

Busta Rhymes "Fried Chicken"

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Uh, Lord, Lord Jah
What I'm gonna do?
Uh, Lord, Lord Jah
Shit is all true

Mmm, 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

Drivin'™ 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 hour

You 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 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

Misses Fried Chicken
You gon'™ be a nigga's death
Created by southern black women
To serve massa, guest

You gon'™ be a nigga's death
Misses Fried Chicken
You was my addiction
Drippin'™ wet hot, coalesced

Like 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
It's killin' me when I miss, ah
Nothin' I need more than a fish fry

Shit, 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
swine

Hey, my pretty hand hot, it's 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 chowder

Baby, 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
frequent

In 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 issue

Butterflies 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
intestine

I'm ma 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 death

Who cares if the swine is mixed with rats, cats and
dogs combined
Yes, I'm ma eat the shit to death, ain't that some shit?
I'm ma eat some shit until what I'm eatin' kills
me
And I choose to do that, why? Cause that's just

what niggas do

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