

# All the Chickens

Cam'ron

All the chickens go cluck, cluck, cluck When i come through  
All the chickens go cluck, cluck, cluck  
When i drive through  
All the chickens go cluck, when i  
All the chickens go cluck, when i  
All the chickens go cluck, when i, yo, yo

I'm that one cat that the hood be lovin  
They way i floss, why'all chickens, should be cluckin  
One bird chirp, got blunt wit me  
She work up at starbuck, front on me  
I said chill baby girl, you a real dirty chick  
Fucked up bad, real, real, thirsty chick  
You just chop, called you karate chick  
Fuck with me, i make you somebody bitch  
Like your sister, she was just a crack chick  
Now heads turn, yo, yo who dat bitch?  
Like cam is a son of a bitch  
That'll tell a girl, ma, wash under your tits  
But i, got a girl, we all call her "licka"  
'cause she drink liquor, let another girl lick her  
If you licky, licky, we all could play  
But i don't eat nothing that can walk away, killa

When i come through...  
When i drive through...  
Uh, one mo', when my jewelry shine...  
All the chickens go, all the chickens go, all the chickens go...

Now if you been to the hood, you dealt wit a chicken before  
And you know that they different than whores  
Same rules, never put your dick in 'em raw  
But a chicken you could have out, pitchin 'em raw  
'cause she listen, been through it, did it before  
But you gotta watch 'em close 'cause they blab they mouth  
Never punch 'em in they face just slap they mouth  
Then fuck her til she cluck her whole basket out  
Send her home wit her ass ripped out, and her back hurtin'  
She want to act like she don't know why her back hurtin'  
Cab fare no, hope your train pass workin'  
Hope you got a metro card or a token  
They all love sayin if you lickin you stickin  
But just 'cause i eat chicken don't mean i eat chickens  
And they love when i don't stop, keep diggin  
Make 'em want to cluck more, make 'em want to fuck more

Uh, uh, killa, uh, uh, what, uh  
When i come through...  
Oh, uh, what, uh, when i drive through...  
Uh, uh, uh, when my jewels shine...  
All the chickens, all the chickens, all the chickens

Ayo one time came through, grabbed me a chicken  
Took l advice, slap me a chicken  
But my girl don't need no type of brains  
Just get down, gimme some type of brains  
And i'm never gonna have no damn wife to claim

But if your head right i might ice your chain

It's a shame how why'all chicks admire the jewels  
Niggas wearin white gold why'all inspired them fools  
But i'ma tell you chicks once  
Only thing you gon' get from juelz is dick and some big blunts  
And if you don't smoke guess it's just dick  
But don't worry baby it's about this thick

Uh, when i come through...  
Yo, it's like you know, if my watch is \$50,000...  
My chain is \$45,000...  
My pinky ring is \$25,000...  
The year of my car, match the year that it is  
What you expect a chicken to fuckin do?  
why'all doin the right thing ma keep cluckin  
'cause i'ma keep shinin, keep cluckin  
Uh, when i come through...  
When i drive through...

[cluck to the end]