

Zac Brown Band "Sick 'em On A Chicken"

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Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken and watch them feathers fly

Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken. Bring out the butter and the flour
we're ready to fry.

My dog Pete is the smallest dog of all the dogs in my
yard
He's a mean son' bitch
Drinks Beam and water from a broken mason jar

Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken and watch them feathers fly

Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken.
Bring out the butter and the flour we're ready to fry.

I heard this awful noise coming out of the woods
I heard chicken screams
and knew it wasn't gonna be good

Well I think we lost the chicken
Think we lost the chicken
Think we lost the chicken because I just heard a cry

I think we lost the chicken
I think we lost the chicken
but you can get another one for a dollar 79

In a couple of years his spurs have grown
He wasn't safe to keep around the home
And he almost took an eyeball from Lonny's son
And I was in the kitchen making fig preserves
And I heard that young 'un getting kicked in the face
And I knew that that was the day that that rooster's
gonna get what he deserves

So I chased the chicken
I chased the chicken
I chased the chicken and Pete hit 'em from the side

I chased the chicken
I chased the chicken
Me and Pete suppered on a home made chicken pot pie

Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken and watch them feathers fly

Sic 'em on a chicken
Get that chicken
I can smell the kitchen and it's almost supper time

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