

Plain Clothes

Potter Payper

(It sounds like Nyge)

Shay-

Yeah

Shaytan comes in plain clothes
Bro praying in the circle, yeah
Might take a trip to Bordeaux, ah
If my baby say she's bored though, ah
'Cause she help me with this coco
I'm cautious of my shadow
Spent a couple years on obbo, ah
Probably why I'm always paro, ah

Girl, you ain't even my number one (Nah)
Number two, number three, or number four (Nah)
Credit card on the table, oh, you lit it up
Feds came in, so we jumped from the fourth floor
You think backward, how can you move forward?
Niggas in the jailhouse lookin' out for us
I came up scammin' (Facts), I'm just bein' honest (Facts)
Probably why I find it hard sometimes to be honest

Sometimes I look at me like, "Why me?" (Why me?)
Why dem murder wanna try me? (Wanna try me)
But I'm inside man, call me Spike Lee
Any violation, no take lightly (Oh)
My G, don't indict me (Indict me)
I'm here for the quickie, not no wifey (Oh)
Darling, hypnotise me
Money make me jump onna di top seat (Yeah)

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Two Fs on my sneakers
Diamonds cold like Geneva (Bling, blaow)
She wanna fuck me in a Beamer
Money mover in the speaker, yeah
Even in jail, I kept the hotline runnin' (Joke)
Used to OT bop 'til my ten toes bunnin'
When it rains and it rains, you know the sunshine comin'
Lightin' don't strike twice, you gotta one time, done him (Pow)
Now Potter got grills and he can't stop smilin' (Haha)
Potter came home and he ain't stop wildin'
But fetti for my brekky, I wake up like California
Thank God the music ting's goin' more my way
And if you ain't with this shit, then get out the country
I'm Potter Payper, you're papier-mâché
And you know I got it on my hip-hip-hooray
I'm a five-star chef, but this ain't crème brûlée

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Christmas cold, times in the dark
Man, shit got sold right in the park
Man, truth be told, we had to grind from the start
Not The Simpson's show, grew up stubborn like Bart
Still gyally wan' fuck
Still gyally gon' buck
Still with the killies in the cut
Still with the nitties in the mud
Yeah, look what the money made
I just fucked a hater's bitch, I ain't got time for the games
Likkle bust it for me, I don't like 'em plain Jane
I was broke, I never made that mistake again
You better recognise me as a rock star
Whippin' this Bentley like it's a go-cart
My girl can't be average, you know she top class (Yeah)
She told me she got me, so, yeah, I got her (Yeah)

Lookin' in your eyes, tryna find what love is
She got daddy issues, but call me a bastard
Plastic spoon for my cake and custard
Never grew up with a silver spoon, I had to rob shit
Can't blame mommy though, she tried her hardest
I should have been in church, but I was out sinnin'
Money so appealin', I'm a dime makin' a killin'
I used to share feelings, now I'm ice cold chillin' (Yeah)

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