

Prevention & Cure

Potter Payper

You think this all starts when I turn my mic on?
From a yute man, I hugged my block in my hi-tops
High rise dreaming, about some B and white spots
Backroad creeping with all the lights off
In the bush like a sly fox
Help him find God like a hope dealer
But real life, man a coke dealer
I bought this brudda out his whole FILA
Ask the opps cah they know it ain't a joke either
Twenty-seven on the head, no bicarb
See me start robbing rappers if I starve
You know when you're so hard, you don't try hard
Like fuck sixteens, I'll cook nine-bars
And give the streets a real G's memoirs
This .410 gets smokey like Hyde Park
Boy I've got heart, triple bypass
I said I've got heart, triple bypass
I'm a triple O.G., the whole city knows me
Like I couldn't catch him, so I just did his co-d
I'm head-to-toe Gucci but you couldn't clone me
I done a year on remand, I wouldn't put in no plea
Cah who's Frankie? Not me, man wanna drop me
Bruddas call me abti, my babe's got a batty
I've been a bad boy since Mosh was off-key
Feds stop me anytime they clock me
I've got mental health, don't make me throw a wobbly
Cah it's either going turvy or it's going topsy
Still Curtis Warren Cocky, turn this to a robbery
I'm still Curtis Warren Cocky, turn this to a robbery
And you know that's why the block put respect on me
No less than six figures if you're chequing me
I just gave my young G a box
When he knocks it out, imma count it up like the referee
Stamps on the brick like Royal Mail
My boy's Mr Worldwide, fuck Royal Mail
I'm riding through the city with my boy Theo
Touch me, ring it out, you're getting voicemail
Kitties on my hotline, they know my voice well
Fancy, fancy, trapping like you're Franky
Fry these little fish and turn 'em scampi
You get B-U-N, like I used to roll with Scratchy
Shave a man down and leave him patchy
Home girl in the cut, ice in her brandy
Weed in the air, that's all part of the allure
Prada and Dior, going harder than before
I bust the weed man, he don't charge me anymore
I bust the rap game, they don't starve me anymore
6AM, no more ralis at my door
I've gotta stay strapped, it's prevention and cure
I said 6AM, no more ralis at my door
But I've gotta stay strapped cah it's prevention and cure