

Matto Cibo

"Know Your Chicken"

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16 years ago, one day - I was walking down the street -
I was cruising in
Brooklyn - You know what I'm saying? - Something was
cooking - but,
wasn't yet a chicken - There was a man - selling chicks
in a box - He
said, "2 for 1, but 3 for 2" - I said, "That's not bad -
here's money for you"
One was magenta, the other was blue - I KNOW MY
CHICKEN - YOU
GOT TO KNOW YOUR CHICKEN - One day, the blue one
went away
The other grew up fuckin' well - She was noisy every
night - I had always
chicken-bithe - Then I met a lover - One night, she
made me dinner
Licking finger, I wondered - where she got the chicken -
I KNOW MY
CHICKEN - YOU GOT TO KNOW YOUR CHICKEN -Spare
the rod and
spoil the chick - before you go and shit a brick - I KNOW
MY CHICKEN
YOU GOT TO KNOW YOUR CHICKEN - She went to
college to study
anatomy - I followed her father's butchery - We got 2
babies. Isn't it cool?
One is Magenta, the other is Blue - I KNOW MY CHICKEN
- YOU GOT TO
KNOW YOUR CHICKEN

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