

## **Rick Ross f/ J-Rock**

### **"Pots and Pans"**

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[Intro]

This whudd I'm talkin' bout right here

Ross

Just make da shit work a while, my nigga

Triple C's

[J-Rock]

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

All I need is bakin soda, some pots and pans

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[Verse 1]

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

[J-Rock]

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[Verse 2]

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

[J-Rock]

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[Verse 3]

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

[J-Rock]

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