

Hells Kitchen (feat. J Cole & Bas)

DJ Khaled

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Cole World, DJ Khaled! Yeah, back from the dead
Like Michael Jackson in red jackets, with naps in my head
Who's white or black, it's a rare package
Get smacked if you said that I'm neck and neck with these square rappers
My guest room's got platinum plaques, and an air mattress
No time for furniture shopping, too busy burnin' you
Watching you, learning you
Word to Pac, I'm plottin' to murder you
Sure the thought can occur to you
My next album flop, then I'm goin pop, like Nelly
With tops dropped on convertible Porsches
Born Sinner, not burning no crosses
Might burn a couple bridges, I'm losing by double digits
I gotta do somethin'
Fightin' depression I'm trying my nigga
But everytime I think about it I'm cryin' my nigga
Cried myself to sleep on thousand dollar sheets
I reek of the scent of a vendetta that's deep
I'm playing for keeps, but you ain't think I'd bounce back
They love to hear black nigga count stacks, count stacks
Forty thousand in my pocket (you see it)
Another twenty on the way (you see it, ay)
I got a fish for a dollar (you see it, uh)
Five hundred for the Jays (you see it, ay)
I get money out the ass (you see it)
I thought I'd never see the day (you see it, ay)
They put a price on my head (you see it)
But they don't ever have to pay (you see it, ay)
I fell down on my knees and yeah I prayed
'Cause heaven seems a million miles away
I dreamed of all the things that I would say
On that day
But for now I'm cooking up in hells kitchen, hells kitchen

Nigga fuck you and your fake well wishing
Now get out of hells kitchen, hells kitchen
Tell my story I'm just hopin' they'll listen
Cooking up in hells kitchen, hells kitchen
Nigga fuck you and your fake well wishing
I get out of hells kitchen, hells kitchen, one day, hey Yeah
Omission's usually, an admission to guilt
Hari Kari yourself, all the way to the hilt
You get nothin', no love
Zip, zero, zilch
We don't mention you lames, man I be pleadin' the fifth
There's a Judas in every crew, concealed in a kiss
Kiss of death, let's put the rest all to tedious bits
Fucks sake you niggas emanate a feminines traits
Bitch nigga when could never relate
Nah, cause man you niggas is birds
You learn that at bird school, or somethin'
You eaten that bird food, or somethin'
You sick with that bird flu, or somethin'
That's my word, cause every where I turn
When folks I known for years, that couldn't pronounce my name
And asking me for pics, there's something bout this game
It's somethin' for the bitches, it's somethin' for the bitches
Forty thousand in my pocket (you see it)
Another twenty on the way (you see it, ay)
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