

Fried Chicken

Nas

Uh, Lord, Lord Jah
What I'm gonna do?
Uh, Lord, Lord Jah
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
Drivin' 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 hour
You 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 rot
Then 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 breast
Misses Fried Chicken
You gon' be a nigga's death
Created by southern black women
To serve massa, guest
You gon' be a nigga's death
Misses Fried Chicken
You was my addiction
Drippin' wet hot, coalesced
Like 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
It's killin' me when I miss, ah
Nothin' I need more than a fish fry
Shit, 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 swine
Hey, my pretty hand hot, it?s 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 chowder
Baby, 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 frequent
In 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 issue
Butterflies 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 intestine
I?ma 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 death
Who cares if the swine is mixed with rats, cats and dogs combined
Yes, I?ma eat the shit to death, ain't that some shit?
I?ma eat some shit until what I?m eatin? kills me
And I choose to do that, why? ?Cause that's just what niggas do

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