

Pots and Pans

Rick Ross

[Intro]

This whudd I'm talkin' bout right here
Ross
Just make da shit work a while, my nigga
Triple C's

All I need is bakin soda, some pots and pans
Lil' ice up what I can
Chick at home sayin' I'm no good
Fuck dat I'm gettin' outta hood
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What started as a nickel rock
Took 22 months, now I'm trynna git a block
Fuck football I'm goin' down anotha path
Couldn't pass Da test, To tell da truth
I couldn't fuck with math
I did git a shcolaship, but I blew dat
Got high, got a ticket and I flew back
To da hell zone, most straps stand 20 shell toes
Git life on ya cell phone
Quarta ki box of soda, Ross whip dat
Career criminal fo' sho', Ross with dat
Had to pull my pants up
Boi git 'em brands up
Daddy got some cancer, I neva had da chance ta
Tell him all my plans ta, let em' fuck a danca
Smokin' weed in Amsta-Dam, with his grandson (Damn)
Why he passed on me (On me)
My last hommie (Hommie)
I went and bought a bird (Fuck)
I want some cash hommie

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I neva wrote a nigga coat tail
Made her took a dope sell
Fuck it nigga, o wells
Smokin' on dat classified
Rollin' in dat Lac' of mine
Know my mind stay numb to da world half da time
Thinkin' bout Land Rover, damn near was fucked up
Found him in da trunk with anotha dude, fucked up
Da world fucked up, dat's why I'm fucked up
Don't git fucked up, fuck with me - you fucked up
Bitch I'ma ride (Ride), bitch I'ma die (Die)
When I holla 3-0-5, bitch - dat's on my life

Got a 40 in da car, a choppa in da crib
The grenades down da street, you gotta git it how you live (Triple C's)
I know niggas turn 1 into 2 and they do what they do
And boi 'em thangs move
Fishscale git da big mail
In da room full of work
In case they came when they inhale

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It's time fo' me to cash in, laughin'
Like Martin in Aston, Martin
When I park it, I can see ya bitch heart-beat
So roll out da red carpet, roll up da purple shit
Black navigator flew
Gotta shut ya fuckin' mouth, don't ever take da smooth
Thinkin' of a greata way, to build a greata flow
I hope she got some great head, dat's how I grade a ho'
White Beamer in da hood shinin' like a star
Look this half a ki go to da club and I'ma buy da bar
Do it twice a week fuckin' bitches on da otha nites
Promise E-class we'll neva miss anotha fight
Hundred in da bag 5 birds I'ma grab
Turn em' into 8, keep me a clean half
Bakin soda in da work works wonderful
You see ya dreams come true cuz I'm da Truth

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