

Green District

Potter Payper

Dior jeans with the rips in
And a bag that the TreyWay fits in
You should do it, two bottoms in the kitchen
Before the civil war when we was all coexisting
Needles on the blocks, stairs, lifts all pissed in
Two Rambo's and a dotty in the Citroen
Since they heard how they tried to pitch him
All them little yutes move different
But I'm still here with my B's up to the grave
Real gangster like the boy Muni Maj'
I was shaving shit before you even had a shave
I wouldn't just behave and money I just crave
Big timepiece but I ain't Flavor Flav
Catch me at the show but I ain't here to rave
Got your wife choosing, I ain't gotta run game
They'd do anything for fame except stay the fucking same
Be yourself, know yourself, you've gotta stay up in your lane
They did my boy back to yard, now he's living like he's Wayne
Soon as I'm off licence, I'm jumping on a plane, shit
Becah this rap shit it makes 'em wanna try me
We grew up together, I don't know why you hate me slyly
Snakes still slithering but it's okay though
Cah these big slugs ain't slimy and this grub gets bruk down lively
Knife work leaves the scene airy, got 'em all wary
Fuck gyal, buss gun, everyting irie
Training Day trilogy's a real G's diary
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How she wanna fuck and I don't know her name?
And this gun's just stuck with me, I don't know afraid
And these dottys and these spinners just throwaways
Six men in my bag like stowaways
When I taught that boy to whip it, he was so amazed
And now he'd do it for me broad day on the mains
And this P stands for paper but all I know is pain
You ever had a one-on-one and said "let's go again"?

In the shower full of killers and the door's locked
I'm a silverback gorilla, course I call shots
And yeah I know I rap, but I don't talk lots
Ain't nuttin British 'bout me but this Bulldog
I'm Irish and I'm stylish, I just sauce dons
And I'm rolling with a cutlass like Winston
I've got a big batty ting from St Vincent
She put it in reverse, I leave her injured
Summer '21, I'm buying all the dingers
I say the word, that door's flying off the hinges
Before rap I got mine off syringes
And baseheads on crack coke binges
I've made girls put packs in their minges
She thinks I love her but to me it's just business
Round here shit's dropping, I ain't hinting
Jailhouse, I'll chop him, I ain't flinching