

Potluck f/ Tech N9ne

"What We Are"

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[Intro]

What you're about to witness is one of the best collaborations of all time.

Kansas City's, Humbo County's Show em we are what we are

[Underrated]

Hey yo, when I rap no never know what fewer better
a mouth full of cheddar make me a greedy setter
Got a mean vendetta, my team is too clever
Never ever gonna stop, cause I rock forever
You ain't never gonna see me when I be me
When it comes to the rhymes, can't beat me
All the girls say, "you complete me"

Even some weekly wanna meet me
Bust on the scene like Jeezy (Yeeeah)
Everybody want a Potluck CD
After the show, collect the dough
Then we go to the hotel blowin smoke
You gonna hold the Po because my flow is dope
Because I'm invincible, you can't sink the boat
Fuck American Idol, we rock hardcore bitch
Get stupid, get dumb, matter fact lets thizz
Underrated in a bout my peers
Put the pump in the back of the Benz
Quick better tell all your friends
It's Potluck and Tech N9ne rockin again
And we rockin the MO with Krizz Kaliko
His flow is so cold, gotta go gold
And a lock in the do(or) like a fo(ur)fo(ur) at a show
Man I'm never so-so
Under syllable criminal won't forget it but let it go in the stereo
Sure up and get high
Motherfuckers staring but pity for em baring, but when they lyric go
and if you wanna bet em they go'n die
Now we gotta roll the riches (No lie)
Hanging up the colder pictures (Don't cry)
Gotta stand in the street with my hand on my dick
Cause I wanna be sayin, "I'm rich bitch"

[Chorus]

When I party with ya'll
We drinkin Crown up at the bar
When I'm smokin with ya'll
Take it to the head til' we fall
And we duckin the law
We hit them corners til' they gone
See em fuckin with ya'll cause we are what we are

[Tech N9ne]

Anybody got another pill
I gotta get a muthafucka to give me the artificial loving
I wanna be trippin, I gotta be high
Tryin ta kick it hella wicked until we die
Neva the nigga ta get a milli when I'm tripin n buckin it
I'mma nigga in the party with your bitch n Im fuckin it
Butcha gotta be ready to get up n go
If you wanna start up a fight over ragidy hos
Me n Potluck put the cocks up in a hot slut tryna bust a
nut before the slot locks up
Given a minute to get us up in it bet everybody shiver
when I deliver the jock pops up
Underrated he made it a bomb with the heat
Makin it so it aint never calm in the street
Tecca Ninna with One Ton nigga we come from nothin
we bustin like hella spawns on a Buh-buh-buh-beat
Verbally ya heard of me murder thee mental capacity
flippin with Missouri in back of me, pack a B
Thinkin imagine me Tech attack a muthafucka with the
tongue
Nigga ya better be steadily bringin the medily
readily, cuz ever-y niggas thinkin ahead of me
Will never be fatty cuz I bring it like a bullet from a gun
So whut'chu really wanna do? Get back on the road, get
a sack, crack a brew
Put a bitch in the back n I give her whut she really
wanna muthafucka to makin it do whut it do
With a Carrabou Lou, 151, Mallaboo Rum, n pineapple
juice
You know the party gatta be fun, compatible groups'a
niggas
Chillin with ya home girl in 707 with the liquor

[Chorus]

[1 Ton]

Hey bartender can I get another round
With a little bit a ice and a lot more Crown
Keep it strong with the clowns when I'm in yo town
Bet it all goes down cause I got that sound

Say what I wanna when I jump up on yo rhythm
When I smoke better try hobo
Better hit til you cry and choke
Now know why I rhyme so dope
Party all day and night with a hoe
Gotta get that dough like I just passed go
And the next show better be the best yo
Kick it at the hotel, I just get so frisco
All the way to Esko, flow mad chick and I say presto
Let a nigga get a little sip of XO
I pull the rest and tell the bitch lets go
I do what I do, rap what I be
Flow straight heat, gettin high in the street
Got what I need grow a mouth full of seed
You can take it from we at the top of the peak
Do what I can for the fan, I am what I am, I'm another
weed man
Green like a vegan, not a mean man
I don't gotta green thumb, I gotta whole green hand

[Chorus]

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