

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 braclet

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 angainst 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)