

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

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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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