

Same Old PP (101Barz Freestyle)

Potter Payper

Same old PP, I can't lie
I'm a public figure, pussy, I can't hide
I was broke at first, I used to sofa surf
Now you ain't kipping on the sofa if you stay 'round mine
Killers is essential and I stay 'round mine
Mash'll halt your words cah you know London's burning
I told you it's all gifts and curses
My girl always says I think I'm Mr. Perfect
They try remix the story and skip the worst bit
Nanny used to write me letters, locked up, not learnin'
I said I'd change, so I know that words are worthless
Now I give my sisters expensive purses
True, I write expensive verses
Next minute, I be in the trench with burners
True, the East of the city's kinda flush with murders
Kinda flush with murders
I see man not be about his word
I've seen paigons, they're mounting kerbs
But the gyal say I'm humble and down-to-earth
Rap game's full of clowns and nerds
And they don't love you, you gotta trust me, I know it sounds absurd
I used to dream of an ounce of crack
Nine people in a three-bed council flat
They sent me counseling, but a counselor couldn't counsel man
I'm a white-trash jailcat, how they gonna counsel man?
I stepped in with a ounce on man
I should call this 'Three Nights in Amsterdam'
Cah we just sold out tickets like we was in the White Horse pub and I was going hand-to-hand
That was back when I used to sell dark
And I had a white couple like Spencer and Heidi
I was gripping on a Wesson like Haile
She was bad, but all this money made her feisty
Fuck a OT spot, Spotify me
I'm pissed I never took my nanny to the Ivy
When you dead I bet they speak about you highly
Do the re-up and my kitty used to drive me

Same old PP, I can't change
Not for love or money, I'm stuck in my ways
I ain't rocking with no snitches, guess I show my age
And I ain't scared of you pussies, always show my face
All the comments and the hating never slow my pace
I just play my cards, smile, and hold my ace
They can't put me on a diet, man, I'll throw my plate
'Cause I ain't one to get told I ain't
Great I Am! I'm so sick of all this pain, I am
Fuck all them govs that used to bend my wrist
Now I walk inside a building and they shake my hand
I'm tryna buy a couple houses, get some keys for real
Shit, you know my plan
Guns and butter, bricks and mortar
'Member when I used to have to tick a quarter
They get you bits to order
Going crazy down the block 'cause I got ghosted on a visit and I miss my daughter
I ain't coming home to hit the corner

Cah I ain't coming back to this, I'd rather skip the border
It ain't never too late to get your shit in order
Real life

Same old PP, I can't cry
Reese died, Nanny died and my tears run dry
That's a whole lotta things I hold inside
And I ain't cold inside, but shit's different when you grow inside
I could tell you couple stories probably blow your mind
I could jump out this hoopty, try blow your mind
You can't play both sides cah this is do or die
You ever looked down a barrel, boy? That's fight or flight
I don't know about your issues, but mine's on sight
That's every day, guns and knives
London city, I done seen you take a hundred lives
He was young and bright
Same story if you look worldwide
I just smoke worldwide
Put my family first
They know I'm one of a kind
Same story if you look worldwide
I put my family first
They know I'm one of a kind