



On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird  
In the kitchen

Can't tell y'all, if I did drugs or if they did me  
Nah, we were just doing each other  
We were side by side like everyday  
Didn't care if we ruined each other  
Back then it was so real, fully automatic it was overkill  
I was on weed, I was on dust, might have tried coke  
when I was on pills  
My pockets had rabbit ears, my mind gone, wasn't on  
bills  
Whole family disappointed in me, can't imagine how  
that made my mom feel  
Her one's missing, guns hidden, sorry Momma, your  
son's tripping  
Got baggies scattered (in the kitchen)  
Plus, you and Dad was' on the same road, y'all just left,  
made it right  
If I didn't learn I'd do the same, pour some liquor, say  
goodnight  
Now I'm on this music shit, trying to get this paper right  
If not I'll be back (in the kitchen)

Let me get it now  
On Twitter, they murder my mentions  
Cause they heard I was served by a circle of henchmen  
Laying in a dirty ditch that bullshit is further than fiction  
Their personal mission's worse than snitching  
To any person that listen, now I wanna' kill a hater  
A middle finger by the 'fridgerator, flip a bird in the  
kitchen  
Cuz DJ Vlad, he was glad, bullets went into me  
Just to get traffic for his site, should've did him like  
MMG  
But instead I called up Sway and we cleared that up on  
MTV  
And now I'm back (in the kitchen) but should I be  
Cause I heard that Slaughterhouse, is about to cop that  
Shady deal  
But I'm out here chasing that paper still  
Push Kush, Coke and crazy pills  
Me being shot online, didn't stop my grind  
Nigga I don't mind, and if I dont rhyme (I'm in the  
kitchen)  
I will cop a ki' and put it on the scale

In the kitchen (putting work)  
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Just when a nigga thought it couldn't get worse  
The hurts reverse; scoop my cuz up after grandma left  
earth  
That recent shit, I was a young and bummy piece of  
shit, cursed  
No decent kicks cause mom kept enough of that snow  
to ski in her purse  
No father, Jux passed me my first gun, revolver  
With the serial carved up, Real showed me my first  
jump, I'm a barber  
Shaving the crack, after weighing the crack  
An then placing the crack in 12 12's  
I ain't play with the crack, I was making up stacks  
All day I just sat (in the kitchen), bringing it back  
Now I'm tryna do my thing with this rap  
Hope this works, trying to flip words so my homies  
Ain't gotta flip birds On the curb  
Then black on a yellow belly coward homie feel like  
Pittsburgh  
Lord I thank you, for making me able to find my way  
through  
If not I be back on my momma's table (in the kitchen)

In the kitchen (putting work)  
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