

## VOTS Freestyle (Kenny Allstar)

Potter Payper

Uh, I could tell you tales 'bout my dirty crack pot  
Or me and Zino schemin' on a mans crop  
Find it all hanging man we hit the jackpot  
You's a gang rapper bro you're just a mascot  
Music weren't paying I was getting hands on  
Til I was on a visit just getting bashed off like  
Shit, the things I do for the block  
And these man just love to spread rumours a lot  
And she's a real bitch she plays Mover a lot  
P's about what he raps, but they're usually not  
All this liquor gets spilt for my dead bros  
Cah round 'ere we just ice out edge notes  
Round 'ere we just ride out press pose  
Yeah I'm modern but we're mobbing like the West Coast  
I got the .32 on me looking retro  
I'll leave you underground like the Metro  
Sixty three grams in my Pyrex bowl  
I'm putting dinner on the road Al Fresco  
And I've been bout it from the get go  
RIP Pedro, old school shooter like Crespo  
I've done it on my pedals I've done it on my ten toes  
Never use majja [?] never use Benzo  
Weed in the tent grow, I be in a bando  
Still I hate the stench though  
Mazza where my head goes  
Pick with a red nose, smile stash stress loads  
Rings and my neck froze, always got endo  
Never get friendzoned  
I just want a Mac 11 With a extendo  
I said I just want a  
Yo, they say they want the old me back  
But the old me's tapped  
I got bruddas tryna hold me back  
My OG was a cokehead  
He never broke bread but least he let me hold his strap  
Got jerked for his food, can't phone me back  
No bossey chat cuh it is what it is  
G I rap what I do, I spit what I live  
Cuh my lice love hate like when Paddy done Nij  
I just answer the phone like my name's Terry Tibbs  
Put this 9 on spin, that's a quick twenty quid  
I'm chinkz drugs off the rip  
Got my gun in my pocket not my hip I  
Leave you on a drip sittin' silly on a drip  
And I always go equipped, tryna make him go a kip  
In this ding dong Volvo, moving like CID's  
Gotta double check the insho  
I gotta ask Mid don't know where you got your info  
Them man are our kids  
Friends and money can't mix in the long run  
I've been drinking and I'm on one  
With the wrong one  
I said you [?] with the wrong one  
P.O.T.T when it comes to OT I'm OTT  
So am I just a bad boy really  
Cuh I don't want no funny boys near me  
She call me Frankie baby Francis O'Leary

Remember that night when it could've gone nearly  
Yeah you're alright but your raps it's all theory  
Me it's from the heart you know I mean it sincerely  
Like free Muni, free Siri  
I swear I felt my heart break, like  
Me and Laddy in the white Range, like  
Me and Bush on the live stage, like  
Me and Flex that was school days  
Pound up in the hallways  
Neighbours always used to call jakes  
Trapped up in my North Face, shit  
Came for a sixteenth but he bought four eighths