

# Pans In The Kitchen

Hopsin

Stop and listen  
I'll rock it wicked, no competition on the shit  
You gotta get it, there's nothing hotter than it  
A whack rapper's what Hopsin isn't, I'll kick it  
To ya if you got a minute you'll bob ya'head like a walking pigeon  
Play my position, I'm kinda different when rhymes is kickin'  
I got lots of this, I vibe to it as I rock a fitted  
The amount of people that's feeling me is a high percentage  
They know I'm tight, but I'll be conceited if I admit it  
I'm a climb the game until I'm up at the top of it  
And don't be chicken to call me out if you got a problem with it  
Unsilenced shit is gon' get you stuck in some violent shit  
And feelings will be hurt so you're better off if you mind your business  
Don't get it started, with that nigga Marcus, that kid retarded  
It's gon' evolve to some ruckus, he'll prove your shit is garbage  
He'll be the illest artist, realist on this rap  
All you niggas out there wanna get him on your tracks

Mama keep the pots and pans in the kitchen [x2]  
I be banging on the pans in the kitchen  
So mama don't be trying to hide the pans in the kitchen  
Mama keep the pots and pans in the kitchen [x2]  
I be banging on the pans in the kitchen  
So mama don't be trying to hide the pans in the kitchen

I like playing with the pans in the kitchen mama  
You gon' let me play with the pans in the kitchen mama  
Don't care what you say about the pans in the kitchen mama  
I'm a prove that I'm the man in the kitchen mama!

I used to push weight on the block:  
A fat bitch, she was barely able to walk  
She was good for one thing, that was taking a cock  
Till she told me she was pregnant, shit I'm thankful to God  
That she wasn't, cause all that shit was making me hot  
I'm happy that she ain't the one to have a baby with Hop  
She's so obese, I'd take her out and make her stay in the car  
Her body odor always smelling like some bacon and farts  
I'd tell her how I don't eat pork, she took it straight to the heart  
Ready to make an assault, she need to make her fucking way to the barn  
Cause that's where she belong, better leave me alone  
Calling, asking where I'm at like she need to know  
Oh what a surprise, she thinking I'm the love of her life? Becoming my wife?  
Bitch, take some fucking advice  
You wanna look nice? Trust me I'm right  
Go to the motherfucking gym and lose the gut and you're fine

I'm Marcus and yes I am stupid  
Thought I was a smart kid? Guess again, stupid  
I'm a Special Ed student  
Give me a couple of bars and let the man prove it, cause there's evidence to  
it  
I never knew it, but the rest of my class knew it  
They must've thought I'd never remember the past to it  
Fuck school, man, I never could pass through it  
I never be that student that headed to class who gets an A up on his report

card

A nice kid who's so smart

Seem like when they threw me in Special Ed it got more hard

Every year the cycle repeats over again

My friends graduate and I'm way older then them

Then they come to me, nice mugging me

Making fun of me

What do these ugly motherfuckers be thinking when they fuck with me?

They lucky I don't suddenly go and become something other than me

Like a fucking psycho, then what's it gonna be?