

Fried Chicken

Nas

What I'm gonna do? Shit is all true

Hmm... 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 me
Driving in your bucket seats
All the way from Kentucky to fuck with me
Look what you done to me, was number one to me
After you shower, you and your gold metal flour
Then you rub your hot oil for about a half an hour
You in your hot tub I'm looking at you salivating
Dry you off I got your paper towel waiting
Lay you down cause you're red hot
Louisiana style you make my head rot
Then 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 breast
Mrs. Fried Chicken, you gonna be a nigga death
Created by southern black women to serve massa' guest
You gonna be a nigga death
Mrs. Fried Chicken you was my addiction
Dripping with hot cholest-
Like Greeks with his falafel, Italian with his to-mato pasta
What roti is to a rasta
Trapping me; You and your friend mac' and cheese
Candy yams collard greens but you knocking me to my knees
It's killing me when I'm this high
Nothing I need more than a fish fry

Shit it taste good I can't lie
It's like you're walking out the tanning saloon
When I pull you out the oven from baking I got you on my mind
Rubbing that sun tan lotion all up over your body
So amazing how you sparkle when I glaze you swine
Hey my pretty hand hot
It's so feminine the way you submitted and how you gave me power
To massaging me to shower you with lemon water
Marinate you with seasoning and dipping you in chowder
Baby it's like you at the spa the way you gently lay in the pan
While enjoying your butter milk treatment
I sit and watch the grease sizzle bubbling on your skin
Despite the funny fragrance still I lick my finger frequent
In any event, I'm reflecting on all the signs
That I got saying that I shouldn't fuck with you
But the way you that you would taste made you hard to resist
When I put my mouth on you but that's another issue
Butterflies up in my stomach, when I laid eyes on you
Or was it infection manifesting
Confused over the feeling, impatiently eating you
Trichina worm chewing on the wall of my intestine
I'm a eat you until there's nothing left
Until my very last breath, you gonna be a nigga death
Despite I prepare it the best specialize in cooking swine as a chef
You gonna be a nigga death
Who cares if the swine is mixed with rat, cat and dog combined

Yes, I'm a eat the shit to death

Ain't that some shit

I'm a eat some shit until what I'm eating kills me

And I choose to do that, why?

'Cause that's just what niggas do