

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, yeah