

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 (Person)
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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