

## DJ Format

# "Ill Culinary Behaviour"

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f/ Abdominal

[ VERSE 1: Abdominal ]

Well hello and welcome

If you could wipe your feet on the doormat

Please, come in - oh Format...

We got company, where's my manners, let me take  
your coats

I hope you're hungry for some flavorful quotes

Which I whipped up myself, I'm really hopin that you  
like it

I call it the Abdominal Special, I eat a hype dish

Format? I think he's still in the kitchen

Slavin over platters, you know, cooking rhythms

Come again? Oh, he said that the beats are finished

I guess all that's left to do is just remix it

You say you wanna help, okay, how about you set the  
table

And what's this, a beautiful patch cable, for me?

Really, you shouldn't have

Please excuse me, I'ma just go and grab

A spare apron to keep your gear fresh

Format, where's the food, it's rude, we have guests

[ CHORUS: Abdominal ]

Dinner's served, so yo, come and get it

Abdominal and Format cookin up the splendid

Concoctions, explosions of flavor

Check the ill culinary behaviour

You need seconds? Yo, come and get it

Abdominal and Format whippin up the splendid

Delicacies, explosions of flavor

Check the ill culinary behaviour

[ VERSE 2:Abdominal ]

Okay, you're right here, and if you could sit there

Format needs the chair closest to the kitchen

In case he needs to fix the snare

Which I'm sure will be crispy enough

Ah-ah-ah, we're all hungry, but before we tuck

In and stuff our faces, we really must say graces

My turn, so here goes, Lord, thank you for bangin beats  
we lace

And of course the microphones that we rap into

Amen, that's through, so let's eat, pass the loops, bro

Soup? No, I said loops, so

Delicious with the fishes, nutritious

Servin roasted rapper, that's the first dish on my wish  
list

Just gobble it up, then proceed to lick the plate clean

Taste the cuisine whipped up by the great team

Of culinary experts, Ab and a digit

Between 3 and 5 followed by a non-shiny finish

For-mat for the punchline-inept

Keep eating cause there's tons of food left

Really, you just have to taste some home-cooked

[ CHORUS ]

( \*DJ Format cuts up\* )

(Actin ill)

(Actin ill)

(Actin ill)

(The behaviour)

(Actin ill)

(Actin ill)

(Actin ill)

(Watch your behaviour)

[ VERSE 3: Abdominal ]

I got the feeling that everybody is ready for dessert to  
be served

But before I bring it out I got somethin to say first

Abdominal Junior, you will get nothing, young man

Until you finish those breaks on your plate

Cause all across the land there be starvin MC's

Who'd be happy to rock to beats like these

You should be a little bit more considerate

And think of this before pushing your dish away without  
finishing it

And while I'm at it, get your elbows off the damn  
console

Really, where's your manners?

I'm ashamed to have to scold you right in front of our guests

But you leave me no choice

I'm truly sorry that I had to raise my voice

But my son's behaviour simply inexcusable

And if I don't see some improvement soon, my fuse'll blow

Is that clear, mister? Good, I'm glad we understand one another

Now go help your brother Little Format

Clear the table, put the leftovers in some Tupperware

So tomorrow we'll have supper prepared

Oh what's that, you say you must be leaving?

Such a pity, what a lovely evening

Well, thanks for coming, we must do it again sometime

I hope you ate enough - of our beats and rhymes

[ CHORUS ]

(III) (behaviour)

(This mornin for breakfast I had bacon, egg and chips

three cups of tea, a man to smack me lips

I said to John me husband, "Ain't I gettin fat?"

He said, "Not really, love, I like ya like like that"

But he's kiddin, you know?

Why do I got to be fat?

Why have I got to be fat?

And then for lunch I had...)

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