

Little Jackie, The Kitchen

He be getting out of the-getting out of the
When hes finally heard enough of your b-b-bitching
Time to drink all your booze
In *(?)*
So Ill leave you nothing but a pile of d-d-ishes
Girls be flipping
And guys be tripping
One foot out the door
Its like a dance, flip-it
There was a relationship
But we aint dancing anymore
Your kitchens up in flames
There aint no one to blame but yourself
Your nitpicking will drive a man insane
Throwing that kind of heat
Can give a man a heart attack
Dont you burn them bridges you will never go back
Hey hey hey
Kitchen aint easy on a m-m-man
From the fire to the f-f-frying p-p-pan
From a human to another
It aint right to hit your lover
It was over like a c-c-c-c-can of spam
Heres a tip
Youre gonna flip
If you dont get a grip
Stop giving that lip
You got that fed up
Better give some head up
Instead of eating all his butter
Your kitchens up in flames
There aint no one to blame but yourself
Your nitpicking will drive a man insane
Throwing that kind of heat
Can give a man a heart attack
Dont you burn them bridges you will never go back
Hey hey hey
No use crying over spilled milk
When somethings gone bad, there aint no way back
Check the expiration date before its too late
Aint the pot calling the kettle black
Take it from a girl who really knows it well
Every single one I had went straight to hell
You can achieve world peace with your tone of voice
Or start World War III, its your choice
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