

# The Recipe (feat. Bun B & Gucci Mane)

## E-40

Hey, this is cooking with Brook  
On the cooking channel  
Today we're gonna be making crack First take 36 ounces of coke  
Mixing it with water in a pot on the stove  
Next step to make them boulders add, baking soda  
If the flame is low then turn it up and stir it up Finally, just wait till it gets hard  
Then bag it up, you got a key  
Homie, that's the recipe, that's the recipe  
That's the recipe First take 36 ounces of coke  
Mixing it with water in a pot on the stove  
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Homie, that's the recipe, that's the recipe  
That's the recipe Before you decide to elect yourself in the game of dope  
Better know that it is cut throat  
Can't be cracking under pressure when your backed in a corner  
Against the ropes They ain't calling it snitching no more  
They calling it telling the truth  
They say you better get down first  
Before they decide to get down on you Mixing it up, shake and bake  
It's 2008, they got more data than '88  
We used to make crazy cake, flipping weight  
Gotta get in and out before it be too late I don't want to be 6 feet under  
So I pack and tote my thump  
Suckas want to hate and block my thunder  
'Cause I got more kicks than a punter Murder rates go up in the summer  
Killers go hunting like a hunter  
(How good can you live?)  
You can live good for 6 years  
But then it's football numbers First take 36 ounces of coke  
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Homie, that's the recipe, that's the recipe  
That's the recipe Chef for the year, better yet, the fucking century  
Dread head killers with me before dem up insolate  
I'm in the kitchen scrapping up the pottery

Working with my hands like the maestro at the symphony  
Sniff, I'm cocaine, shawty, take a wiff off me  
Stiff a liffy pisso nigga come and comprehend from me  
Talk slick to me, E40 style, you hearing me?  
Got a green skirt and I bought it off a recipe  
Hella p's, hella keys, yellow, purple, readily  
Put me in the feds if these crackers on the recipe  
33 yellow D's purchased off my recipe  
Heavy cocaine in the G, plus I got a recipe  
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That's the recipe  
Well, it's chef boy a Bun B, the king of the kitchen  
I got exactly what you need to do your thing when you pitching  
Guarantee to add a few layers of bling on your stitching  
Bein' teeded in your chest get you stinging and itching  
Got to have the right ingredients before you can start  
Like 1 part gangsterism with 1 part heart  
2 parts of keeping it G and add you one hundred  
Milligrams of a killer, man and you'd had done it  
Put it all inside a Cadillac with them 3's and them 4's  
Swang wide and mix scurrily while skating on vogues  
Don't forget to shake them haters off homie that's a necessity  
Now you done made you a trill, nigga, now that's the recipe  
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