

Outro

Potter Payper

Like

You ain't haffi see your boys mum cry

You ain't seen a judge take 20 of your dons life

You ain't have to stab a man and have his blood burst back

Riding was the easy bit, trapping had to learn that

Got me that Cartier, Moncler with the fur back

Stains had me selling jewellers Cartis with a burst strap

Chicks call me dirtbag but I don't mean to hurt em

I'm just on my funds now this beef tings run down

Cah every time I come round, all they did was run round

Then hop up on the YouTube, giving feds blue clues

Like 'yeah he came with his burner, and I swear he was involved in that murder', and

How he got them tekks blazing, and shot at mans yard by the fed station

Fam it goes down on a regular, one time telling ya, can't get back what I'm selling ya

I don't know about dem man but me I get paid daily and buss guns baitly on the Main Street I ain't gonna lie bro

When I bang I be banging till his eyes close slide out like a slide show pussy I know

You ain't really bout nuttin, me, I'm about cousin

I be in the dance with my dark shades

And hand tings like an arcade, you likkle affray

My tings certi, gyall know we make dough and we burst heat

So when we come thru gyall are 6:30

And I know that they heard we, CH bang bang from early

I'm a little, piece of shit I like beating sticks and robberies I ain't living how I planned

But I'm still up on the curbs with the buddiest herbs trynna get it out as quicky as I can

And believe I'm open to shootouts imma burst first I ain't gonna hope on you and I'm ocean blue

Crystal clear if I ain't got it Swipes got the pistol there no miss God prayer

Threat to the scene

Last of the real ones left you can feel mans spesh if you doubt man

Whips spin around like an album

I'm still eating with my family

Nan let dan free back up on this bullshit this rap shit is Ben Drew, shit I mean it's plan b

Had to get my head set

Now I get it hands free

Potter still tan a white girl like Zante

Dad's Algerian, grew up in a shanty

I was on the block side running in backstreet

Jailhouse canteen

Posted on the estate, anti

Never let my nan sleep

Dons mum said I was a bad breed

Used to rob with frankie

Bitches used to diss now I'm a bit of what they fancy

One... have a jizzy screaming like banshee

Mummy made my dad leave

Money made my man scheme trap don't stop don't sleep I don't have dreams

Had to buck Francine

Hit her with a picture of the bobby and it ran clean

Bro that fat Essex boy potter I am that rene
Fuck fat Joe I'm fat P I'll make your back lean
I ain't got a gang I've got a trap team
Trapping out of 5 spots I ain't on crime watch you can bet your life that the
line pops
Holla at my darg 6-0 get the white wash
Dem boy violate
Ride round there with the lights off
And I ain't gotta say no more it's a write off
I ain't got say no more
Cause they wanna know what I'm on who I robbed what I done
Me I'm on your iPhone your iPad your iPod
Fam I talk mula, money in my dialogue
Fam I talk mula, money in my dialogue
But there ain't no moet or rose in here
No Papi chulo no Jose in here
Cause I ain't got friends I've got co conspirators
Some coke distributors
Getting dough ridiculous
Living life frivolous
Still pushing peng snow
Faded of the endo
Potter ain't a baller baby I've been trynna get dough
Line bang tekno
Kill the strip death row
I be in the trap with cheese
Fresh white bag of b
Flying round tried to leave
Need to hit Dagenham East
2 shots waiting
Training day training
Rate em like Kray twin
Dem man was Raving
I was in the dope spot
Bag of fiends craving
I said I was in the dope spot
Bag of fiends craving
Day in brand Nath in
Everything you flip flop
Me I make my strip pop
Dodgy like bricktock
Icy on my wrist watch
Why you think your bitch dropped
Got you looking pissed off
Got you looking pissed off
I fuck with real shit only
Potter still keep a white girl like Brodie
Get it off Mosey
Still miss Smokey
My side BK nuttin ain't rosey
Broad day all up in food like yogli
They say I'm a paigon see me don't approach me
Only one running me down that's my only
I said only one running me down that's my only
I was in the jail house
Banking up 12 o's
Now I'm in the trap house slanging up 12 o's
So much kitties could've put them on 12 phones
Potter stay stuck up on the strip like Velcro
And I don't need a hook I ain't fist fighting
Donny ain't a paigon I just dislike him
In the trap spot spliff lighting buj lining
OT's amazing and the hoods firing

The last night I had a good night in
Potter ain't tryinna blow but they should sign him
Donny act Makaveli I'll suge knight him
And I ain't knocking on your trap I just push right in
And I ain't knocking on your trap I push right in