

Midas Touch

Potter Payper

Fricktion

I'm just tryna find my peace
Trigger in the sound of silence
I'm just tryna stack these p's
But all it does is buy me violence
You won't believe the things I've seen
I always knew it would be like this
But all I see is gold and green
'Cause I got the touch of Midas

See I started off broke, not a pot to piss in
'Til I got two phones, two pots to whip in
They never saw me in the ends when my blocks was rippin'
Or I was in jail smokey that's lots of nicking's
I really did the throw overs and I copped on visits
See a grown man cryin' cah he lost his missus
Lifers twenty years in tryna work their ticket
When he told me 'bout his life all I heard was bill it

I 'on't think it's hard to tell that I've seen some shit
I got grown men talking 'bout "please" and shit
They all know about the killers that I reason with
I got white boys with bodies, Tommy Egan shit
It's like my life's like The Wire but it's season six
They wanna double tap on me like my recent pics
No peace and shit
We're too grown to be rapping 'bout our grievances
Come we air this out

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Real life I'm like Kody I'm a monster with it
Used to slide two kitchens in a Honda Civic
I'm a real life paigan being non specific
Got it crackin' with a Dag yout' that was on the visit
Is this me? Am I famous making wrong decisions?
Can't play with me, when you're in the wrong division
Had to get rich, I think it's all repetition
Come watch me cook it up, it's a exhibition

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