

Intro

Potter Payper

Pressin' issues, I got issues to press
Half a brick in the press and I just tick him the rest
And I still land a HP at your mrs' address
Now I'm drippin' to death
And we grown so I forgave him, but I didn't forget
I remember jailhouse, it was shitty baguettes
Now bare ice tryna hit me with some litty baguettes
And the whole game tells me that I'm literally the best
I guess we got different rulers out to measure success
'Cause I'm still thinkin' about Reece, I'm havin' visions of death
They wanna kill me for free, Gucci scarf when they pree
Man I put Ps on my head
They all say they fly straight, then they lean to the left
I know killers, I know jackers, kidnappers, the rest
They all call my mum Aunty, it's all love and respect
All them three for twenty-five, they weren't comin' correct
Now I want fifty for my verse, tell him come with my cheque