

What They Ain't

Potter Payper

No license drink driving, I could turn my lights off and still stay in my lane

I was Crown Court trialing, now I'm backstage tipsy with the guys and I can hear them all screaming my name

In the shade, I'm still shining, you know real back in style, let them hate 'cah they know we are what they ain't

I miss seeing nanny smiling, but I know she looking down proud, God blessed me, I got rich off pain

Convicted criminal

Living pitiful

Forever ridiculed

Troubled individual

Miserable, unmissable

Can't communicate, so get physical

Typical, sometimes I wish I was invisible

These thoughts are intrusive and P seems elusive

I got rich off pain, so it's all inclusive

And he alone walks on the path he chooses

But how you change on me? You used to pass me twoses

I'm sick of these cells, but these bars are soothing

Now when they make an offer, they just can't refuse him

Keep it real with me, please, I'm insisting

The money can't make up for the dogs I'm losing

I'm fighting for my life, there's no chance I'm losing

They stay assuming while I'm resuming

Check my resume and I keep improving

I make millions, I don't make excuses

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Ambitious, driven, hard working

Perfectly imperfect

Straight talking genius tryna see the best in people

Legal, Muslim, peaceful

Can't be recalled

Can't be black balled

Clean-hearted, factual

Steer my own ship, I'm the admiral

OT beef, I come 'round and make the trap warm

Running from police in the shoes that the crack bought

Everything they throw at me, it bounces off the backboard

Do you love me or you hate me? 'Cah this shit's confusing

And when you talk to me, it just gets abusive

I'm talking to myself and my dreams are lucid

I'm sick of this game and the fame's a nuisance

I'm sick of my city and these kids are ruthless

I'm sick of this system and their institutions

I got a whole lot of years I ain't recouping

Michael Scofield, I became the blueprint

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