

Rhythm Kitchen

Rare Americans

I walk into the party, a mansion in the sky
Hints of burning weed, shimmer in the people's eyes
Looked over to the kitchen, preparation of a feast
Pretty lady with a meat cleaver, had a chicken by the feet

The DJ was spinning old school beats
"Puff, the Magic Dragon" from '63
She stood outside on the balcony
Like a lily in the sun
Offered me a sip of her tea
She said, "If you wanna have some fun"

Welcome to Rhythm Kitchen, life is delicious
We got everything you want, it's the house of good living
Some come here to remember, some come here to forget
Please make yourself at home, this is the best that it gets
At Rhythm Kitchen (at Rhythm Kitchen)
At Rhythm Kitchen (at Rhythm Kitchen)
At Rhythm Kitchen (at Rhythm Kitchen, woo)

Heaven said cook em' a dish with a pinch
Of that groovy mixed with some originality
It had to be stuff in the cupboard
Or touch of some loving, plus about a dozen kick drums
It's, um, something like lunchtime
I'm, um, stomping like drumline
Rhymes fall down from sky, young minds
Find it fun fucking frying french fries
If it means I can buy a clean mic
Make me sound butter better bubble Sprite
Better blow, better grow, huddle tight
Set the plan, run the play if I recite
A verse that's been cooked on the stove with open flame
Chef Boyardee, Smoke the name
All my ingredients organic, locally grown
That's closer to home
Propane, grill order, charcoal pit
Stay out my kitchen, that's hardcore shit

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Mouth watering
Living like a king
Last I remember, she was holding me
I drank that tea

My body started grooving, my feet felt every beat
I could smell the pie and pudding and the sizzling duck confit
She grabbed my hands and twirled me round, was floating on the sea
Looked me dead-pan in the eyes, said, "Gotta let go if you wanna be free"

Welcome to Rhythm Kitchen, life is delicious
We got everything you want, it's the house of good living
Some things I can't remember, but I sure won't forget
I made myself at home, it was the best that it gets
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