

Track Flocaine

Potter Payper

I'm on flocaine charged in the studio cooking
I know this ain't what you wanted, but you shouldn't have pushed him
I drop couple mixtapes now they're calling me hood rich
But life's shit I only see you at the good bits
I never see you in the can eating rice pudding
But you keep rapping 'bout the work that your guys put in
When they was pulling out for smoke you never tried put in
So you get your shit taken, get your shine taken
I put 20 on your head call that a light booking
I'm going dumb, I'm getting brain off a wise woman
Yesterday I sold dark to a white woman
I'm pushing bass in their face at a high volume
She smoke crack, drink liquor and she take Valium
Feds stopped us and we had to decamp the Phantom
If I let you in my life, I'm gonna add value
The pagans do you to your face, your friends'll back stab you

Track flocaine, all I need is a mic and some cling
I'mma show you how I wrap this whole thing
Track flocaine, make the trap go cray
How you rap soul pain?
With the world on your shoulders
And your back don't break? Selling track flocaine
Watch me make this phone ring
I still got 'em phoning for this track flocaine
All I need is a mic and some cling
I'mma show you how I wrap this whole thing

I'm really from this shit, so I hate when they force it
The G ain't checking out if you give them a audit
I sold dope in my 90's kicked doors in my Forces
I got gun boys in my crib at like 3 in the morning
And they're waking up my neighbours with their guns and their torches
They prey on my misfortune, I walk it and talk it
I move like I'm haunted, I might as well flaunt it
My boy trapped so hard it got him deported
I said when I drop my album watch they're getting extorted
Cuh they been sleeping on me I should slap you for yawning
Mummy used to take us Cash Converters to pawn shit
Now on any given day I spend a mortgage
I'm a rapper that'll make you swim like a snorkelist
You remember times when I was bagging up at your bit
Back then when I got the weapon and I sawed it
Back then we had the cling but no mics we weren't recording

Track flocaine, all I need is a mic and some cling
I'mma show you how I wrap this whole thing
Track flocaine, make the trap go cray
How you rap soul pain?
With the world on your shoulders
And your back don't break? Selling track flocaine
Watch me make this phone ring
I still got 'em phoning for this track flocaine
All I need is a mic and some cling
I'mma show you how I wrap this whole thing