

That Chicken

Dyme A Duzin

Lay a nigga down for that chicken
Spray a couple rounds for that chicken
They don't play around for that
Fuck around and you get found for that
On Utica Utica, Utica Utica
Them shooters a shoot at ya, them shooters a shoot at ya
They move pharmaceuticals, come through and they'll tutor ya
No matter what you into, just always stay true to ya
Lifted, all of the time I'm so lifted
My mama crying I'm too gifted
Why are your lines so explicit?
You different
But I live it, all of this crime in my vision
Police just raided my sisters
Nephew & Niece in the system
Feeling like I got nobody
Wonder if I got the crew
But they don't really got nobody
So what we really got to lose?
If you scared go to mass, nigga
Some masked niggas in the back and the passenger
Strapped, they don't want jack but the cash from ya
But they shoot with accuracy if you acting up, Blasphemy
How we praying for a come up, tinted like shades in the summer
Totin' Ak's with a drummer
Outraged when police slay our brothers
Next week on the same street spraying one another nigga
Stress that's on my mind, Stress my sober mind
Though the hood is weak we find good & speak in these textures of the times
Trace sketches for the blind, shit webster don't define
If these record execs don't check for a nigga
For the check I'm loading mine, blow the nine
Lay a nigga down for that chicken
Spray a couple rounds for that chicken
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They move pharmaceuticals, come through and they'll tutor ya
No matter what you into, just always stay true to ya
I be with them drug dealers, most of them gang bang

All of us real niggas, all in the same game
They movin that product, my music that product
Slang dope for that change mayne, like who is Obama?
On Utica, Utica ya boo is on Utica
She hit my computer up, a few of them, few of us
Her chickens came through with her, ran through now
I'm through with her
Tell me how come all the flows be on dumb and they just getting stupider
Sheesh, switching lanes bitch
Vintage frames bihh
Rocking shit you never seen like it's plain shit
Been the man since lil Donnovan, took the dollar van down to plaza fam
Got'em staring like I never seen a Filipino goddess in the projects, damn
I remember bullets poppin outside the apartment us duckin & dodging them
I don't remember last night, I was high off klonopins and a lot xans
Chopping grams with my yardy man
Popping Molly in the promise land
Reddish tints behind my cartier's
Serving chickens out the carter, yeah
Lay a nigga down for that chicken
Spray a couple rounds for that chicken
They don't play around for that
Fuck around and you get found for that
On Utica Utica, Utica Utica
Them shooters a shoot at ya, them shooters a shoot at ya
They move pharmaceuticals, come through and they'll tutor ya
No matter what you into, just always stay true to ya I don't know why, I feel so fried
My tears are dry, till I lose my high
Feeling like I got nobody
Wonder if I got the crew
They don't really got nobody
We don't really got nobody I'm prepared to go along
Because if God is with me, I'm still the winner
It's just me and God, but it's a shame
That we are so corrupt, so in love with money
That we will sell out the future of our people for a dollar bill
Now what you gon' do when the dollar crashes that's on the way
For all of you who betrayed each other, kill each other for a dollar
Who are bought off by a dollar, well you gon' have to find another medium of exchange
Because the dollar in a little while won't be worth a dime
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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