

When I was a kid, I grew up around food  
Chicken and dumplings, goulash stew  
My grandma came from Hungary  
And she loved to cook, I got a bit chunky  
She passed flavours on to my dad  
Who had a rule, everything from scratch  
Testin palette's at Sunday meals  
Slow cooked short ribs and breaded veal  
We travelled man, the world afar  
The market, each city, my favourite part  
Fresh fish, Kota Kinabalu  
And pasta man, mmm  
Do as the Romans do!

Said eh oh, got to let go  
En-joy the finer things in life, yo  
Tacos, paella, steak frites  
Good cookin, good lovin', good eats!  
Good cookin

We got a duck confit for the table over there!  
Fried chicken, coming right up!  
Sea bass, get ya sea bass right here!  
Okra?! Who eats okra?! I don't even know what okra is!  
Get the borscht!

I love grub, no I ain't picky  
I break bread with Brittle Bones Nicky's  
Creator, boy can that boy cook!  
Does it off the head, don't need the book  
Drop the kid anywhere on God's green earth  
Cook up a storm, like Bourdains rebirth  
"Allez cuisine", its arborio rice  
Chanterelles, parmesan, thyme nice  
The kids saffron, if he was a spice  
Details baby, cooks his French fries twice  
Skilled with the knife, bluefin tuna on the mic  
Medium rare  
Americans, you're fat...

Said eh oh, got to let go  
Enjoy the finer things in life, yo  
Pizza, shawarma, sweets treats  
Good cookin, good lovin', good eats!

Said eh oh, got to let go  
Enjoy the finer things in life, yo  
Carnitas, falafel, roast beef!  
Good cookin, good lovin', good eats!

We got some poutine for the canadians! (Good cooking! Good eats!)  
A little gumball, I like your little gumball! (Good cooking!)  
How about a little jambalaya comin' right up? (Good cooking! Good eats!)  
And a little macha ball! (Good cooking!)  
Bon appetit!