

# Hungry Little Fucker

Potter Payper

Real G shit for your airwaves  
Started, I was happy from a staircase  
Hungry little fucker, getting busy dough  
Them times they was hitting bare raves  
Kitties congregating, I can't keep them waiting  
Phone ringing, "are you on?", I'm like "yeah babes"  
And I ain't tryna blag you, I'm no gangster  
Here today, gone tomorrow, that's the mantra  
I be backing Goose till I gander  
With a baddie with a body like Amber  
I smoke like a chimney, I smoke till I'm chinky, Kung-Fu Panda  
All the packs that I'm slanging, I'm moving Max Branning  
And I've always got it with me, don't be asking if I brang it  
Minimum, I'm tryna habit  
Bare pain, bare anger  
Jailhouse, I'll say it on camera  
You can ask Little Neck, you can ask the Kanga  
I used to smoke mamba, catch bare banter  
Welcome to Britannia  
Drink it till it's finished, I must get it from my grandpa  
Picture me getting picked on  
Little white kid with some beat down kicks on  
Started going shop for some big dons  
Two-two then I licked a shot for some big dons  
Birth of a trapaholic, now I'll get your brick gone  
Posted in the ding-dong, if the good die young imma live long  
Now these bitches on me, wanna uck me cause I'm famous  
Now they know my face, know my name like my neighbours  
Still I'm down to risk it for my people and my siblings  
Must have got me twisted, got me twisted like some Quavers  
I've been living shameless, living heinous  
Fuck it man, this the shit that made us  
Man they're talking like we ain't such  
Potter Payper, you a bait fuck  
No behaviour, you ain't straight thug  
I'm that type to your main bitch, you can't talk like she ain't  
cunt  
I'm too loyal to my squad that I don't wanna know if it ain't u  
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