

Money Or Victims? (Kayla's Story)

Potter Payper

Yeah, I knew this one girl when I was younger
And we was real close like sister and brother
We was playing out, I used to let her wear my jumper
Her mum was a crackhead on the block and everybody used to cuss her
And her uncle was a nutter called Steve
Real scummy lookin' brother, but
This was just everyday life in the gutter
Before I blew a bag, before I made my first oner
I was innocent and pure like I wouldn't melt butter
Way before I was a little drug runner
As the years go by, we're getting older, she's getting buffer
But shit at home for her seems to only get rougher and
One day she told me some shit that made me shudder
When she broke down and said that Steve used to touch her
I said we should run away 'cause I ain't tryna see you suffer
Then she looked at me and smiled and said, "Promise you won't tell nobody"
Then she broke down again, I had to hug her
But shit's changing in the hood, I'm on the come-up
I started getting bread, picking grub up
And I got this .38 spin
And the grip's all rubber with my finger on the trigger
Every time my line rings, I'm just praying it's this Steve motherfucker, I'm
a kill him
But then I went away, they locked me up for four summers
Sixteen seasons, but when I'm back, shit's gettin' tun up
Said when I'm back, shit's gettin' tun up
I'm thinking 'bout homegirl, I wrote her a letter, she never wrote back
I heard she started sniffing with this prick who said he loved her now
Sniffing ain't enough and she's piping with her mother
I said sniffing ain't enough, so she's piping with her mother and
Now she's twenty-one, she's afflicted with the sickness
She cries every time she sees herself in old pictures
She fucks and sucks shottas and punters, it's all business
And the first time she ever took brown, she got addicted
She had a crack baby, her little princess got adopted
She tried to get clean but couldn't seem to go the distance
Now life ain't life no more, it's an existence
And shit just got me thinking, am I making money or just victims?
So when I say I'm selling death, I know the difference
I said shit just got me thinking, am I making money or just victims?
So the years go by and I'm a trappin'-arse rapper
I still kick it with homegirl and her boyfriend's my bagger
I give him two dark and make you do the Mo Farrah
I said I give him two dark and make you do the Mo Farrah, but
Let me not forget about that pussyhole Steve
'Cause I ain't never told her and she wouldn't believe
I served him on a back road in Dagenham East
By the shitty bando where I was bagging for weeks
I beat him with my bare hands, I weren't letting him speak
And when I couldn't beat him no more, I dragged him up on his feet
He said, "Who the fuck are you?" He was begging me please
Blood pissing from his face as he struggled to breathe
I said, "You scumbag nonce, I'm a friend of your niece"