

# Still in the Kitchen

Ice Cube

The almighty E-A-Ski track  
Cook it up  
Yeah

Raised a man, bake a man, roll that dough  
Smokin' on a Swisha, bloody as a butcher  
Cut you in two with mister ginsu  
John Wu nigga from the LA Zoo  
Grade A ass, I filet that ass  
I make that cash, a birthday bash  
I wedding crash, it's the iron chef  
The big piece of chicken, that's all that's left  
Cake Boss get you full as Rick Ross  
All this sugar, don't forget to floss  
Get lost if you already ate  
Up out the kitchen, nigga, don't violate  
Don't 'cha get shot, 'cha fuckin' bloodclot  
No you're not, up in [?]  
Shit is hot, baby, if your ass can't take it  
Get the fuck out or get butt naked

W-W-West coast dime, you niggas don't want it  
I'm still in the kitchen  
Genghis Khan with Chuck Taylors on  
There's no competition, I'm still in the kitchen  
You niggas don't want it  
Nigga, she know you rollin' in some dough  
I'm still in the kitchen  
With all that ambition  
Yeah, I'm still in the kitchen  
I'm still in the kitchen

Have you ever went over a friend's house to eat and his woman can't cook?  
Nigga, I shook  
Just my luck, fuck a potluck  
B-B-Bitch better know how to fuck a duck up  
Baby, wake up and hook my steak up  
I don't give a fuck about your make-up  
Don't come in here with no Wolfgang Puck  
Hockey puck tastin' ass shit that suck  
People know that my herbs and spices give niggas the itis with no gingivitis  
Bite us  
They think they gettin' they Wendy's but they gettin' is sugar diabetes  
These Twinkies, got 'em wrapped around my pinkies  
Cream fillin' comes out when I kill 'em  
The cookie monster is up in the buildin'  
Willy Wonka, I treat 'em like my children  
My favorite

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My gumbo is like straight up Columbo  
Ya know? That shit that they grow out in Humbolt  
Ya know? They wanna call me the colonel  
That nigga dead, this shit eternal  
Ya know? Take a look in my cookbook  
Everything I do is a good look  
Don't mistake my notepad for the Good Book  
The nerve of 'em, turn on my oven  
Mother fucker so full, think I drug 'em  
Hand on they stomach, can't stop rubbin'  
Fatten ya up and if ya herky jerky  
Carve your ass up in that turkey jerkey  
Serve you on a platter with side of clam chowder  
My hot sauce ain't just hot, it's gunpowder  
Aunt Jemima but my fuckin' syrup  
I make a chef take his ass back to Europe

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Give me half a cup of hustle  
A teaspoon of game  
And a pinch of bullshit