

Trouble

Potter Payper

I'm troublesome
Phone rings, I make the runner run
Keep it dalmatian with my dargy, that's that 101
G-code, nothing less, whoever's coming come
Get ills and get more and put your trust in none
The baby mom's a jizzy but he loves his son
And bro don't get money but he buss his gun
Sometimes I wonder what we must have done
To deserve this, living with some curses
These guys buy gold rings, gold chains and some Germans
We're all plagued by poverty and broken by authority
Tryna find the urges to risk it all so if I get a L it was on purpose
But that can't be my purpose
Sitting in the Bailey, staring at my lady
Guilty was the verdict, shit I just hope it's worth it
Hungry and determined, certified and certain
Yeah I'm on my own road, I just took a little diversion
Cause this my own path, I know pain, I know graft
I know trouble, shit we go back the furthest
It's hot on my block, check the thermos
Twelve lurking, my young boy's lurking
Putting work in with the wetters, shit he's reckless
Free Chucky, free Nutty, shit's reckless
Free Money, free Slew, shit's endless
I miss the six for fifty one extras
Troublesome, find us where you left us, fuck questions
In the gutter son, drink until we're legless