

# Sic' Em On a Chicken

## Zac Brown Band

Sic 'em on a chicken.  
Sic 'em on a chicken.  
Sic 'em on a chicken and watch them feathers flySic 'em on a chicken.  
Sic 'em on a chicken.  
Sic 'em on a chicken. Bring out the butter and the flour we're ready to fry.My dog Pete is the smallest dog of all  
the dogs in my yard  
He's a mean son' bitch  
Drinks Beam and water from a broken mason jarSic 'em on a chicken.  
Sic 'em on a chicken.  
Sic 'em on a chicken and watch them feathers flySic 'em on a chicken.  
Sic 'em on a chicken.  
Sic 'em on a chicken.  
Bring out the butter and the flour we're ready to fry.I heard this awful noise coming from the woods  
I heard chicken screams  
Know it ain't gonna be goodWell I think we lost the chicken  
Think we lost the chicken  
Think we lost the chicken because I just heard him cryThink we lost the chicken  
Think we lost the chicken  
Think we lost the chicken but you can get another one for a dollar 79In a couple of years his spurs have grown  
He wasn't safe to keep around the house  
When he almost took an eyeball from Lonny's son  
And I was sitting at home making fig preserves  
And I'd seen where that rooster kicked him in the eye  
And I knew that that was the day that chicken was going to get what he deservedSo I chased the chicken  
I chased the chicken  
I chased the chicken and Pete hit 'em from the sideI chased the chicken  
I chased the chicken  
I chased the chicken and me and Pete suppered on a home made chicken pot pieSic 'em on a chicken.  
Sic 'em on a chicken.  
Sic 'em on a chicken and watch them feathers flySic 'em on a chicken  
Get that chicken  
I can smell the kitchen and it's almost supper time

Songwriters

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