

# Fried Chicken

## Ice-T

My heads been hurtin since 83'  
Since birth my mommas been afraid of me  
I was raised by the streets  
I was made to be a young nigga makein cash so easily  
I rolled into town full of playas and snitches  
Every nigga I know be down for riches  
OZ's, 8ths, kilos, and pounds  
Nigga just yo ass right out of bounds  
7 m-i-l-e's where I ride cause I roll through yo town like suicide  
If you see me on the streets gotta bloody pistol  
Triple beam OZ's get cut for crystal  
Might come to your town and I'll kill your crew  
Put a crack house right next door to you  
If I fucked your bitch man its all in the game  
I done nutted in her mouth and don't know her name  
Might come to your hood with my bad intentions  
To fuck all the bitches with the hair extensions  
If you see a nigga lookin to side of my ride  
Just look for the joint in my mouth and you can say I'm fried  
You can say I'm fried  
You can say I'm fried  
I got a track violation warrant for my rep  
To dope case bleedin to no contempt  
Had to beat a nigga ass at the liquor sto'  
Cause he said he wouldn't sell me alcohol no mo'  
Fuck that I gotta get my buzz and die  
Get high still DWI

What the fuck y'all know about a millionaire gettin money slappin hoes screamin I don't care

I'm the neighborhood crook screamin fuck the hook  
I'm the nigga that snatched yo mom's pocket book  
Wicked shit, shit don't stop forever  
Playa hatas hate me nigga whatever  
I be fuckin these hoes since 94'  
Screamin fuck these tricks in 96'  
Real life I'll life fuckin dikes hangin with Dice screamin what'd it be like  
Nigga ridin', high sidin, suicidein, muder-i-ing  
Nigga You can say I'm fried  
You can say I'm fried

You can say I'm fried  
I like money and everythin that comes with that  
I like pussy and big hoe asses fat  
I like hoes suck dick at a drop of a dime  
Put a gun in yo mouth and let it blow yo mind  
Bitch boy my names Esham for real  
Niggas still I kill for my dollar  
So real I'm out for the fortune and game  
Street politics, tricks, to cocaine  
Sittin' in a crack house earnin' my snaps  
Way before I was bustin em raps  
It's the c-o-c-a-i-n-e now lets niggas be dope on the m-i-c  
So fuck what you heard about me before I'm the same ol' nigga  
Esham's dough hoe

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