Chicken Grease

D'angelo

Let me tell ya 'bout the chicken grease
Stuffs and things to make the people get out ya seat
Everybody it's cool if you wanna clap your hands and stomp ya feet
Come on down to the front where you can feel the beat
From the left to the right, the back the middle and the front
Don't be uptight shake it off do what you want
Pump it in the club get a little bit a rub-a-dub
I know you love me 'cos I'm funky
'Cos I just wanna show you some love
Chicken grease
Chicken grease
To get to the otha side, y'all cross the road
But not the kid, see I'm like that old bucket of Crisco
That's sitting on top of the stove
Simmer to a sizzle like the days of old
But I'll wait till I've mastered this, let the others go first
So the brothers won't miss, fried till it's burned and crisp
Say we be cooking so the funksters can raise their fist like this
Now you know how it's goin' down
Start at your neck then through your back
Then it works its way down to your feet
So unique come on everybody let's dance to the beat
I just wanna put you down
I just want y'all to get down
Everybody come on
And get down to the chicken grease
If you wanna come on down to the front, baby yo, it's cool
Everybody fakin' the funk, I'ma put you in skool
Take a lesson from adolescent to man
I got the music and the instruments use 'em as my weapons at hand
Everybody on the floor if you listening to me
Clap your hands stomp your feet
I just wanna put you down
I just want y'all to get down
Everybody come on
And get down to the chicken grease
Chicken grease
Chicken grease
Chicken grease

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