What We Are

Potluck

Whatcha 'bout to witness, is one of the best collaborations of all time.

kansas citys, humboldt countys, show 'em we all who we are

(Potluck)
hey yo, witha rap no nigga but I do it better, a mouth full of chedda a greasey setter,
I got a mean vendetta but tears to clever, never ever gonna stop cause i rock family,
and you aint never gonna see me
wanna be me,
when it comes to the rock, cant beat me.
all the girls say "you complete me" even some of wheatly wanna beat me,
bust up a cd like jeezy and everybody want a potluck cd,
after the show collect the dough here we go to the hotel room,
smoke, hit up the floo thinking my dope is dope cause i'm a bitsa boat,
fucking lyric we rock hardcore bitch get stupid get dumb, matta fact lets thizz.

everybody readin bout my biz,
put da bump in the back of the benz,
freak better tell all yo friends it's potluck and tech 9 rockin again,
every block in the ? sky we flow so we go gotta go go in the lock look like a 4-4 and show mayn i'm so so,
i'm a ? criminal won't let me forget it but let me come on serial sure, we getting high,
motherfuckers staring down pair a four barrel being lyrical and then they wonder brother if they gonna die,
then we get the bitches, No lie, acting like coke bitches, dont cry
gotta stay in the street, with my hand on my dick, cause I wanna be saying i'm rich bitch.

(chorus)

We gon' party wit'chall, We drinking krelup at the bar, we smoking wit'chall, take
it to the head till we fall, we got worked up in the law, we hit the corners till ?,
see we fucking wit'chall, cause we are what we are,

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(Tech N9ne)
Anybody got another pill,
I gotta get a muthafucka to give me the artificial lovin
I wanna be trippin, I gatta be high, Tryin ta kick it hella wicked until we die,
Neva the nigga ta get a milli when I'm tripin n buckin it,

I'mma nigga in the party with your bitch n Im fuckin it,
Butcha gatta be ready to get up n go,
If you wanna start up a fight over ragidy ho's,
Me n Potluck with the cock sucked when a hot slut tryinta bust a nut before the slot locks up,
Give it a minute to get us a sip in it, but everybody sippin when (?delivin) jock pops up,
Underrated it made it to bomb with the heat, Makin it so it aint never calm in the street,
Tecca Ninna with one ton nigga we come from nothin we bustin like hella spines on a Buh-buh-buh-bee,
Verbaly ya heard of me murderly mental capasity flippin with Missouri in back of me, pack a B, think of em after we take a muthafucka with the tounge,

daaaaaaaaaaammmmmmmmmmnnnn

Nigga ya better be steadily bringin the medily, readily, cuz ever-y niggas thinkin ahead of me, will never be fetty cuz I bring it like a bullet from a gun,
So whut'chu really wanna do? Get back on the road, get a sack, crack a brew,
Put a bitch in the back n I give her whut she really wanna muthafucka to makin it do whut it do,
With a Carrabooloo, 151, Mallaboo Rum, n pineapple juice,
You know the party gatta be fun, got pineapple groups'a niggas,
Chillin with ya home girl n 707 with the liquor.

(chorus)

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(krizz)

bartender can I get another round, with a little bit of ice and alot more crown,
keep strong with clubs when i'm in your town, but it all go down, cause I got that sound.
say what I wanna when I wanna tell you what I wanna I smoke when I drive, (oh dope?)
but a-t ryan choke, now you know why i'm so dope.
porn all day, and nothin but a ho, gonna get that dough, like I just passed go,
when a nigga show, better be a best yo, take it to the hotel, I just get so, frisco
bought it what an escro, full magic, and I said frisco, better to get a little sip
of ex-oh, I put a vessel i tell the bitch lets go, I do what I do, rap what I be,
blow straight heat, get hot in the street, grab what I need, grow heart from the
seed, you can take it from me, we got a car full of beat, do what I can for the
fan, I am what I am I am a little wee man, green like a vegan, not a mean man, I got
no green, got a whole green hand

(Chorus)

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Lyrics submitted by marie.

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