Up In My Cocina

Rae Sremmurd, Swae Lee & Slim Jxmmi

EarDrummersIce everything, I need a figure skater
Eating five star meals, tipping waiters
PJ, skip commercial flights, that's no delaying
I had too many guests, my neighbours start complaining
Sun beaming, my chains jingling, I'm chinky
Bitch so pink, broke hoes freak me
B-Y-O-B came back, washed in my dreams
Missed it if you blink, smell the purp, she wink
Bad bitches R.S.V.P
Yes I gotta switch the swag four times a week (four times)
Mamma mia, I didn't even see her
New six-seater, would not wanna be yaWhen I land in the sand, where's my greeter?
Nothin' but divas, up in my cocina
Grab up hands, switch hands, don't just linger
Rock & Roll Hall of Fame, not a singer
Eating clams, rolling grams
The con man has other plans
Helipad, dizzy by the time I land
Helipad, I'm so done with first class
With a bag and a baddie like Selena
Mamma mia, cash flipping, tortilla
Through the path, to the stash where I post
I go via Sprinter or limousine-a
Get the clout, tuck my shirt, then I leave ya
So much dough, we hopped in the pizzeria
It's all good cause I'm smoking Aloe Vera
Next Top Model give me brain like neutrogena
Don't just tear up
Won't scream Ike and Tina
New Pagani and that big line greener
Through a smoke screen, they don't even see us
Kick my feet up, if they bust down, hoe, just sleaze up
When we got up out that slump, the grass was greener
Girls cheerleading, when they score, they try to cheat us
Wife-beaters and I'm sippin' Titos
Can't you tell? That shit was my niño
New Moschino (check), I'll take that on DeeBo (gimme that)
Golden boy, I'll hop out like I'm CeeLo (yes!)
Pardon my ego, they won't jack my SteeLo (no way!)
Bring the divas to the mansion in Encino (yeah, let's do it)
Say she fuck with the Sremms, she want G-Lo
Marshawn Lynch, bust a play, I'm in beast mode (beast mode)

Rock & Roll Hall of Fame like Mick Jagger (yeah, yeah)
R.I.P them but bet, we still counting badges (faster)
Diamond rings on my finger, I'm a bachelor (I'ma bachelor)
College dropout, got the money, that's my masters (fuck it)
Mamma mia, tu eres bonita
Nothing but divas, up in my cocina
Helipad, helipad, helipad (woo, woo)
I pay cash, I pay cash, I pay cash (Jxmm)When I land in the sand, where's my greeter?
Nothin' but divas, up in my cocina
Grab up hands, switch hands, don't just linger
Rock & Roll Hall of Fame, not a singer
Eating clams, rolling grams
The conman has other plans
Helipad, dizzy by the time I land
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Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/