

Nas F/ Ginuwine "Dat's My Potna"

Visit "[Dat's My Potna](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[VERSE 1: Rube]

It's so wonderfully all good and everything's superb
I got the herb, I got my Hen mixed in with the Bird
So hear the word, potna, I'ma look up
A bunch of monkeys, so then we can get the hook-up
That ain't a problem cause you is like kin with me
I said you been with me, you sipped gin with me
A true potna won't hesitate to dial the crew
Cause if it's foul with me, I know it's foul with you
(Yeah, dat's my potna, doe)
Sidin shotgun at the sideshow
I show no love if your shit ain't came back, so
They can't fade Young Rube the Rascal
Relax, hoes, it ain't naythin but P Deuce
Ki-Dog, the Mad Dog 22, Kiwi Juice
At the lounge spot hittin the round spot with no sequels
I switches up with my peoples

[CHORUS: all (2X)]

Yeah, dat's my potna, doe
Yeah, yeah, dat's my potna, doe
Yeah, yeah, dat's my potna, doe
Yeah, yeah, dat's my potna

[VERSE 2: Chezski]

Funk Slave flavors being brung all in the paint
Forget about my potnas, never worry, cause I ain't
And [Name] knows a lot about the young folks
Me and my killa [Name] run and let the thoughts soak
Forget about [Name] and Little Skinny, shit
We gon' do it right and do it right, slick
And come up at em loose with my trouble hounds
Fuckin with the proof and not the double downs
In this thang ain't no suckers that I'm runnin with
Old school way back is all I'm comin with
And play the dominos like a nympho
(Come on, man, it's on you, dude) tint them windows
And potnas are reserved for the dunk funk
You get em juiced and find your ass with gorilla dumps
And dying for each other's just way real
So get it tight when you're comin for the rough skill

They after the crew, I gives a fuck and I'ma go 'head
And put a hollow slug up in they fo'heads
Doin time for all the backstabbin trick hoes
I'll do a solid any day for my potna, doe

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Baby Beesh]

I got no words for the sucker butts, the tricks, the
clowns
I'm down for my canines, my dogs, my hounds (woof!)
Yep, and so I say, "What's goin on, black?"
What's up, dude, I'm givin up dap
Known to get (wild and loose)
You're kickin it tough with (Potna Deuce)
I gives a damn what set you claim
Cause if you're givin up love, you gets it back, mang
Grip tight everyday-a
Dat's my potna, dat's my playa
Who got dank, man, I need a response
Now money, watch out, cause I got twomps
Whether it's Tallyho, bombs or hay
And about the women, man, it's Cock Holiday
Had it goin on since young types
Done been through Converse and to' down Nikes
So come get with this jamboree
Where we're treatin our potnas like family
Down as the ground straight from the 'Joe
Yo check it out, dude right there: dat's my potna, doe

[CHORUS]

Visit [Nas F/ Ginuwine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.