Know Your Chicken

Cibo Matto

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Sixteen years ago, one day,
I was walking down the street
I was cruising in Brooklyn
You know what I mean?
Something was cooking,
But wasn't yet a chicken.There was a man,
Selling chicks in a box.
He said, "two for one, but three for two."
I said, "That's not bad,
Here's money for you."
One was magenta,
The other was blue.I know my chicken
You got to know your chicken
I know my chicken
You got to know your chicken
I know my chicken
You got to know your chicken
I know my chickenOne day, the blue one went away.
The other grew up fuckin' well.
She was noisy every night.
I had always chicken-bite.Then I met a lover
One night, she made me dinner.
Licking finger, I wondered
Where she got the chicken.
Then I met a lover.
One night, she made me dinner.
Licking finger, I wondered
where she got the chicken.I know my chicken
You got to know your chicken
I know my chicken
You got to know your chicken
I know my chicken

You got to know your chicken
I know my chicken
You got to know your chickenSpare the rod and spoil the chick
Before you go and shit a brick.
Spare the rod and spoil the chick
Before you go and shit a brick
Spare the rod and spoil the chick
Before you go and shit a brick
Spare the rod and spoil the chick
Before you go and shit a brickI know my chicken
You got to know your chicken
I know my chicken
You got to know your chicken
I know my chicken
You got to know your chicken
I know my chicken
You got to know your chickenShe went to college to study anatomy
I followed her father's butchery
We got two babies. Is it cool?
One was magenta, the other was blue.I know my chicken
You got to know your chicken
I know my chicken
You got to know your chicken
I know my chicken
You got to know your chicken
I know my chicken
You got to know your chicken
I know my chicken
You got to know your chicken

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