

# Know Your Chicken

Cibo Matto

Sixteen years ago, one day,  
I was walking down the street  
I was cruising in Brooklyn  
You know what I mean?  
Something was cooking,  
But wasn't yet a chicken.

There was a man,  
Selling chicks in a box.  
He said, "two for one, but three for two."  
I said, "That's not bad,  
Here's money for you."  
One was magenta,  
The other was blue.

I know my chicken  
You got to know your chicken  
I know my chicken  
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I know my chicken  
You got to know your chicken  
I know my chicken

One day, the blue one went away.  
The other grew up fuckin' well.  
She was noisy every night.  
I had always chicken-bite.

Then I met a lover  
One night, she made me dinner.  
Licking finger, I wondered  
Where she got the chicken.  
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One night, she made me dinner.  
Licking finger, I wondered  
where she got the chicken.

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Spare the rod and spoil the chick  
Before you go and shit a brick.  
Spare the rod and spoil the chick  
Before you go and shit a brick  
Spare the rod and spoil the chick  
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She went to college to study anatomy  
I followed her father's butchery  
We got two babies. Is it cool?  
One was magenta, the other was blue.

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