

R. Kelly, In The Kitchen (Remix)

[R. Kelly - Talking]

Nah, look man enough is enough man

Y'all need to leave me alone, on the real

I mean can't y'all see I love y'all, damn

I mean no matter what y'all say or try to do to me, I'm gonna love you anyway

You know what I'm saying, what y'all need to do let me go on do this music, you know what I'm say

I mean, what a gotta do, what I gotta do? Give y'all all my money, all my cars, my houses, my cloth

I don't owe you nothing man Go get a God damn job dawg, shit, leave me alone get a job

You don't owe me nothing, I owe you nothing, you know what I'm saying

I am just trying to give y'all this music, make y'all feel good, you know what I'm saying

That's all I'm trying to do. Let me do that, let the R do that, will ya?

Mmm...

[Chorus:]

Sex in the kitchen nigga,(whooh! Yeah)

Over by the stove (ho!)

(Yeah, from the kitchen to the bathroom babe (uh)

From upstairs to the basement babe) (Kels!)

Put you on the counter (ho! Yeah)

By the buttered rolls (ho!)

(Yeah, now we hoppin' in the GT coup'

Goin' to the club, doin' what we do) (remix!)

Hands on the table (ho! Yeah)

On your tippy toes (ho!)

(Yeah, hey it's the weekend y'all (yeah, yeah, yeah)

So bounce real slow to this remix y'all)

Said the sign outside the door say the restaurant is closed

And we'll be cuttin' up tomatoes (whooh, yeah)

Fruits and vegetables and potatoes (yeah)

[Verse 1:]

Let's get together like a cookout baby

You bring the beer and I'ma bump some 'Sadie'

Hook up some of that chicken baby

And oh yeah, and don't forget the rice and gravy

It's about to be a party at my crib

Got Hennessie, juice and Belvedere

Got chicks in swimsuits up in here

No po, no haters, no tricks in here

Hey y'all, whassup, whassup

Got bounce juice in my cup

Mama makin' [ass] jump up

Sh**t she don't get no f**k

Ain't gotta worry 'bout complainin' ass neighbours

'Cause your boy is sittin' on some acres

Dip low in the SLR (whooh!)

Come and take a ride in my super car

Scattered linen when you rollin' with a player

Shoppin' sprees when you rollin' with a player

At that bar when you rollin' with a player

Big chips when you rollin' with a player

The party's almost over

So baby tell me what you gon' do

Open that door, put them out

Close that door, me and you

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

Got the whirl pool bubblin' up
Got two fine chicks tryna double 'em up (uh)
Got top so I'm shakin' it up (uh)
When it come to the [#%&@] I just can't get enough (oh!)
This party looks like a club
You see in my eyes and I'm buzzed
I've been drinkin' twenty four hours
So f**ked up you know a nigga need a shower
I pull up in the wide body (ho)
You know a nigga know somebody (ho)
And e'rbody in here know me (ho)
And somebody knows somebody (ho)
Look at my wrists ain't I so damn freeze? (Yo)
Look at my clothes ain't I so damn clean? (Yo)
Look at the bar ain't I so damn sheen? (Yo)
Look at my style I am so damn me (oh)
I got a song out doin' good
Nigga goin' platinum 'cause I kept it hood
I hear the crowd over here goin' (ho!)
I hear the crowd over there goin' (ho!)
That's why I get to show 'em this life
Turned it out and now I'm ready to fly
And now I'm on my way to the after party
'Til six in the mornin' I'ma be naughty
Put this CD in your Jeep (put this CD in your Jeep)
Play it 'til it cracks the CD
Some of y'all be doubtin' me (hey, hey, hey, hey)
But I can do this in my sleep

[Chorus:]

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[Bridge:]

Here we are, in this kitchen, kitchen
Sexin' each other from feet to head
Now, some folks may raise the question
"Why can't they just get a bed?"
Yeah, there ain't nothin' wrong
With us in the kitchen gettin' it on, no
Girl, it's like five hundred degrees and here we are
By the cabinet do's, by the stove

Hot buttered rolls on your tippy-toes

[Chorus:] [2x]

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[Fade Out]