

# Fried Chicken (feat. Busta Rhymes)

Nas

Uh, Lord, Lord Jah  
What I'm gonna do?  
Uh, Lord, Lord Jah  
Shit is all trueMmm, fried chicken, fly vixen  
Give me heart disease but need you in my kitchen  
You a bird but you ain't a ki  
Got wings but you can't fly away from meDrivin in your bucket seats all the way from Kentucky to fuck with  
me  
Look what you've done to me, was number one to me  
After you shower, you and your gold medal flour  
Then you rub your hot oil for 'bout a half an hourYou in your hot tub, I'm lookin at you salivatin  
Dry you off, I got your paper towel waitin  
Lay you down cause you're red hot  
Louisiana style you make my head rotThen I flock to the bed then plop  
When we done I need rest  
Don't know what part of you I love best  
Your legs or your breastMisses Fried Chicken  
You gon be a nigga's death  
Created by southern black women  
To serve massa, guestYou gon be a nigga's death  
Misses Fried Chicken  
You was my addiction  
Drippin wet hot, coalescedLike Greeks with their Souvla  
Or Italians with their tomato pasta  
Or Roti is to a Rasta, trappin me  
You and your friend mac and cheese[Incomprehensible] collard greens  
But you knockin me to my knees  
Its killin me when I miss, ah  
Nothin I need more than a fish fryShit, it taste good, I can't lie, it's like you're walkin out a tannin saloon  
When I pull you out the oven from bakin I got you on my mind  
Rubbin that sun tan lotion all up over your body  
So amazin, how you sparkle when I glaze, you swineHey, my pretty hand hot, its so feminine the way you  
submittin  
And how you gave me power, to massagin me to shower  
You with lemon water, marinate you and season  
And dippin you in chowderBaby, it's like you at the spa, the way you gently lay in the pan  
While you enjoyin you butter milk treatment  
I sit and watch the grease sizzle bubblin on your skin  
Despite the funny fragrance still I lick my finger frequentIn any event I'm reflectin on all the signs that I got

Sayin that I shouldn't fuck with you

But the way you taste made it hard to resist

When I put my mouth on you but that's another issueButterflies up in my stomach when I laid eyes on you

Or was it infection manifestin?

Confused over the feelin impatiently eatin you

[Incomprehensible] worm chewin on the wall of my intestineIma eat you til there's nothin left, until my very  
last breath

You gon be a nigga death, despite I prepare it the best

And specialize in cookin swine as a chef

You gon be a nigga deathWho cares if the swine is mixed with rats, cats and dogs combined

Yes, Ima eat the shit to death, ain't that some shit?

Ima eat some shit until what Im eatin kills me

And I choose to do that, why? Cause that's just what niggas do

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