

Chicken Grease (Nibori Edit)

D'Angelo

Let me tell you' 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 your feet
Come on down to the front where you can feel the beat
From the left to right, the back the middle and the front
Don't be uptight, shake it off do what u want
Pump it in the club get a little bit a rub-a-dub
I know you love me cause I'm funky cause I just wanna show you some loveChicken greaseTo get to the other
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 til I've mastered this, let the others go first
So the brothers won't miss
Fried til it's burned and crisp
Say we be cooking so the funksters can raise their fist like this
Now you know how its going 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 beatI just wanna put you down (yeah)
I just want you all to get down (yeah)
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 faking the funk
I'mma put you in school, take a lesson from adolescence 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 u down (yeah)
I just want ya all to get down (yeah)
Everybody come get down to the chicken grease (yeah)

Songwriters

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