only right I practise what I preach  
This is for my bruddas doing pull-ups on the yard in Hell  
Just come back from court 'cause they denied his bail  
Best keep your gun and keep your brief  
Cah there ain't no love in these streets

Ain't no love in these-, yeah  
For the members on that four yard  
Niggas screaming "Free him," but ain't doing shit to help him  
I just left the lawyer, let him dig inside the Goyard  
He pulled out \$50K and told me everything is velvet  
All the shit that I been going through  
You ain't felt it how I felt it, but I don't want you to  
Niggas say they on my helmet, I'ma hold you to it  
Double up the boffee cup, it's full of motor fluids  
He out here loafing, I'ma throw it to him (Why?)  
He did the same when I was leaking, feel I owe it to him  
You know the movement  
Her baby died in front of the cot so you know she moving  
His barrel full of dead opposition, you know they losing  
We up, gang

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Most of my life has been gang affiliation (Gang, gang)  
Stuck in segregation, one call communication (One call)  
Between me and dem, we ain't the same, no correlation (Nah)  
Rolling with a rat then you're a snitch by association  
All this pain, all this misery (Misery)  
I knew the gang wouldn't hold me down, I had an epiphany (Epiphany)  
Invest in rose gold on the dials, Tiffany's (Investing)  
Shipping bottoms from overseas, I paid the shipping fee  
My family missing me, up north is where they're shipping me (Shipping me)  
Barricading all these cell doors with all these wooden cupboards (Shit)  
You have to wonder why we think the streets don't really love us (Really love us)  
'Cause when we call, they won't be answering none of our prison numbers (Prison)  
Wallahi, it's only mothers

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You can't call me gang if we ain't been on a move  
Took the cash and the jewels and we're splitting the food  
Hungry like I just ate, but I'm still in the mood  
I hate when rappers wanna talk about spinning a tune  
'Round here, we keep spinning, have you spilling your juice  
This for my bruddas in the jailhouse sipping their hooch  
His baby mother's acting up, now he's missing his yute  
He told me "Keep spitting" like an old man missing his tooth  
I'm institutionalised and rich, now I'm living my truth  
My chain's outta this world, like I am Groot  
I'm hoping she's a gold digger 'cause I am too  
Still go auntie's for my rice and stew

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