

# 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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