Fried Chicken

Nas

Uh, Lord, Lord Jah
What I'm gonna do?
Uh, Lord, Lord Jah
Shit is all trueMmm, fried chicken, fly vixen
Give me heart disease but need you in my kitchen
You a bird but you ain't a ki
Got wings but you can't fly away from meDrivin in your bucket seats all the way from Kentucky to fuck with me
Look what you've done to me, was number one to me
After you shower, you and your gold medal flour
Then you rub your hot oil for 'bout a half an hourYou in your hot tub, I'm lookin at you salivatin
Dry you off, I got your paper towel waitin
Lay you down cause you're red hot
Louisiana style you make my head rotThen I flock to the bed then plop
When we done I need rest
Don't know what part of you I love best
Your legs or your breastMisses Fried Chicken
You gon be a nigga's death
Created by southern black women
To serve massa, guestYou gon be a nigga's death
Misses Fried Chicken
You was my addiction
Drippin wet hot, coalescedLike Greeks with their Souvla
Or Italians with their tomato pasta
Or Roti is to a Rasta, trappin me
You and your friend mac and cheese[Incomprehensible] collard greens
But you knockin me to my knees
Its killin me when I miss, ah
Nothin I need more than a fish fryShit, it taste good, I can't lie, it's like you're walkin out a tannin saloon
When I pull you out the oven from bakin I got you on my mind
Rubbin that sun tan lotion all up over your body
So amazin, how you sparkle when I glaze, you swineHey, my pretty hand hot, its so feminine the way you submittin
And how you gave me power, to massagin me to shower
You with lemon water, marinate you and season
And dippin you in chowderBaby, it's like you at the spa, the way you gently lay in the pan
While you enjoyin you butter milk treatment
I sit and watch the grease sizzle bubblin on your skin
Despite the funny fragrance still I lick my finger frequentIn any event I'm reflectin on all the signs that I got

Sayin that I shouldn't fuck with you
But the way you taste made it hard to resist
When I put my mouth on you but that's another issueButterflies up in my stomach when I laid eyes on you
Or was it infection manifestin?
Confused over the feelin impatiently eatin you
[Incomprehensible] worm chewin on the wall of my intestineIma eat you til there's nothin left, until my very last breath
You gon be a nigga death, despite I prepare it the best
And specialize in cookin swine as a chef
You gon be a nigga deathWho cares if the swine is mixed with rats, cats and dogs combined
Yes, Ima eat the shit to death, ain't that some shit?
Ima eat some shit until what Im eatin kills me
And I choose to do that, why? Cause that's just what niggas do

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/