

# Topshottas Freestyle

Potter Payper

That's Chucks

"Don't mix with them boys," that's what your mother said (Don't do it)  
Now you're knee-deep in it and your brother's dead (Pissed)  
And any time you see him, you see the colour red  
Got you out here just scheming on their mum's address  
I don't rate them, but I've got it on me nonetheless  
Ganja breath, talkin' to my babes 'bout I need to get away  
I'm waiting for my kids 'cause I've got gangster DNA  
You couldn't see me on my worst day (Ever)  
You weren't 'bout it in the first place  
That's how you end up with a burst face (Rah)  
Or you snitch, that's the worst case  
Streets tell me I'm the best with the wordplay  
But that couldn't mean less in my workplace (I don't care)  
They're injecting their toes and their necks in my workplace  
Young G's, I'm banking the bath in my workplace (Yeah)  
And you'd think that was bad, but I've had worst days (Yeah)  
I take the coke out the water like a mermaid  
I've got the grub and told 'em, "See you next Thursday"  
I've got this bitch, you know she drink me like she thirsty  
I think I'm money anytime I'm in Burberry  
I used to have ten cats by the Curly Wurly  
Now it's top shottas back in full effect  
I grew up on the block, money, power, and respect  
I'm a product of the YOI's, illegal neglect  
Now these bottles get necked and these models give me neck  
I'm a G by myself, I can't get G-checked  
I sign my own cheques, CEO and exec'  
I wake up every morning, money haffi mek  
I said wake up like I've slept, let that go over your head  
I've been killin' white girl like Little Mo and Trev  
My life's a movie, I ain't Clooney or Depp  
But if I have to take them steps, it's a tragedy  
Mazzaleen, MAC on me like I'm from Aberdeen family  
You ain't ever bagged a nina's sweets in the bag  
Knocking doors like it's Halloween  
When I never had a dream, still I always had a fiend  
Had to jack a pack, I never had a beam  
Places that man had been, seen get bun like jalapeen  
Hot Tamale, 'round here they call me Abti, but I'm not Somali  
Let me take you on a block safari  
Had 'em prayin' for the light, but it's not Diwali (Uh)  
While they do you like Luca Brasi  
No chitchat and no malarkey, come proper like Mr. Darcy  
Jailhouse always had a smartie  
Had your baby mother moving tarty  
This AMIRI, it's not Armani (Ah)  
This AMIRI, it's not Armani (D'you get it?)

Shit

Buh-dah