

Pots and Pans (feat. The Cool Kids & Shorty K)

Boldy James & The Alchemist

Where we at with it

Let's get it

ShortSK, niggas said they Heffin', but they jeffin' (Yeah)
Original Coolio concrete, yeah, two-two-seven (Yeah)
The Legend of Zelda, me and Rocks was the first ones
For the lunatics, dropped a song 'bout them Force Ones
I was rockin' Unos (Ayy), fresh up out the youth homes
Charged me as an adult, since then I been too grown (Uh)
Nobody couldn't tell me I was headin' up the wrong road
Drug dealin', thuggin', young nigga with a old soul
Rose gold wires, hoppin' out the Panamera
Two twin Glockes with thirties, call 'em Tia and Tamera
Fours on the Riviera (Skrrt), VLONE in the Carrera
Leone, that Sierra, couple whole ones in the spare
Caught your baby in the mirror puttin' on her mascara
Couldn't tell her we was dirty 'cause I didn't wanna scare her
This the reason I was spirit, told her keep me in her prayers
We be wreakin' all the havoc, we be bringin' all the terror
(I am the one)

I flipped a file cabinet in my meeting with the execs
I need another advance, I need it ASAP
Formula One, Maseratis and race tracks
Form an opinion on us, just take a breath
keep us in the neck when I'm depressed
Holla at a nigga, break bread, throw it back my way
We down in Miami, my bitch said, Dale
Jacuzzi with the shottay, don't hop out your body
Hunnid dollar sangria, Santa Maria (Yeah)
They think we doin' black magic whenever we re-up
Kiwi color 'Ghini truck, niggas see we up (Damn)
Athletic niggas better get they Wheaties up
M-16, no BB gun, never see me run (Uh)
Me and Chuck the new DMC and Run
Pimp C and Bun, brodie got the
We be like, Hell yeah, we finna do well there
Long as there's a scale there, yeah
Have 'em waitin' in line like they in welfare, yeah
Trap rollin' like a wheelchair (Right, right)
The dope so good, that drug be still here, yeah
Do the dash in a Porsche 'til the engine sound hoarse (Yeah)
Spent fuckin' up a check, never gave it no remorse (Hah)
Used to run that A-Z just to bring 'em back North (Yeah)

I was paranoid as Hell with them pictures in the door (Yup), for real
My right hand turn left and squeal
Put my shooters on his momma, better give her a shield
Hit her at the stop sign, car came to a yield
One call turn his whole life to Amityville, yeah
Y'all don't play how we play (Nah)
Spendin' bands back to back, no DJ
I been in my bag since potato sack relays
Only difference now is pissin' off the DA (Uh-huh)
Yeah, she know the whip a hunnid thousand (Thousand)
Big shoes on the whip, the coupe's clownin' (Coupe clownin')
No cap, what I look like, Steve Stoute? (Steve Stoute)
All this water on my neck, my shit a fountain
Homie made football, shit gone and I took off
Truck of niggas pushin' chinstrap through the toolbar
Never been a cue ball, yeah, I knock a few off
You could have the stripes, I keep the solid like a two-ball
Off the corner, in the pockets, that's how I aim and shoot
Line this pool stick up and make sure I follow through
Off the break, finna skate off a plate, that's a eight
Bring another case, you better pay me my rate
So tell me what you want
I'ma tell you what you don't
I need you run that dishwasher, put the dishes up
And I really 'preciate it, used a coaster for that cup, nigga

Lyrics provided by <http://www.songlyrics.com/>