

# Live From The Kitchen

Yo Gotti

Yeah  
Ay, ay we finally here nigga, you know what I'm sayin  
Live from the kitchen  
I wanna introduce ya'll to my band  
One them name mr. pirex, mr. pot, mr. baking soda,  
Know wha I mean, ha  
It go live from the kitchen  
Li-li-live from the kitchen, its me an my bands  
Live from the kitchen, its me an my bands  
Baking soda, test tube, pot, and the pan  
Live from the kitchen, well over do  
Ten mixtapes state I got a porsche sedan coupe,  
Yeah that bitch got four doors,  
I got four hoes on my screwed up click shit  
Got me tippin on four fours  
Yeah them knocks ran in my spot  
Them bitches kicked down both doors  
Confiscated both my choppers an took pitures of both stoves  
Gang tags been on my ass, yeah they raided both my shows  
Say I'm wearin too much white, I told em I represent dat blow  
From the kitchen, li-li-live from the kitchen  
It just me an my bands, shit get for real  
Niggas start playin, I dont need a hundred niggas  
It just me an my man bap  
Two deep in that rega, red beam on that eagle  
You can die about it, but you fight bout it  
Niga ye ain't goin witt me neither  
Live from the kitchen it just a statement  
Got that kush shit by the bells  
An bitch I'm live from the basement  
Got that purp in I can taste it  
My time don't you waste it  
Niggas think they can start some beef  
An then come back an erase it  
I got benjamin on my faces, I got lawyers fightin my cases  
You know me vs war bugs bunnys in my bracelet  
Bitch I'm live from the jeweler, I am, just bought a rolla  
An pin .. is you a dealer or a user  
Wrist abuser, baby momma had it great  
She like street niggas, she say I amuse her  
Live from the kitchen, li-li-live from the kitchen  
Fuckin bitches on tha dishes,  
Bent her over on tha counter,  
Right in front the money counter, (chee)  
Kept her layin angaint tha fridgerator  
Incase I get some anal  
Thats a old word, I got old birds  
I got old breads an these bitches small heads  
I don't trust niggas, I say they all feds (they is)  
We at war wit niggas, an I want em all dead!  
Live from the kitchen, li-li-live from the kitchen  
It just me an my bands, pots, pans, pots an pans  
Li-live from the kitchen, it just me an my band  
When the beat break down let tha money machine roll  
I been on tha road doin nothin but cash shows  
It juss, li-i, it just me an my bands  
Live from tha kitchen, it just me an my man-zilla

What it do young nigga, we got our money right  
Plus you got tha green light killa  
At tha kitchen table playin dominoes  
With some munich niggas, an some shiizty hoes, bitch  
They smoke hella blunts, they play wit they nose  
They get super high, then they take off they clothes  
These hoes gun freaky I make em touch they toes  
Ask'd her where she want it at, an she say both holes  
Nah bitch I just want some mouth  
Gimme some head right here on tha couch  
I'm goin north bitch you goin south  
I'm Y-O-G-O-T-T-I-. bitch you know what I'm bout  
Gotti! from tha kitchen,  
Li-li-live from the kitchen, it just me an my bands  
I am, me an my bands, I am, me an my bands, I am  
Live from the kitchen it just me an my bands, I am  
...beep, its all there... beep, (li-li-live from the kitchen, li-li-  
live from the kitchen me an my bands, me an my bands)