# 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 felafel
Or Italians with his to-mato

Pasta
Or roti is to a RastaTrapping 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 by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group, UNIVERSAL MUSIC PUB GROUP, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/