

## 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  
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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