

Hey, get the fuck up out my kitchen  
Don't worry 'bout what I'm up in here fixin'  
I'll call yo' ass in a minute  
Don't be buggin' me, I'm cookin', it ain't finished (Nigga, it  
ain't ready yet)  
It ain't mixed yet  
All you gotta know is it ain't mixed yet

Now, I'm tide of you niglets askin' me where's the new music  
You'll get it when I release it, and mixing it's a whole proces  
s  
Ma'am, sir, get out of my face  
You'll be a happy camper when this shit drop  
Buggin' me will only prolong the results  
Man, these niggas full of shit they need a Smooth Mover  
Take yo' constipated ass over to Whole Foods  
You couldn't fuck wit' me without the use of autotune  
And yo' girl huggin' up on me like, "Rand, you smell good"  
I know that you been waitin', overflowin' with impatience  
But I wouldn't never let yo' ass starve, wait  
Just give it a few moments 'cause the shit still in the oven  
It'll be worth it when it gets done, ding

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