Kitchen

Icewear Vezzo

(Damn, Max, this one's too hard)
Big
Fuck a nigga talkin' 'bout, nigga? Yeah, yeah, yeah

Fifty pointers bulgin' out my bezel, this bitch icy (Damn)
Fuck the world, I can't keep no plug 'cause we too slimy, yeah
Pop a thizzle, blow a pound of Runtz, I'm looking Chinese (Drank God)
Big F&N clip stuck on that bitch, I call 'em Siamese
The way this Rollie dancing in the sun, this shit look ignorant
Ghetto nigga, I done put my Wraith on twenty-sixes, yeah (Skrrt)
Hit the hood, drop a heavy bag, they think it's Christmas (On God)
Beam on the Glock, shit blue and red, look like the Pistons (Detroit)

You screamin' rest In peace to your mans, but you ain't step by him
Walk him down, I just helped you out, now you can rest by him
Sold a nigga five thousand blues, them bitches press-downs (For real)
Before I found a plug in the city, I beat the Lex down (KY)
I really have my way with this shit, I don't do no cappin' (Uh-uh)
Hit the titty bar with my Glock, I call that pole dancin' (Get it?)
You ain't got no respect in your hood, they don't get no action
Poured a 4K, popped two Perkies and now I'm slow dancin'
Made my first million, bought jewelry, bitch, I'm a statistic (Yeah)
Set him up, he in that trick bag, I'm a magician (Hah)
Love that fashion, spent a light ten on some good Christians
When I cook, it always come back, I got a good kitchen

Ayy, bitch, I been Crippin' (Been Crippin')
If I tell a lie up in this song, then you can quit listenin' (Quit li
stenin')
I done drunk up twenty racks this week, I'm finna quit sippin' (Quit
sippin')
Postin' on the Mile with them killers, it feel like South Memphis (So
uth Memphis)
Plus I come from the trenches (The trenches), this shit ain't nothin'
 new (Blrrrd)
Young nigga with power in my hood, I'm who they run to (On God)
Gangster by myself, gon' shoot my gun and kill somethin' too (On God)
I'm smokin on this opp pack, chillin' with the nigga slumped you (Gas
, gas)
Ayy, ain't too many niggas like this (No)
Try to fight up in this club, make you fight for your life, bitch (Ho
)
Forty pieces straight to Memphis, shout out to my white bitch (My whi
te)
Got all these rappers coppin' Cartier, but this some light shit (Some
 light shit)

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