Years Deep

Potter Payper

Years deep but it's only now they start taking him in
I'm impulsive, I 'on't penny, I'm taking a risk
Seven days, a hundred drinks and I'm breaking my SIM
I should win awards now for how patient I've been
All them days in the bin, toothbrush and razors just in
I pop a bottle when my bruddas get cases dismissed
Got an eighth in my spliff, your bitch want me stay for a bit
Keep my name out your lips, they love me but hate to admit
But I don't fucking care, imma bruck a square
Get it gone, ain't nothing spare
Franky baby, I've done porridge like Papa Bear
They see you shining and that fake love just appears
I used to be a runner, now it's LV runners
And I've got a couple pairs in Prada summer wear
Probably why these hoes feel me like they mustn't hear
"Don't hear, you must feel", a wise man once said
Or was it "walk and live, talk and dead"?
They know I'm certi, I don't need nobody vouching
I killed the game a hundred times but who's counting?
Four kitties in the front room gouging
Probably why I get the bottle and I down it
Rolling with seven in this brownin
I touch it like a it, I'm not clowning
I grew up on eagle, dunlin, falcon
Sad song, no tears, no violin
Should've been in school but I was skiving
I mean I was Crown Court trialling
I swear them black 110's done mileage
Franky baby got the hotline firing
Your man's a worker, dunno where you think you're styling
The mandem said "you're gonna blow, it's just timing"
Who can I trust? Who can I confide in?
Muni got thirty, he's still smiling
I miss my boy, they won't make another like him
Three Six, they won't make another like him
Big Flex, they won't make another like him
I ain't worried about a YouTube comment
I'll shoot man, chef man and they know who done it
I've got no comment where mandem call (shh)
I've fucked up jails, go check my [?]
Real one bang fam, I'll break eye-sockets
Bad boy for you but for me he's a sausage
They act like G's but their wifey boshes
CFX, that's bad for your pockets
My CBT's put hands on watches
Big Crocodile Dundee Chuck Norris
If I tan man he ain't finna go orange
I said if I tan man he ain't finna go orange
In the Bentley coupe, banging 'Exit Wounds'
I know real G's praying that they'll let me through
Cause they be rapping about some shit that they never do
I said they're rapping about some shit that they never done

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