

# Hells Kitchen

DJ Khaled

Cole World, DJ Khaled!

Yeah, back from the dead  
Like Michael Jackson in red jackets, with naps in my head  
Who's white or black, it's a rare package  
Get smacked if you said that I'm neck and neck with these square rappers  
My guest room's got plantinum plaques, and an air mattress  
No time for furniture shopping, too busy burnin' you  
Watching you, learning you  
Word to Pac, I'm plottin' to murder you  
Sure the thought can occur to you  
My next album flop, then I'm goin pop, like Nelly  
With tops dropped on convertible Porsches  
Born Sinner, not burning no crosses  
Might burn a couple bridges, I'm losing by double digits  
I gotta do somethin'  
Fightin' depression I'm trying my nigga  
But everytime I think about it I'm cryin' my nigga  
Cried myself to sleep on thousand dollar sheets  
I reak of the scent of a vendetta that's deep  
I'm playing for keeps, but you ain't think I'd bounce back  
They love to hear black nigga count stacks, count stacks

Forty thousand in my pocket (you see it)  
Another twenty on the way (you see it, ay)  
I got a fish for a dollar (you see it, uh)  
Five hundred for the Jays (you see it, ay)  
I get money out the ass (you see it)  
I thought I'd never see the day (you see it, ay)  
They put a price on my head (you see it)  
But they don't ever have to pay (you see it, ay)  
I fell down on my knees and yeah I prayed  
'Cause heaven seems a million miles away  
I dreamed of all the things that I would say  
On that day  
But for now I'm cooking up in hells kitchen, hells kitchen  
Nigga fuck you and your fake well wishing  
Now get out of hells kitchen, hells kitchen  
Tell my story I'm just hopin' they'll listen  
Cooking up in hells kitchen, hells kitchen  
Nigga fuck you and your fake well wishing  
I get out of hells kitchen, hells kitchen, one day, hey

Yeah

Omission's usually, an admission to guilt  
Hari Kari yourself, all the way to the hilt  
You get nothin', no love  
Zip, zero, zilch  
We don't mention you lames, man I be pleadin' the fifth  
There's a Judas in every crew, concealed in a kiss  
Kiss of death, let's put the rest all to tedious bits  
Fucks sake you niggas emanate a feminines traits  
Bitch nigga when could never relate  
Nah, cause man you niggas is birds  
You learn that at bird school, or somethin'  
You eaten that bird food, or somethin'  
You sick with that bird flu, or somethin'

That's my word, cause every where I turn  
When folks I known for years, that couldn't pronounce my name  
And asking me for pics, there's something bout this game  
It's somethin' for the bitches, it's somethin' for the bitches

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