

Old Dogs New Tricks

Potter Payper

I'm with T, two SRT's back-to-back
Feds wan' kick my front door in and trash my gaff
I got my girl the Louis kicks and the bag to match
But I ain't nuttin like these pricks sending cash to apps
I got this ting up north, I tell her "Pass my strap"
Anytime I drive through and you know that's a fact
All this weed got me leaning like I got cataracts
I just hopped off a train, pack and a battleaxe
Them days I weren't sleeping, selling power, having naps at bes
t
Thinking 'bout them days slaps my chest
Had to decamp with it, had to catch my breath
Tryna see man with it cah he stabbed my friend
I hit the seaside with it, tryna pay my rent
I'm really years deep in it, tryna save my strength
I gave a man a job, he quit and bought a brick
Old dog, new tricks, I guess I'm with the mob
The mandem said they'd rather rob
Why'd you think they palm him off?
'Cause he ain't never palmed it off
Never turned soft to hard
When he had beef, he probably shot the yard
Run into some G's and got his body scarred
Hit the jailhouse and he lost his heart
Guess he ain't the same without his entourage
That's how it goes in this little thing of ours
Bet you probably snitch, I bet it's on the cards
I live a mob life, baby girl, can't you tell?
I'm a G, are you dumb or suttin? Can't you spell?
I got bagged with my shank and had to pass through Hell
Judge gave me six months like I can't do twelve
When you come up like I come up then you can't do well
I'm a sophisticated gangster and I argue well
I've been trapping out my whip like a car boot sale
I feel like I'm Santana, all these don Juelz
Canary diamonds in my chain, I think it's quite befitting
How them years turned reality, all them nights of wishing
The streets taught me stay dangerous so I'm twice as vicious
I just fuck her when I'm bored, I don't like her pictures