Lil Duke, Pots N Pans

(Chase Davis on the beat, yeah)

I need the spot with the pots and the pans (Pots and the pans)
I got a stick that'll make that boy dance (Make that boy dance)
Shit done got crazy, we runnin' from fans (Runnin' from fans)
I'm not a small fry, they do what they can (Do what they can)
Brand new machine like I'm callin' on land (Callin' on land)
I stood on the block and stayed down like a man (Down like a man)
Fucked on her once, I'm not callin' again (Brrt)
She tried to play me, I fucked on her friend (Woo)

Trappin' on the block in the late night (Trap, trap)
I'm in the field like a great white (Great white)
Brewed up a potion, these niggas gon' bite (Gon' bite, rrr)
I'm really poppin', they think that I write (Think that I write)
Bitch, I'm the bomb, I ain't bangin' nice (Boom)
Whole gang is lit, they go boom when I light it (Boom)
She threw the trial like I ain't got indicted
My life a movie, they couldn't even type it (Couldn't even type it)

Bad bitch overseas Skypin' (Skypin') Trippin', I went put a scope on the rifle Ain't shootin' up deers, I'm shootin' at the rivals Hide your whole army, KP, he the sniper Put that lil' baby in diapers (Diapers) Fucked her one time and I left 'cause I ain't like her We got them choppers on deck like them bikers (Bikers) Free all my niggas that's locked up in Rikers Pockets on Biggie, no Christopher Wallace Came up with real ones around me, they solid Roll through a roadblock, I'm ridin' with Dolly I need my own, seen a whole lotta bodies She used to strip, she was dancin' at Follies She was projectin', that bitch off Perc', Molly I love her 'cause she done fucked everybody I'm with Slatt Gotti, they like, then we bought it My youngin pull up and he takin' the charge Truth in my rappin', this ain't no facade Niggas get clapped in this bitch, we applaud Run up a bag and I get outta Dodge Pop me a Perc', I done took off to Mars Aventador and the doors ajar Roll up her pussy, she sellin' her parts Can't come to my hood 'cause they pullin' your cards

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I'm really 'bout it, this ain't no facade

Pokémon rappers, we pullin' they card Duke send the track and I tell him it's hard Throw him an alley-oop, slatty, no charge Test me if you want, I walk what I talk Got a street sweeper to clean up the block If we can't find you, your cousin get smoked F&N bullets fly, get on the floor Shop by myself and I never get robbed If she a baddie, I'm goin' in raw Fuckin' these bitches is part of my job Shawty on molly, so pardon the jaw Multiple platinums turned me to the man Like magic, make dope disappear, yes, I can Go where I want and they go where they can Back to the trap with the pots and the pans Poppin' on pillys, got vibes for the vibes Stay with the mob like a suit and a tie Shit unbelievable, think that I'm lyin' Hit with a two-piece, I think that he dyin' Stackin' up millions, I gotta go up Don't try to dap me, I'm not showin' love All of my chains out, ain't none of 'em tucked Shit could get slimy, it's up, then it's stuck

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