

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 Verse 1

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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