

# Sell Chickens

## O.J. da' Juiceman

Chorus  
(x2)

I sell chickens  
They finger lickin  
Mash potatoes, french fries  
And they came with a biscuit  
Trap house a drive thru  
Dying to serve you

Ready to place your order or do you need a menu  
Culinary Art School dying to serve you  
In the kitchen cookin but this aint no damn school  
Aprons and beat up  
Pyrex and heat up  
Glass pot shawty  
I don't cook in no beaker  
Last time i did my shit like a speaker  
I lost my mind and picked up on reefer  
Right hand kept turnin  
Money was earnin  
Thousand blunt shawty so the kush we burnin  
I buy the jewelry  
Heads was turnin  
40 in my pants like Al Bundy  
Bottom of the valley yea had me bunkin  
Narcs was takin pictures but the J's kept comin  
Mash potatoes, french fries and biscuit one hundred  
Dope game gravy kept me countin the money

Chorus x2  
Verse 2

I sell chickens  
I make biscuits  
30 rack shawty come and get you a ticket  
Mine one hundred  
I dont do false business  
Ice hockey chest but I don't kick it  
I'm trap gifted  
I'm gone get it  
In my trap house got pounds of midget  
White miley cyrus  
Right by the fridgie  
Scale and soda you can really get it

Ready to place your order like Mrs Winner  
Pull around drive way serve you through a window  
2010 dawg man i had that grey though  
Swing the doors wit 40 cals come meet your grey dough  
Down to stretch a nigga like his name is Play-Dough  
32 E-N-T aint playin no game hoe  
Stackin this money  
Money stack like Legos  
If it was some chips you could call me Pringles  
I could sell a dime throw a stripper the singles  
Orange and black chain lookin like the Bengals  
When my car pass by all the kids holla bingo  
Ball up in the clubs man the hoes on my penis  
With they mouths open  
Like they drinkin semen  
Her phone keep beatin so i keep eatin  
Late night this hoe keep creepin  
He kept callin  
She actin sleepy

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