Flip A Bird

Slaughterhouse

In the kitchen (putting work)
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
In the kitchenSaid I'm here for money making, I've lost about all my patience
Beat almost all my cases, thought I'd covered up all my bases
Bitches try to play you to some how, some way you figure it out
You fuck with Jay-Z's bitch from back in the day
You might end up with reasonable doubt
You fuck with grimey bitches
Standing over you taking pictures
While you sleeping cause you passed out drunk after having a threesome
That will give you a reason, to trust no bitch
Quit rapping and just go get it cracking (in the kitchen)
Bout' to push that white instead of that music
Seems like simpler profit, cos nigga's gossiping like they world-stars
Empty your bicep, until I find you and empty your pockets
If 5'9" stop rhyming, I'm driving on I-95 or I am (in the kitchen)
I will cop a key and put it on the scaleIn the kitchen (putting work)
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
In the kitchenCan't tell y'all, if I did drugs or if they did me
Nah, we were just doing each other
We were side by side like everyday
Didn't care if we ruined each other
Back then it was so real, fully automatic it was overkill
I was on weed, I was on dust, might have tried coke when I was on pills
My pockets had rabbit ears, my mind gone, wasn't on bills

Whole family disappointed in me, can't imagine how that made my mom feel
Her one's missing, guns hidden, sorry Momma, your son's tripping
Got baggies scattered (in the kitchen)
Plus, you and Dad was' on the same road, y'all just left, made it right
If I didn't learn I'd do the same, pour some liquor, say goodnight
Now I'm on this music shit, trying to get this paper right
If not I'll be back (in the kitchen)Let me get it now
On Twitter, they murder my mentions
Cause they heard I was served by a circle of henchmen
Laying in a dirty ditch that bullshit is further than fiction
Their personal mission's worse than snitching
To any person that listen, now I wanna' kill a hater
A middle finger by the 'fridgerator, flip a bird in the kitchen
Cuz DJ Vlad, he was glad, bullets went into me
Just to get traffic for his site, should've did him like MMG
But instead I called up Sway and we cleared that up on MTV
And now I'm back (in the kitchen) but should I be
Cause I heard that Slaughterhouse, is about to cop that Shady deal
But I'm out here chasing that paper still
Push Kush, Coke and crazy pills
Me being shot online, didn't stop my grind
Nigga I don't mind, and if I dont rhyme (I'm in the kitchen)
I will cop a ki' and put it on the scaleIn the kitchen (putting work)
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
In the kitchenJust when a nigga thought it couldn't get worse
The hurts reverse; scoop my cuz up after grandma left earth
That recent shit, I was a young and bummy piece of shit, cursed
No decent kicks cause mom kept enough of that snow to ski in her purse
No father, Jux passed me my first gun, revolver
With the serial carved up, Real showed me my first jump, I'm a barber
Shaving the crack, after weighing the crack
An then placing the crack in 12 12's
I ain't play with the crack, I was making up stacks
All day I just sat (in the kitchen), bringing it back
Now I'm tryna do my thing with this rap
Hope this works, trying to flip words so my homies
Ain't gotta flip birds On the curb
Then black on a yellow belly coward homie feel like Pittsburgh

Lord I thank you, for making me able to find my way through
If not I be back on my momma's table (in the kitchen)In the kitchen (putting work)
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
On the scale, flip a bird, flip a bird, flip a bird
In the kitchen

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/