

Ill Culinary Behaviour

DJ Format

[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...)

Lyrics submitted by Andy.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>