

Rap Game

Potter Payper

Let's not talk about the rap game
Talk about that, I gotta talk about the back pain
I'm tryna tell the boys, money never made a man
But I can get these 9 double M sweets man made
So they gon' probably roll you out quicker than your mixtape campaign, first
week
Shit's scary like the 13th Friday
I really see 'em get the foil out, that's burnt sheets
I used to do 20 shots when they was point 3's
I still think about flex, that was point 3
I still think about times when you was all me
That was when he dropped the pack, it went walkies
How you gangsters when you're out here just talkie?
You say "Free him", you ain't never sent a score sheet
And you ain't never put nothing on the score sheet
I'm rich now, I guess I gotta love my pain
'Cause everyday I'm puttin' Louis on my poor feet
He kicks ball but she knows I'm sellin' balls cheap
Pussy wet like swimmin' in the Maldives
It's kinda hard to find honour when we're all thieves
Fuck it
I shouldn't really drink all this Henny tequila
Performin' in the bando like it's an arena
I got them smokin' white while I'm smokin' Sativa
And if the jack boys come, more meat for my cleaver
I'm rollin' with a stripper, that's a ghetto ballerina
I really got it on me, make you do the Macarena
What's one, two million, that's meagre, I'm eager
Cah I was just on a phone to a cat like Sabrina
I don't smoke paigons, I smoke Sinsemilla
Still fuck your dead homies like Necrophilia
Guess who just keeps goin' never gets a breather
And they can all rest assured, I ain't restin' either
They know I'm really in the streets, I'm the correspondent
Or I was in the jail house, that's correspondence
Who cares he was broke, he forgot he's options
I sold crack 'cause I had to, I got 2Pac problems
Two packs and my knife, and I do that often
Sit and think about my life, I don't do that often
Hit my boys gravesides, I don't do that often
Am I the problem or solution? This pain's just constant
I kept it real with you, and it's givin' me comfort
They know Potter from the wing, I spray my cell with the comfort
I was OT for years, I didn't need a accomplice
Fuck Christopher Columbus, he needed a compass
I'm with them right or wrong killers, that's ridin' on punctures
Till the wheels fall off, that's love in abundance
2 piece and my .9, that's suited and booted
I swear I'm gettin' sick of all these double entendres
I swear I'm gettin' sick of all the fuckin' assumptions
They want the money so bad that they let it become them
I don't think that's becomin'
So don't invite me to your shit cah I won't be comin'
Don't let me talk about the rap game
Talk about that, I gotta talk about the back pain
Don't let me talk about the streets
Cah I seen gorillas turned rats, it's a rat race

But I guess that's just another day in my matinee
Maybe I should put it online, let you have a say