

My dad never said I couldn't do something.

He'd never let me take the easy way.

He'd never let me say "I'll try,"

It was always "I will."

My dad never let me win,

He'd swat me at the rim,

He'd say "stay out of my kitchen."

I wanted to win.

I started studying the recipe for success.

I kept practicing til the paint was my kitchen,

Til it was my craft,

Til the words didn't phase me,

Til I knew they were the fuel to my fire.

At five years old, my dad taught me the kitchen was where you should be if you want to be successful-

If you want to serve.

You want me to stay in the kitchen?

Gladly.