

Recipe

G. Love & Special Sauce

Suck it thru a straw
My name is g so see of course,
I got my slogan not a hero like hogan, I'm from downtown
A flower child of the truest kind, of the clear blue eye
Of the fresh squeezed jive mind
Time to tick, turn off the clock
Tell by the shade, work the lick and then I dig the sun
The sensei, the teach, the talk, so listen up soon
Ingredients won't fit in
The cup or the teaspoon
So dig on, check your list twice, spread stuff, wassup
Yo check it again
Know what's in my pen
And you still want to front
Go ahead be that jury
But it poor see
I got more in store for ya
I got more in store for ya
I got more in store for you
I got more in store for you to lunch on
Brewin' in the night kitchen
I'll be stirrin' strings to spell ya
In the cauldron like a witch and wishin' on the stars
Of my eyes of my sight
'cause I'm outta sight daily
And nightly I'm giggin'
So stop gigglin'
Step to the bartender
Slide us some sauce
Yeah, the specialty
The recipe, ain't gonna tell me no
I got the specialty, ain't gonna tell me no one
I got the specialty, ain't gonna tell me no one
I've got to keep on moving
I've got to keep on moving
I got one a proud pony ride
I'll ride till I die
More crunch than nestle's
Yo who is this guy, I think I saw him on stage

Stage a show unlike any I seen before
Got cool guitars strings and all contacts to call
Hey, hey, hey come on y'all
Bust some ups and some downs
Bust a hoot from the ground
Louise tore me up eh yo how'd that sound
She made me walk from chicago to the gulf of mexico
Fished out my pond and slept with my girl so
Blues at sunrise what a way to start the day
Juannes so rough that they're like sandpaper
To smooove out the edges as i
Flow like water from sink, drain, river to sea
Whip the butter
I got the recipe, ain't gonna tell me no one
I got the specialty, ain't gonna tell me no one
I got the recipe, ain't gonna tell me no one
I've gots to keep moving
I've gots to keep moving
I got chicken heads I got lanky legs
I write lyrics so sloppy it's like a different language
I got olive oil and I got spinach
I toot pipe like popeye, smile like grimace
Flip like the hamburgler, 'cause it's correct
'cause I know why it all costs so much
Bet on conversion
Got all my words in my composition book
My honey in the nooks and crannies
I sleep in my jammies and special sauce is jammin'
So much stuffs in the flavor
The recipes all in favor
Say I got to keep on moving
I gots to keep on moving

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>