

# Wing Cleaner

Potter Payper

Listen to my thesis  
I ain't just rapping man, I mean this  
Tryna make it happen out of rapping  
See my words paint pictures like a e-fit  
Mind out cause you'll find out  
G that kindness is weakness  
If you grind like I grind then it's sleepless  
I'm a terror in my era with my weed lit  
Carpe diem, hard life we in  
So I see the moment and I seized it  
Then I caught a case, I couldn't M.J. beat it  
They be acting Stringer Bell, they ain't even Idris  
Remember I was up and down Edith  
Sleeping on the floor round Reece's  
Then I lost freedom, had my people in pieces  
This lifestyle is strange like Beatrice  
No rest for the wicked, so the saying goes  
I'm still weighing O's, thinking about my mates on sosh  
Soldiers out there two and two-ing in the raining cold  
Kitties blazing white, smackers, not a vein in sight  
But that's the way it goes  
And I ain't talking like I ain't involved  
But I can't see no other way  
It's like I'm ray, my rap's my ray of hope  
It's a cold, cold world, J Cole  
All the stress I take home  
I been O.T., no sleep, I don't change clothes  
Forever chasing pesos  
I be beefing with Regina, man even in my senior  
You won't work for a wage but you'll be a wing cleaner  
And you do that shit for peanuts, shit we must be nuts  
I said you won't work for a wage but you'll be a wing cleaner  
And you do that shit for peanuts  
Check yourself man, you must be nuts  
Man I've been getting reloads  
And I ain't talking about no wheel-ups  
Man I'm married to the game  
I married that without no pre-nup  
So I'm due to lose something  
I just hope it ain't my freedom  
I said I'm due to lose something  
I just hope it ain't my freedom