

#MicCheck Freestyle

Potter Payper

I grew up on basic, I ain't have no fucking sky box
Now I see it all like I'm in the sky box
I'm riding round my city like the huntsman on his white horse
I get back to the trap like I came from the future, it's survival
I fear God and not reprisals
My bros locked down and killing parcels
To this lifestyle we so partial
I smoke this weed
I drink this drink
I think I'm Marshall, talking 'bout my marge
Or how my dad was mirage
No violins, I'm pulling strings like guitars
I'm blowing up like Hamas
So now the jakes wanna lock me on some Shmurda shit
Where you been if you ain't heard of him
Cause I've been living in this world of sin, just know the struggle is real
Shit, I'm trying to turn this pain into a couple mil
My peers living out my worst fears
Prison got them man there stuck on steel
Cause these cunt old bill
You better tell your mum you love her still
But the sun don't shine till her son comes home
Shame the streets the only love he knows
Like some man I know
Got me reminiscing
20/20 vision I can see him in the distance
I came up in the noughties
Richmond and my rizlas
Wishing on a big bit
Persistent and consistent, man that's just good business
Murder no witness
When I roll my dice I roll sixes
Broke rapper on some rich shit
Blowing ammie with a thick bitch
Drink It straight, no we don't mix this
When I roll I throw sixes
Broke rapper on some rich shit
Blowing ammie with a thick bitch
Drink It straight, no we don't mix this
Shit I gotta stay off these roads
These sessions they aid my progression in bulk
I can't see through this smoke
These streets just evoke these emotions
These beats give me hope
My back's on these ropes if I stand here alone
I stand with my heart, I guess this G's in my soul
They made me broke the mode
Caught a case never told
Shit, there ain't enough years in this world to make me fold
Pass my plate and my bowl
I treat this place like my home
Cause when I'm home I just roam
For a face on a note
See all their hating is jokes, cause at times I hate me the most
Give me cake, let me ghost
Give me space, let me ghost
Get my foot through the door, cause when it rains blud it pours out here

Grew up poor 'round here
Where everybody's got the same cry but no one cares
This just life as we know it
Till I took history and rewrote it
Both eyes on who you keep closest
Cause the same man you chilling, you smoke with
They could have you in the ville with the roaches
Shit I thought you had my back though
How you Donnie Brasco? You a rodent
Nine million socials, that's what my brothers got to cope with
That's a million socials
That's what my brothers gotta cope with
A million socials