

## Warm Up Sessions

Potter Payper

Had to question everything I stand for  
Still purple rain and maintaining through the downpour  
Cold nights sleeping on the ground floor  
I don't hate my father I just wish he was around more  
My nanny came on a visit she just broke down  
She says she looks at me as if I was her own child  
And only I can choose the road I'm gonna go down  
So I know I'm on my own when it goes down  
But sometimes I can't cope G I can't lie  
'Ca from young I been addicted to this fast life  
Like I swear we were so high last night  
And we didn't make it home till like half five  
And this is real shit this ain't just the weed talking  
Every time I get away I hear a fiend calling  
I spend money I ain't got like a remortgage  
I ain't slept for days feels like I'm sleepwalking  
And mans just trying to dodge another sentence  
Stan Tookie Williams I'm just looking for redemption  
Hoodrat bitches holla looking for attention  
Snakes hissing in the distance and I can sense 'em  
Fake man wanna smile and say they're down to ride  
But on the low the same man wanna fuck my wife  
In the hood there ain't nothing but some fucking sluts and liars  
But I'll clutch and rise it you could get touched I'm riding  
Looking for a Judas 44's, tre 8's, dottys and some Rugers  
OT grow yard ciggies and some jewelers  
Living for today like we ain't got no future  
And I don't really wanna change  
Seen so much shit, so much shit I don't wanna say  
'99 they said my mummy went on holiday  
I found out my mummy was in Holloway  
But home is where the heart is so I'm loving where I live  
And I know most man never struggled like I did  
I was coming home hungry weren't nothing in the fridge  
So I had to hit the road like somethings gotta give  
'05 me and Dizz hitting kitties out in Alban  
Chicks couldn't grasp why I wouldn't show emotion  
Had to tell that bitch chill I live among some vultures  
And a home ain't a home when your homes broken darg  
And your home ain't a home when your homes broken  
And then it gets harder Feltham, Chelmsford, Aylesbury, Parva  
And I got some youts that need looking after  
Two little girls that'll never know their father  
So don't front like roads something that your built for  
Cause you could die for something you wouldn't kill for  
Mad years behind that steel door  
Mad years on my strip and mummy's still poor  
Wait there's still more I'm trapping 24's G  
Up and down in and out till I got sore feet  
'04 to '06 I never saw sleep  
Raw B had me counting bags at 14  
'04 was 8 balls I used to soldier that strip  
Now its like the main source everything steak sauce  
Treat it like a cakewalk, pissing on rappers like racehorse  
Swammys automatic like train doors  
'07 I left the crown court free back in Feltham for like 4 weeks  
'08 I was back behind that door G

Firearms charge I rid the whole 4 peak  
But I rid that the life you dickheads rap about I live that  
Pebble down a big batch hit g-star pack and told him flip that  
I told him take 3 and bring 6 back  
And T's been gone for a minute now I miss akh  
And I miss C and I miss whites on my kids life everyday I risk mine  
I'm just trying to live right shit I gotta do wrong  
I couldn't see you walking two steps with my shoes on  
Ratchet always told me re-up up before your foods gone  
I said ratchet always told me re-up up before your foods gone  
Now its like the man there they phony  
Broke down a Z now hes thinking hes Tony  
Catch me on the corner with a whistle like Bodie  
P.S stay around a white girl like Brody  
And you could get you whole shit moseyed  
Young guns dumb dumbs that'll burn for your Stoney  
I never chose this life G it chose me  
So I doubt that there's a thing you could ever show me  
You know how much food I dun broke down  
You know how much fiends I seen smoked out  
I treat the trap like a concert  
I weren't going home till my tickets where sold out  
Came from the gutter I was really a road child  
If only I knew then what I know now  
Sleeping on the floor in a dope house  
I would've got my P's right and just flown out  
My mixtapes fire freestyle after freestyle  
And Insha'Allah T's busting the retrial  
I'm in and out fiends house to fiends house  
Me and [?] in the trap cutting some trees down  
Pagans chat shit catch that on the rebound  
B's up to my death I ain't putting my b's down  
They know P's down from the curb to the jailhouse  
I dun left man on exercise they were sprawled out  
But back to this trap shit I'll be making packs split  
Pack after pack after pack that's a hat-trick  
In the BM I ain't talking about your kids mother  
Three crops enough to ball out for six summers