

Trap Luv

Potter Payper

I'm smoking Cali weed in London city
Daydreaming about a hundred milli
Something wrong with me, I love this bread
Already told you about the Mrs, when she comes in red
The bitch be red like roses but it's guns instead
And everyone's in pen, I pray that I ain't next
Put it on my wrist and my neck
And how I'm still slept on but I ain't slept
Try chase these M's before I face these M's
And go see my friends, is this how this ends?
Shit I'm from where you see no evil
And hear none, that's probably why I see no equal
And fear none, you couldn't understand my people
Stuck on default, come home, got recalled
Call it birds deceitful, tryna break that cycle
Cause I ain't tryna hold that title
You should listen and learn
All feelings aside cause we're just living to die
And shit could happen today so I'm just living my life
Cause I've got people to feed
Street poet, you can read 'em and weep
I bring the G out in you, can't get the G outta me
Can't get the G outta me, shit I never used to have no plans
Apart from slang those grams and pray I don't get slammed
Hit the can, get wham
Shit I can't not go ham and I cannot slow down
I'm in the cut with goonies
Graduating from the school of hard knocks
Hella bang up, man we've done been roomies since juvie
Look nanny I'm a rap star, check the new me
Now my weed exotic and my bitch so boujee
But I'm so out here, please don't confuse me
Bad boy, no Diddy shit
I just wanna put my friends on, see my city win
I just want money, free Money over everything
I just want money, free Money over everything