

Streets

Potter Payper

Born in these streets
Raised in these streets
Walked in these streets
Taught by these streets
Lived in these streets
Hustled in these streets
Arrested in these streets
Protected by these streets

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My lifestyles' beauty and the beast
I spend 25/8 out on these streets
It's either that or free me
I got bread I got beef, I need M's I need M's
I got front row seats, to the realest movie that you've ever seen
And I'm a G in every scene
Heroin running clean, cars European
Twelve still preeing
Hoes in my DMs
Trackie and my TNs
Nanny I'm a rapstar on the weekend
But I'm still in the deep end, concrete jungle, bricks and all this cement
I get it how I live it, I can't live with no regrets
When I live in this mess
R.I.P Lad, like it's R.I.P Bush, like it's R.I.P Moh
And I miss flex, I got your little bro tryna prosper more and risk less
(Success)
Well more or less
(Shit)

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I saw a pagan in my jail, I had to box the man

I was just going to my visit, this was not the plan
Now gov's got me riding out this basic shit
No TV in my cell but hella contraband
I knew this nigga, thought he down he even popped for man
Then that nigga turnt to snitch man that shit got to man
I had him up in videos, like taking my nigga yo
He even put in work, how the fuck could a nigga know
On a different note
Free up my niggas it's been long and
Chin up my driller you been strong cah
The life that we living it nah easy
No thanks to these officers and PCs
Hear mummy she crying she so stressed up
Son took the bird for the crime him nah fess up
My baby miss me still got me up on the DP
Versace Versace for when she see me

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