

Kitchen

Project Pat

I got the money, I got the pack
I drop to do something and bring it back
I drive a foreign and I'm out [?]
They love a nigga cooking out with the blood
In the kitchen
I'm in love with my kitchen [x3]
I got the money and I got the sack
I drop a deuce and then I bring it back

Whats a kitchen without no plug
Whats a plug without no drugs
Whats a plug without no bud
Extra barely she gon' suck
Sowed up with the yay
Jumping back like bullfrog
Everything is British pit
Nigga you can be my dog
Breaking home quarters down the quarters, we not quarters
You break that bag they gon' serve you in that order
I'll take it on off off the game it done crossed you
Nigga you can be saucer like a pimple I'ma pop you
Pimping money like a gymnast
Pouring ja like a chemist
Ain't no hustler don't get in this
Drop this paper she get ignite
I'm talking choppers on choppers make a hood harder
And rest run around might keep the snitches fuck of gualla

Bitch I got bands, I got Eid
Screaming out "free Billy Seagle"
I know I done tried to plead you
You'd rather not get hit with this Eagle
I'm serving narcotics, serving it all to my people
Why go out with the Eagle
She give me ass she do neither
Jefe, where the hell you at
I'm in the projects Pat, how the fuck you get that
I'm cashing out with the steering wheel
I'm serving packs, I be in the trap
Head honcho, I get the ho like hondo
Take the bitch to the condo
But I'm more like Rondo
2 bad hoes understoo'

And they better not steal my dope
Bitch you better not steal my dope