

Hell's Kitchen

Maxim

In Hell's kitchen

Elements in Hell's kitchen

Elements I've been to the land of milk and honey

And those ingredients, they don't exist

The origin, the precise meaning of my prayer

Is to adapt and carry your own crucifix

I've spend time slaving over the cooker

Being observed by the onlooker

Kill the lamb inside that exists

And taken the kiss away from my lips Ruthless approach to holding power

It might, but it cannot last forever

Within my kitchen elements of desire

Simmer, cooked, fuel my fire

The strength understood

Boiled down to a broth, but never consumed

The science of my food, my lyrical styles

Satisfy your mood Elements

I'm cooking up the elements in Hell's kitchen

Elements

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Elements

Reload the elements, bring forth the ingredients Elements in Hell's kitchen Impose thrills, represent skills

Denotes, and show you I'm a true chef

Enter my kitchen, we will devour

And consume until there is nothing left

Assume my enemies have their faculties

And know what's fact and fiction

My existence persistent, real evidence imminent

Like a true Egyptian Come read my menu

I'll follow through and satisfy

With a five course lyrical

Chew and swallow, wash down with Port

Dessert laced with Maxim sauce

Ain't no question, malnutrition, indisgestion is always overlooked

The elements I cook can't be found in the 90's cookbook Elements

I'm cooking up the elements in Hell's kitchen

Elements

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Elements
Reload the elements, bring forth the ingredientsAs the fire continues to burn
So does the food upon my dish
Lost souls swirl around the ceiling
The stench is high like fish
I bring forth all the ingredients, the elements
Bake a cake and feed the multitude
I play the prostitute in the house of ill reputeElements in Hell's kitchen, elements
Elements in Hell's kitchen, elementsThe utensils I use in my kitchen
Belong to me and nobody else
I feed you complex styles of my spoon
'cause a normal spoon, that would melt
Glamorise with my dressing
Nouns, pronouns, verbs are my herbs
Succulent and edible, digestible
Each and every single verseCome sip my melodic substance
Wet your plate, drink every drop from the glass
Everything is pulverised, double-fried
And contains everything that's phat
This ain't no fast lyric joint
Unlike fast food everything has a point
Nutritional characteristics, your brain I anointElements
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Songwriters

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