

Junior Senior "Home Cookin'"

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I need home, home cookin', yeah!
I need home, home cookin', yeah!

It's said, a woman's place
Is in the kitchen
But in the kitchen, you are a flop
Them meals that you been fixin'
They ain't nothin' but yesterday's slop

An I like, yo' wiggly walk
I like yo' baby talk, yeah!
You're neat, the way you look
But you ain't nothin'
If you can't cook

I need home, home cookin', yeah!
I need home, home cookin', yeah!

Hot! I sweat all day
I rush back home, to see what you cookin'
Your beans are burned
You've ruined my place
And in the mirror, I find you lookin'

Now, I like sweet candied yams
And I like homemade ham-hocks
Instead of study, how you look
You oughta study
Yo' mama's cookbook

(sax & instrumental)

If you want a soul man
Get to rattlin', them pots and pans

I need home, home cookin'
I need home, home cookin'

Yeah!

Hot gravy

That pot roast
That pickled beets
And sugared toast

I like yo' wiggly walk, yeah!
An I like yo' way a-talkin'
And you look neat, the way you look
But you ain't nothin'
If you can't cook

I need home, home cookin'
I'm in the mood
For soul food

I said, home, home cookin'.

~

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