

## Get The Pot

Fredo

Get the Pot

Aye Bro, can we get the pot? (Turn the microwave on)

I got some Penn-Yola (TNT)

Can we get it washed?

Can we cook it up?

Can we let it lock? (where the card?)

Can we let it dry?

Can we get dis' gwop?

I thought that I told you from young

"I been whipping this dinner up" (Early ting)

I thought that I told you

"The Judge needs to free all my niggas up!" (All my G's)

I thought that I told you that

"None of my niggas don't give ah fuck" (None of dem)

I thought that I told you

"I eat out in central wit dipper's tucked"

Bro it's Fredo!

I Got some employee's on the payroll ('Dere working)

Now they calling me up for ah stage show (Yo that's crazy)

Still we're hopping out on deez' fuck-boys on da main road

And dem gyal do exactly as I say bro! (Exactly)

I got ah young nigga

And he ain't wit all dat chittah'-chattah' (None)

Watch him draw his rambo out and splish-n-splash ya

I'm in my trap spot, I mix whip n' batter (Getting to it)

And if you're talking "broke", that's a different matter

And deez' days bro, I swear to God you can't count on niggas

I got some hungry shooters

I'm bout to drop ah couple ounce' on niggas (Lite)

And my big batty gyal don't ride da G bro, she bounce ah nigga

No rapping nigga, I'm still with waps tryna clap ah nigga

On GD!

And we don't squash beef, dat's neeky

My young bol' riding round wit' that boomstick tryna street-sweep

That's no lie

And big man, You been in the trap since like 0-5

And right now, it's 0-16 and in ya trap you got no pies

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And I'm riding round wit lil woo' he just came home (Yea he's back)  
They talk bout racks and they're tatted and some 'cain rose  
We're 'll selling weight (All of us)  
I'm on Ha'road drinking lemonade  
And my shoe bottom like some cherry-aid  
He got ah neck shot can we celebrate?  
Cuh we taking risk (We're taking em')  
And if we ain't spending racks den' we taping strips (All da time)  
I got it hard and I got it soft, you can take ya pick  
And if my shoes don't den my jewels is guaranteed to take ya bitch!  
Shoutout dem' trap-stars cuh' dem scamming niggas just make me sick  
Dere' cheating it  
And every week I'm on ah opp-block moving devious (Real dodgy)  
Shout my nigga Mitch  
Out in Newtown steady squeezing it (He's a squeez'ah)  
When it comes to my phone bro I can't lie I'm a fiend for it  
You came in the game dancing and singing, you're an idiot  
'Dere some wannabe's (\*Ha-ha-ha\*)  
I used to have to goto school in some wallabees  
I was 12 when I learned I could turn dem into kickers  
From ah robbery  
Bro lifes mad!  
I was 15 wit ah white-pack  
And momzy', she didn't like dat  
So I had to go stay wit my right-hand

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