

## **Notorious B.I.G. F/ Too \$hort**

### **"Dead Rubber Chickens"**

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Are you ready for the terror of a lifetime  
Lock all your windows, stay in the house at night time  
Comin' to your home from the sewers  
They came from outer space and they're bouncing to a  
town near yours  
This is the attack of the chickens  
They've been here for years, but we didn't know we  
were with 'em  
Maybe now they might just understand  
That the chickens are the cause of the problems in this  
glorious land  
Discovered by a doctor in Brazil  
They might make you sick or they might just kill  
So face it, it's true  
As reported by the National Enquirer direct to you

It's the attack of the dead rubber chickens  
You can't get rid of 'em you can't live with 'em  
Blame everything on the dead rubber chickens  
'Cause this time it's them who'll do the finger lickin'

Try not to acknowledge that you know  
'Cause if they find out they'll peck out your eyes real  
slow  
Be happy that the chickens never flew  
'Cause as it is now they're tryin' to take over the home  
of Frank Purdue  
Take a look around you won't see 'em  
But the next time your car breaks down you can blame  
'em,  
know what I mean  
The White House keeps 'em on as a guide  
'Cause they think that if they step outta line  
they'll just make Kentucky Fried  
But the truth couldn't be so bent  
'Cause the chickens now control this nation's  
government  
They're monsters, they're dead  
If you see 'em don't get too close they'll peck off your  
head

It's the attack of the dead rubber chickens  
Everyday they grow stronger and the rubber plot  
thickens  
Blame everything on the dead rubber chickens  
They'll stick to your family like a booger you've been  
flickin'

The chickens are controlling Mr. Rogers  
And they're forming their own baseball team called the  
Tobasco Dodgers  
King of sell-out rap and rock  
They're the masterminds behind the sucess of the  
New Kids On The Block  
That's an example of their power  
They're small and yellow, but they make the powerful  
cower  
The day of the chickens has come  
And it's time we faught 'em instead of runnin' around  
like bums  
Get 'em now because more are coming  
Maybe we can turn 'em into condoms or something  
This is it, their pen  
The National Enquirer says that they're coming back  
again

The attack of the dead rubber chickens  
They clog your toilet and blow up your kitchen  
Blame everything on the dead rubber chickens  
Serve 'em on a platter with all the fixens

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