

# Flip a Bird

## Slaughterhouse

In the kitchen (putting work)  
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird  
In the kitchen

Said I'm here for money making, I've lost about all my patience  
Beat almost all my cases, thought I'd covered up all my bases  
Bitches try to play you to some how, some way you figure it out  
You fuck with Jay-Z's bitch from back in the day  
You might end up with reasonable doubt  
You fuck with grimey bitches  
Standing over you taking pictures  
While you sleeping cause you passed out drunk after having a threesome  
That will give you a reason, to trust no bitch  
Quit rapping and just go get it cracking (in the kitchen)  
Bout' to push that white instead of that music  
Seems like simpler profit, cos nigga's gossiping like they world-stars  
Empty your bicep, until I find you and empty your pockets  
If 5'9" stop rhyming, I'm driving on I-95 or I am (in the kitchen)  
I will cop a key and put it on the scale

Can't tell y'all, if I did drugs or if they did me  
Nah, we were just doing each other  
We were side by side like everyday  
Didn't care if we ruined each other  
Back then it was so real, fully automatic it was overkill  
I was on weed, I was on dust, might have tried coke when I was on pills  
My pockets had rabbit ears, my mind gone, wasn't on bills  
Whole family disappointed in me, can't imagine how that made my mom feel  
Her one's missing, guns hidden, sorry Momma, your son's tripping  
Got baggies scattered (in the kitchen)  
Plus, you and Dad was' on the same road, y'all just left, made it right  
If I didn't learn I'd do the same, pour some liquor, say goodnight  
Now I'm on this music shit, trying to get this paper right  
If not I'll be back (in the kitchen)

Let me get it now  
On Twitter, they murder my mentions  
Cause they heard I was served by a circle of henchmen  
Laying in a dirty ditch that bullshit is further than fiction  
Their personal mission's worse than snitching  
To any person that listen, now I wanna' kill a hater  
A middle finger by the 'fridgerator, flip a bird in the kitchen  
Cuz DJ Vlad, he was glad, bullets went into me  
Just to get traffic for his site, should've did him like MMG  
But instead I called up Sway and we cleared that up on MTV  
And now I'm back (in the kitchen) but should I be  
Cause I heard that Slaughterhouse, is about to cop that Shady deal  
But I'm out here chasing that paper still  
Push Kush, Coke and crazy pills  
Me being shot online, didn't stop my grind  
Nigga I don't mind, and if I don't rhyme (I'm in the kitchen)  
I will cop a ki' and put it on the scale

Just when a nigga thought it couldn't get worse  
The hurts reverse; scoop my cuz up after grandma left earth  
That recent shit, I was a young and bummy piece of shit, cursed  
No decent kicks cause mom kept enough of that snow to ski in her purse

No father, Jux passed me my first gun, revolver  
With the serial carved up, Real showed me my first jump, I'm a barber  
Shaving the crack, after weighing the crack  
An then placing the crack in 12 12's  
I ain't play with the crack, I was making up stacks  
All day I just sat (in the kitchen), bringing it back  
Now I'm tryna do my thing with this rap  
Hope this works, trying to flip words so my homies  
Ain't gotta flip birds On the curb  
Then black on a yellow belly coward homie feel like Pittsburgh  
Lord I thank you, for making me able to find my way through  
If not I be back on my momma's table (in the kitchen)