

Let Me In

Potter Payper

Nightmares of a street king
I get indicted for my lifestyle, it's a G thing
Just let this liquor burn my chest and all that weed stinks
Coming up, we seen things, the things I did for new kicks
The things I did for three wings
Now we sit in meetings and shit's all cliché
Like we win if he wins
There ain't no man without a sin up in this cold world
I'm purple rain, the street prince
Still it's R.I.P. Bush like it's R.I.P. Chinkz
If it's R.I.P. Lad then we gon' need some more drinks
And if it's R.I.P. Mo, I could've never pictured this
I swear my life's picture perfect but that picture don't exist
Still I'm tenth floor living, stuck up in this lift
It's a myth, I'm King Kong on the top of the block
How they forgot I bang my chest with my fists?
Can't arrest me, I'll resist
I've gotta get it, I insist
I've had this problem from a kid
No one couldn't tell me nish
Can't hear you, gotta feel, I made 'em feel me ever since
I've been mobbing ever since, had it popping ever since
They've been hating ever since, just forgive me when I'm rich
I still be trapping out the Ritz
Before rap you know my name held weight
And my scales held weight, but now my face so bait
And this hate's so real like this little Trey-Eight
They can't watch this space, I'm an old-school G
Don't make me show my age, tryna hold shit down
Cause most of my bros locked down and I can't take that L
I'm tryna turn this round, it's like these clowns don't underst
and
You need a man to lick your arse or a man to hold your hand
But not me bro, Franky, check my steelo
Buzzing, even she knows, we act bad like gazebos
Henny and my weed rolled, a thousand suttin emails
Somehow I always skip the details
Stuck up in this mud, bitch I think I'm Rico
They just think they're me though
Fire and the brimstone, I still flip it quatro cinco
Can they see me? I don't think so