The Recipe

E-40

Hey, this is cooking with Brook
On the cooking channel
Today we're gonna be making crack
First take 36 ounces of coke
Mixing it with water in a pot on the stove
Next step to make them boulders add, baking soda
If the flame is low then turn it up and stir it up
Finally, just wait till it gets hard
Then bag it up, you got a key
Homie, that's the recipe, that's the recipe
That's the recipe
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Homie, that's the recipe, that's the recipe
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Before you decide to elect yourself in the game of dope
Better know that it is cut throat
Can't be cracking under pressure when your backed in a corner
Against the ropes
They ain't calling it snitching no more
They calling it telling the truth
They say you better get down first
Before they decide to get down on you
Mixing it up, shake and bake
It's 2008, they got more data than '88
We used to make crazy cake, flipping weight
Gotta get in and out before it be too late
I don't want to be 6 feet under
So I pack and tote my thump
Suckas want to hate and block my thunder
'Cause I got more kicks than a punter
Murder rates go up in the summer
Killers go hunting like a hunter
(How good can you live?)
You can live good for 6 years

But then it's football numbers
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Chef for the year, better yet, the fucking century
Dread head killers with me before dem up insolate
I'm in the kitchen scrapping up the pottery
Working with my hands like the maestro at the symphony
Sniff, I'm cocaine, shawty, take a wiff off me
Stiff a liffy pisso nigga come and comprehend from me
Talk slick to me, E40 style, you hearing me?
Got a green skirt and I bought it off a recipe
Hella p's, hella keys, yellow, purple, readily
Put me in the feds if these crackers on the recipe
33 yellow D's purchased off my recipe
Heavy cocaine in the G, plus I got a recipe
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Well, it's chef boy a Bun B, the king of the kitchen
I got exactly what you need to do your thing when you pitching
Guarantee to add a few layers of bling on your stitching
Bein' teeded in your chest get you stinging and itching
Got to have the right ingredients before you can start
Like 1 part gangsterism with 1 part heart
2 parts of keeping it G and add you one hundred
Milligrams of a killer, man and you'd had done it
Put it all inside a Cadillac with them 3's and them 4's
Swang wide and mix scurrily while skating on vogues
Don't forget to shake them haters off homie that's a necessity
Now you done made you a trill, nigga, now that's the recipe
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