## **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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