

**Nas f/ Busta Rhymes****"Fried Chicken"**

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What I'm gonna do? Shit is all true

[Nas]

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 inside  
Nothing I need more than a fish fry

[Busta Rhymes]

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  
But it flies 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 niggaz do

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