

Fried Chicken (Feat. Busta Rymes)

Nas

[NaS]

Uh, lawd lawd Jah

What I'm gonna do? (What I'm gonna do?)

Uh, shhh, lawd lawd Jah

Hahaha

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 me

Driving in your bucket seats

From Kentucky

To fuck with me

Look what you done to me

Was number one to me!

After you shower

You and your gold medal flour

Then you rub on with hot oil for half an hour

You in your hot tub, I'm looking at you salivating

Dry you off, I got your paper towel waiting

Lay you down cause you're red hot

Louisiana style you make my head rot

Then I flock

To the bed then, "Plop"

When we done, I need rest

Don't know a part of you that I love best

Your legs or your breast

Misses Fried Chicken, you gon' be a nigga death

Created by southern black women

To serve massa, guest

You gon' be a nigga death

Misses Fried Chicken

You was my addiction

Dripping with cholest'

Like Greeks with his falafel

Or Italians with his to-mato

Pasta

Or roti is to a Rasta
Trapping me
You and your friend mac and cheese

Candy yams, collard greens
But you knocking me to my knees
It's killing me when I miss, ah

Nothing I need more than a fish fry[Busta Rhymes]

Shit, It taste good, I can't lie

It's like you're walking out a tanning saloon

When I pull you out the oven, from baking I got you on my mind

Rubbing that sun tan lotion all up over your body
So amazing, how you sparkle when I glaze you swine

Hey, my pretty hand hot, it's so feminine

The way you submitting

And how you gave me power

To massaging me to shower

You with lemon water

Marinate you with season you dipping you in chowder

Baby

It's like you at the spa

The way you gently

Lay in the pan

While you enjoying you butter milk treatment

I sit and watch the grease sizzle bubbling

On your skin

Despite the funny fragrance

Still I lick my finger frequent

In any event

I'm reflecting on all the signs saying that I got 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 issue

But it FLIES up in my stomach when I laid EYES on you

Was it infection manifesting?

Confused over the feeling impatiently eating you

Intestinal worm chewing on the walls of my intestine

I'ma eat you until there's nothing left

Til my very last breath

You gon be a nigga death

Despite your good appearance

Cooking swine as a chef

You gon be a nigga death

Who cares if the swine

Is mixed with rat, cat, and dog combined?

Yes, I eat the shit to deathAin't that some shit?

I'ma eat some shit

Until what I'm eating kills me! And I choose to do that

Why?

Cause that's just what niggas do

Songwriters

Ronson, Mark / Jones, Nasir / Smith, Trevor / Axelrod, Victor / Sugarman, Neal / Steinweiss, Homer / Stribling, Franklin / Brenneck, Thomas / Hendrickson-Smith, Ian / Guy, David / Movshon, Nick / Mann, BoscoPublished

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