

Project Pat "Chicken Head"

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Chorus]

Bwok bwok, chicken chicken

Bwok bwok, chicken heads (boy please whateva)

Bwok bwok, chicken chicken

Bwok bwok, chicken heads

[x4]

[Project Pat]

Bald-head scala-wag

Ain't got no hair in back

Gelled up weaved up

Yo hair is messed up

Need to get bout' a hustle mission

Get up on loot run to beautician

Run game until the game is gravy

That don't mean spend cheese fa tha baby

(bwok bwok) on a stalk stalk for a bootleg

(bwok bwok) pretty walk walk givin out head

Ain't a thang eat a chicken wang

Got some gold teeth

At da club tryin ta shake that thang

Tryin ta get piece

Chicken chicken always into some dumb shit

Shoulda paid ya light bill

You bought a outfit

Stay at ya mammy house

And keep a smart mouth

Its Project Pat Memphis Tenn represent tha south

So pass tha dro-dro and we gone stay tickin

Full of that mo mo holla at a chicken

[Chorus]

[La Chat]

Yeah you like my outfit

Don't even fake the deal

I thought you said you had your girl on the light bill

[Project Pat]

Always in my face

Talkin this and that

Girl i had to buy some rims for da Cadillac

[La Chat]

You ride clean

But ya gas tank is on E

Be stepping out ain't got no decent shoes on ya feet

[Project Pat]

That's just the meter broke
Youn't know'cha talkin bout
Anyway them new Jordans finna come out

[La Chat]

Hate ta see you in a club
Ya mobbin wit a mug
Knowin that you ridin wit ya boy
You nothing but a scrub

[Project Pat]

But he was with me
That's when you hated
Cause when i got up on ya friend ya damn-near fainted

[La Chat]

I sho did
In our face drankin on that "yak"
Moutth fulla golds but yo ass need some tic tacs

[Project Pat]

What? you need some gum
Breath like some thunder
What you lookin at
I don't want yo phone number
(boy please whateva)

[Chorus]

[Dj Paul]

Now these chicken head hoes see this platinum thick as
white gold
See the 20 inch Pirelli's roll
Mane thank the vogues
Dodgin all my foes
Ridin Cady truck wit dvd
A flock of broads follow me
From the club to break they knees
Knowin that's all i want
Straight out tha club
Tha rest ain't smellin right
The last thang on they mind is freshin up
Its goin down tonight
Weave in they head
Weed in they purse
Still crunk

Baby seats all across the back wit clothes in the trunk

[Juicy J]

I been known to hold my own
I been known to ride on chrome
I been known to flip a platinum watch wit the diamond
stones
I'm the fool supplyin tha dro
I'm tha fool supplyin tha blow
I'm tha playa who got u chicken heads knockin at my do
Tellin me that you diggin me

Tellin me i'm yo man to be
Girlfriend it's gona cost a fee
Get yo rags and work that streets
Pay ya boy and make me rich
So we keep them swisher's lit
Pay yo fees we count them g's
Cashin it from all you chicks
[Chorus

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