

## More Than Rap

Potter Payper

I'm rolling with six in a four  
Cutting through the eleventh  
I'm from the home of the hammers  
City of the gunners  
Can't tell me 'bout runners  
Don't run shit, I run lines they run errands  
Bando tenants  
Sippin on Tennants  
Kill man for pittance  
Only if you let them like  
Remember that time we had to run through hell  
[?] tryna shave man's melon, shit  
I witnessed boys turn men in my section  
Hill town, BK, Custom House, Beckton  
And we can never snitch nah that's out of the question  
Real back in style, back like I never left them  
Kittys still call me I ain't even gotta text them  
My youngers still ride like it's Epsom  
Down if you mention  
Any type of tension  
Oh we dem boys with them fifty pound pendants  
And fifty round drums every time we go [?]  
Real life members  
Kill me if I ain't got Muni through his sentence  
On some real G remembrance  
I told the same story twice  
Black tracky and this grey .45  
I'm still trappy in the same 95s  
It's not just rap g don't be playing with your life  
Cah if you know then you know already  
I lost friendship with so many  
So that dream got sold already  
Straight drop on an instrumental  
And now I rap, shit I'm influential  
Real life though these kids are mental  
He had a bag for his pens and pencils  
Now there's just one big machete  
We all live it just at different levels  
Same hell just different devils  
I'm just praying that they don't forget me  
I'm just praying that they don't forget me

Staring at the mirror looking at the nigga standing right in front of me  
I be the nigga that they wanna be  
I'm getting so much money that I'll probably put a hole in the economy  
I give a fuck about authority  
I'm blowing on this cali weed  
I'm in the bimmer doing seventy  
My cup's full of Hennessy and some type of energy drink  
At a movie premier looking like I own shares in the mix tryna fuck some cele  
brity chick  
I got dirt on my hands that I can't even rinse  
Niggas tryna act hard, who they tryna convince?  
Ringside seats at the fight  
Only difference is when I get home [?]  
Got a quarter of a brick in the sink  
Before I wrap it into cling it disappears just before I can blink

Got certified killers on standby  
They're ready when I'm ready  
All I gotta do is give them the wink  
Switch SIMs when I order them things  
Got a line that moves 62 grams every time that it rings  
Push keys in and out of the gym  
I try not to leave prints on the wrappers that I put in the bin  
Cah I can't afford to sit on the wing  
No time to waste time that's the kind of situation I'm in  
Number one is the position I'm at  
And even though I live a penthouse lifestyle I'm still in the flats  
Antisocial but I'm still into rap  
Told producers don't give me trap beats cah I'm still into rap  
But the streets keep pullin me back  
Sounds stupid when I say it But I know it's just a matter of fact  
The road says they want new Skrapz  
They want that old thing back, they don't like new raps  
I'm on some thug life shit, living like 2Pac  
Me and Potter on the track spitting like two macs  
Boom