

# 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 illz and get more and put your trust in none  
The baby mom's a jezzzy 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 p  
urpose  
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 Slewy, 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