

**J.R. Writer****"Live From the Kitchen"**

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[JR Writer]

{\*coughing\*} Writers Block, bitch

Uhh, okay~!

Live from the kitchen, I'm back scrappin, fryin and wheelin

High as a pigeon, I am consistant

Pow to a chicken, I backpack iron for trippin

Grindin and pitchin, these rap cats lyin and snitchin

From the, trip and the road where they sit in the cold

Used to backstab you for the rock, quick get it home

Shrimp you supposed, slip on ya Joes, skip from the pose

And put you on your ass, make you slip on your toes

Hoe, this nigga is throwed, the sickest who else'll

put your brains on your shirt so you can think to yourself, huh?

I shit on these elves, stuntin with cheddar

Make it rain on his dame, put her under the weather

It's a hundred or better, let it dump on whoever

Any beef you know the street sweep under the lever

Have fun, I'm next up, crushin in a red truck

Shot swing and pop, all your weaponry collect dust

Bitch I'm glistery, nothin like ya breakfast

Blow my wristery the color of some egg guts (canary)

More or less mark the heaval and the sickening

Just listen, these niggaz couldn't see me with prescriptions

I'm somethin that you wanna be and nothin like a wannabe

Pardon me, odds are G I plug one in your artery

You'll need more triggers, I heat all spitters

And like to welcome y'all to W, B-4 nigga

Huhh, oh yeah nigga, I'm back in the muh'fuckin building

You know what that muh'fuckin means, CHA-CHING!

More commas in my muh'fuckin bank account you get it?

Checks, them c-checks, spell it out man

You already know what it is man I'm goin in

So get your muh'fuckin weight up man, YEAH  
THAT CRACK~!

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