

# Fried Chicken (Feat Busta Rhymes)

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 true Mmm, 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 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 death Ain'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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