

# CHICKENS

Future

Whoa, whoa (Wheezy outta here)

Whoa, whoa

Whoa, whoa

Keep all my money, chicken

Whoa, whoa

Married my money, chicken

Whoa, whoa

Chickens, chickens (Put up the rings)

Chickens, chickens

Chickens, chickens (Pour that 'deine)

Chickens, chickens

All I talk is chickens, chickens (All I, all I talk 'bout racks)

Chickens, chickens

Chickens, chickens

Kitchen

Sit down and stay down until you come up

Go fuck an M&M up on the truck

Snatch up a Bentley truck just off the row

Without this Richard, my swag up to par

Over three M&Ms just on the car

Ballin' like every day, night 'til tomorrow

Give me a Sprite, I'ma fill it up with dope

Totin' the fire, nigga, I hope you don't choke

What you do? Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

Hundred bitches, they calling me Chamberlain

New millennium, look like an alien

Put a mil' on the scale, gotta weigh 'em in

I take off, see the fire out the tail end

Tell the troops up and load up a caravan

I maneuver, but I got a ratchet

Had the bulletproof whip, we'll crash it (Crash it)

When you dealing with demons, we careless

Different levels to hitters and bad bitches

I was geekin', I smashed on a catfish

I was leanin' and stopped all the Xanax

I been meanin' to cut back on ecstasy

I been thinkin' 'bout findin' an exit

On the E-way, I know you can't catch me

Ain't go nowhere without pourin' the Tuss' up

Get together in leather and cut it up

Black foreign automobiles, Wakanda

And ain't goin' nowhere, we fuckin' this shit up every single summer

Like when I was sellin' coke inside the trenches, know a nigga go bonkers

(Wheezy outta here)

How you gettin', nigga, what you doin'?

Chicken, chickens

Chickens, chickens

Chicken, chicken

Chicken

All I want is chicken, chicken

Chickens, chickens

Chickens, chickens

Chicken, yeah

Pluto been fuckin' this shit up, goin'  
Yeah, I ain't goin' nowhere without my tool

Yeah, you ain't got no sack, you rappin' 'bout your partner pack  
On me even OT like I don't know how to lack  
This ain't '03, I ain't Jeezy, leave with it, can't bring it back  
Slime language, phone might be tapped  
Five racks make her lay on her back  
Pop me another one, try and relax  
Save the opinions, I just want the facts  
Do your opps die? Yeah, all the goddamn time  
Do them shots fly? Yeah, arm, chest, neck, mind  
How much more I gotta buy to get the price to twenty-five?  
I'm the real thing, I been a plug, can get it to you still  
This that pure 'caine, you add the soda, it won't fuck up the feel  
Used to cook Hank, the vinegar, it swell, keep the smell  
Take a heap from out that block, I know his drop 'cause he can't tell  
On my block, yeah, I'm like Pac, but I ain't dyin' or goin' to jail  
Used to serve lows with my pops, he had the spots, I had the mail  
I found life inside a pie, a bust down AP watch as well  
She know I'm rich but sittin' here pissed like she ain't leaving 'til I pay  
her, crazy

Chickens  
Chickens, chickens  
Chicken (Wheezy outta here), chicken  
Chicken  
All I want is chicken, chicken  
Chickens, chickens  
Chickens, chickens  
Chicken, yeah

Pluto been fuckin' this shit up, goin'  
Yeah, I ain't goin' nowhere without my tool

Yeah, yeah, chicken  
Yeah, kitchen, yeah, yeah