

## #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