

In A Cab

Potter Payper

Streets want me on my rap ish
Rappers still praying that I max this
B it's all good now I'm established
And the industry's about to talk my language
So all the sneak dissing, they can keep hissing
Potter I'm the shit, got the scene pissing
Doing about sixty in a country lane
Looking at my dawgy, thinking how we used to bump the train
Every other week I get my number changed
Cause out here shit's peaker than The Hunger Games
Get caught up in that thunder rain
Murder was the case, she lost her son today
Potter I'm the boy who lived shit, this about my troubled ways
I was in the crackhouse, all the food I cut and weighed
Trackie and my old kicks, way before I sold bricks
If you're talking six then I've done been on most strips
Out there in the cold bits, down by the seafront

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Summertime morning, I stink out the beach hut
They know this, A12A406
When I was doing two-in-ones and I was on that two-two
Hungry little fucker, man I went to jailhouse for the smudges
Irish and I'm stylish, man I'm Dublin
And I've got that Miley Cyrus and I'm juggling
How you balling on a budget?
Potter I'm a glutton, holding suttin it ain't grudges
And when push comes to shove I hit the show before my brothers
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Caught up in the cycle, I've done stretch after stretch for this
Active, I'm an activist
Sometimes I feel like this a movie we're not actors in
Realest ice smokers on my phone, a couple cats that ping
And if man was eating round me then they had to drink
Cause I've been on the brink, chilling on my lonesome
I ain't all that wholesome but I'll probably need a corporate
Hungry and I'm focused, don't try play me for no mug
Man I'm wiser than a thug, word to Bralo I be up with the bisheads
Medora and the foil and he gon' tell me how it runs
Fireman flyer than Aladdin on his rug
So don't try play me for no mug

When you can get a toast for strengthen man
I've been at it non-stop since I left the can
Just myself to thank, you heard me then you smelled the dank
I blow hoops with some sick yutes
Where I'm from shit's real scary like the Slender Man
If you it ain't a friends and fam then I ain't tryna lend my hand
Cause if it gets bit and someone does shit

And I end up getting bagged
Cause I can hit the bin and I ain't getting tagged
News that I ain't getting back, bet you that's setting back
Wiser than a bud but I ain't getting blagged
They ain't ever smashing fam
Essex boy swag but I'm still a London D-boy
Cutting through the city in a cab