

Pots

Ken Carson

Huh, huh, huh, huh
Pull up, then I swerve
Ain't got no pancakes, but I been pouring out the syrup
My twin ready to blitz, all I gotta do is say the word
He really ain't on shit, that boy just chirping like a bird
He think I want his bitch, don't want his bitch, she get curved
I mean, I ain't want his bitch until I seen the way she twerk
I just caught a body, I just killed the pussy, yeah I murk
I be countin' money all day, aye, my hands hurt

I'm tryna get inside her body, like a surgeon
He tryna get some money, but it ain't work
Fuck these niggas, fuck these bitches, they ain't worth shit
I had to cut you off, 'cause you ain't worth it
She said I look good on Instagram, but I look better in person
She asked me why my cross upside down, I told her I'm cursed
I know she really don't give no fucks, she just want me to buy
her a purse
If you're scared, huh, read a book or go to church
I spend that dogshit and I don't never get reimbursed
Before I ever miss bitch, she gon' miss me first
She said she want some Ken Carson, to come quench her thirst
She thought she was grabbin' my dick, but she was grabbin' on m
y .30
I'm fuckin' on a M.I.L.F., yeah, and this bitch like thirty
Chrome heart glasses on my face, got me lookin' nerdy
He thought I ain't know where he stay, and I pull up swervin'

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