

Oldskool

Potter Payper

Yo, ha, yeah
I'm tryna flip birds no middle finger
Speedin' up the motorway in a little ringer
I'm Scar in the jungle, you dickheads little Simba
No dough no hope, little scrape and scrimper
Like a die for Summer, but I live for Winter
I keep the swammy on deck, battleship sinker
I roll up all black like Adeyinka
The Mossberg explodes fresh like Lucy Pinder
I need to calm down I'm killing them
I treat lines like zoots, I keep billing them
I treat this drug game militant, soldier on the strip, couple f
lips, couple dilingers
So before you move 1, I'm tryna move 3
And I'll be lying if I said I've ever moved keys
But I can get you a box with some Blue Cheese
69 with a little drink, I'm tryna do me
Imma season vet, your a newbie
I'm in a traphouse cutting up some new B
Sometimes I'm out there for like 2 weeks
The grub's 14 days dawg, too weak
Your having a giraffe if my food's cheap
So I'm on D-Block like a new Sheek