Hell's Kitchen

Maxim

In Hell's kitchen
Elements in Hell's kitchen
ElementsI'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 lipsRuthless 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 moodElements
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 ingredientsElements in Hell's kitchenImpose 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 EgyptianCome 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 cookbookElements
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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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