

Chicken Box

Guttermouth

Hey blood come around
Come check out my part of town
I want to see you there tonight
But in my neighborhood
You know the chicken's good
I want to see the black men fight And now the time is here
Cold chicken, chitlens, beer
I want to see you there tonight
And now they come around
These soul food stands in town
Malt liquor seems to taste so right To the chicken stand we go
We're eating lots of greasy food.

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