

# 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"