

# Kitchen

Jim Jones

Vamp life  
(I got that money)  
You know what they say  
Trap jumping  
When it get to hot in the kitchen, uh  
What you cooking? Chicken or fish?  
(I don't wanna hear you niggas talking about no more work)  
How many pots on the stove?

I got the money and I got the pack  
(Got that pack)  
I drop a deuce in then I bring it back  
(Bring it right back)  
Drop a four in it then drop [?]  
They love when I be cooking up the blow  
In the kitchen, I'm in love with my kitchen  
I'm in love with my kitchen  
I'm in love with my kitchen  
I'm in love with my kitchen  
Yeah  
I got the money and I got the sack  
(Got that sack)  
I drop a deuce in it then I bring it back  
In the kitchen

I got four pots going and a crock pot too  
Cooked four quarters and I got back two  
Want fishscale? And I got that too  
But I'm dry right now  
Nigga stop back through  
Talking 'bout cooking the whiter shade  
Nigga's be using the microwave  
They booked 'em and took 'em in right away  
He might never see the light of day  
The walls in my kitchen all yellow  
So I put the coke in the fridge like it's Jello  
You know you got to guard the kitchen  
So I keep shooters in New York like Carmello  
I be cooking that shit like it's Ruth Chris  
Cooking that shit to a new whip  
Look at that shit while I'm hitting that shit  
Now I'm whipping that shit like its Cool Whip  
Traffic, compression then stretch it  
To buy it we don't need to test it  
If it ain't about money don't stress it  
Put the Tec to a nigga like a message  
Still cooking coke like five stars  
Young dope boy with five cars  
All cash nigga how be buy ours  
Yeah we live fast and we die hard

I got the money and I got the pack  
(Got that pack)  
I drop a deuce in then I bring it back  
(Bring it right back)  
Drop a four in it then drop [?]  
They love when I be cooking up the blow

In the kitchen, I'm in love with my kitchen  
I'm in love with my kitchen  
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Yeah  
I got the money and I got the sack  
(Got that sack)  
I drop a deuce in it then I bring it back  
In the kitchen

Ruger!  
Man I got the money and I got the pack  
You know a Ruger to this little light-skinned bitch  
He ain't never gotta buy  
(Hey baby)  
All I gotta do is look at my shooter and he 'gon pop the strap  
Uptown with the mother-fuckin' killers is where you'll find me at  
Might cook a whole brick with my gun on me  
Shoot my old man if he run on me  
Bury me in all gold  
At least put a mother-fucking ton on me  
Man these nigga's ain't living right  
Don't be suprised if you got a [?] homie  
I brought some real money out tonight  
In case niggas front on me  
In my kitchen  
I'm in love in my kitchen  
When my hand start to itchin' then them bricks get to flippin'  
Bought a house with ten bathrooms, because I stay shittin'  
Nigga's look funny then my shooters start hittin'  
(Hittin')

I got the money and I got the pack  
(Got that pack)  
I drop a deuce in then I bring it back  
(Bring it right back)  
Drop a four in it then drop [?]  
They love when I be cooking up the blow  
In the kitchen, I'm in love with my kitchen  
I'm in love with my kitchen  
I'm in love with my kitchen  
I'm in love with my kitchen  
Yeah  
I got the money and I got the sack  
(Got that sack)  
I drop a deuce in it then I bring it back  
In the kitchen

Uh-huh  
It's Philthy nigga  
I do!  
Look

I say now forty birds in my caravan  
This forty on me got a kick-stand  
I'm in love with the kitchen nigga  
Tell the hoe do the dishes nigga  
(Ay, clean up bitch!)  
Two stoves and eight pots  
Two niggas cooking eight blocks  
The [?] from foot heels to [?] that's eight blocks  
In the kitchen like culinary  
These nigga's actors like Tyler Perry

Ain't never move no kilos  
Couldn't find you one like Nemo  
My whole hood been locked up for trafficking, doing life nigga  
On 580 doing eighty nigga with an eighty pack of that white shit  
Thirty-six and the whole whammy  
In a cereal box stuffed in the cabinet  
Right behind all the baking soda  
If you cook it right you might take it over  
Fish-scale, my lips sealed, I'll never tell what I don' seen  
Bag it up, put a thousand grams on the triple-beam  
(It's Philthy)