

Frisco Kid

"Who Stole My Last Piece of Chicken?"

Visit "[Who Stole My Last Piece of Chicken?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Of all the things my momma used to cook;
I liked.." "Chicken!"

[Richard Pryor]

You know that chicken I put in the refridgerator last
night?
Well I expect to find it when I get home, or else!

[Pharoahe Monch]

Damn it really hurts my heart to remember these
(remember these)
Days way back, in the seventies (seventies)
The only AIDS you used to know was Kool-AIDS
Corn-bread, corn-rows, and corn-br-AIDS
Pull up a chair, read a book like Dr. Seuss
Peel off the skin, eat all the meat
Nibble on the bone, and then suck the goo
Man if my mother was the Colonel, her chicken woulda
sold
It even taste better THE NEXT DAY COLD
Chick-chicken.. chick-chick-chick-chicken
When I collect my thoughts I recollect
I used to listen to my moms (to my mommy)
"Damn it!" everyday,
"Boy you better clean up your room before you go
outside and play"

[Prince Poetry]

Yo Monch you can remember when we used to play
skelly way back
Blastin wax, side or tops, Prince don't play that
Uh-oh, it's six o'clock, I'm late for dinner
If my girl wasn't his girl, I was definitely in her
Got in them print skirts (yo you was feenin for a chicken
fix)
Ran in the kitchen and put my finger in the cornbread
mix
..
Mom yells dinner's ready, cause she's the boss
All I needed was my ketchup, and my hot sauce
and my, cornbread, now I'm, ready to dig in

Pick the meat off the bone, and then I ate the skin

[Richard Pryor]

But I'll tell you, what my mother would say..

"Somebody stole my piece of chicken!" ...

But I'll tell you, what my mother would say..

"Somebody stole my piece of chicken!"

[Pharoahe Monch]

Round (up) round (up) one (two) three

I'm fresh out of the batch, and you can't catch me

Mrs. Mary Mac, all dressed in black

She's rather fat, and she, carries a bat

She's the nosiest lady on the block when it's hot

Cops get shot when we played SWAT

but no one never died though, we just cried

Only to laugh again when my moms made fried..

[Prince Poetry]

chicken barbecues in the summer was the move

Whoo! Hah hah, hah hah hah, Grand Groove

was the jam Grandmaster Vic played in the park

past the dark, I seen the spark, so did me, Troy and

Mark

Went to the rib shack, ordered chicken and the collard

greens but there's no money left in my wallet

But I kept fifty cents for my juice (word?)

Now we would go to Troy's house and get loose (uhh)

..

[Pharoahe Monch]

I'm.. just.. looking out of the window (window)

Watching the asphalt grow (grow) slow (slow)

My best friend, was a G.I. Joe

although he had bald spots in his afro

Play with the kids your own age, that's what they used

to tell us

I got jealous, when we couldn't run with the big fellas

Bullies on the block used to beat us

I was quick as a cat, in fact, I was a cheetah

Es-pecially when we played, follow the leader

Little Suzy May Robinson used to play

show and tell with my peter

..

[Prince Poetry]

I used to rock my British Walkers to church

After the choir sang the preacher started to preach

so I had to search

for a pen and some paper to keep myself occupied

But the aroma from the kitchen came and sat by my

side

and said, "MmmmmMMM! You know I smell good"

I said to myself, "Please oh please reverend now would
you speed up the sermon so I can determine
whether I'ma have peas or collars greens
with my chicken that I'm yearnin"
Turnin to the usher in the back, whispering,
"Please keep the chicken monster from coming
through
the crack of the door!" Later at the table
moms popped my hand until it was sore
Cause I ate the chicken, before
the preacher said grace, but I'm ready to go for self
But there's not one piece of chicken on the table left
(What happened to that wing man?)
(Where that chicken go?)
Chick-chick-chick-chicken
(Where that chicken go?)
Chick-chick-chick-chicken
Chick-chick-chick-chicken
Chick-chick-chick-chicken

[Richard Pryor]

You know that chicken I put in the refridgerator last
night?

Well I expect to find it when I get home, or else!

But I'll tell you, what my mother would say..

"Somebody stole my piece of chicken!"

"I didn't take your chicken Pop"

[Prince Poetry]

Just wait til I get home, cause ain't no chicken left

(hey that's cool)

Miss Clarabell took the last piece of chicken

(that's cool!)

Visit [Frisco Kid](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.