

Don't Count Your Chickens (before They Hatch)

Honey Cone

Don't count your chickens before they hatch
No, no, no, you better treat me like a lady
You ain't got my lovin' yet
Don't count your chickens before they hatch
No, no, no, you better treat me with respect
Or my love you'll never get

Hey, Mr. Big Shot, what you putting down
Lately when I need you, you're nowhere to be found
(What you putting down)
I heard it through the grapevine,
You've been cheatin' love
'Cause what you see you ain't got
Until you'll respect my love

I ain't no pushover
I got a bird in the bushes, too
Don't be too over-confident
That bird may not be you

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You're gonna blow a good thing
You think I'm under your thumb
One day you'll snap your finger, and I will fail to come
(You weren't the only one)
You break to your men friends to make yourself look tall
When I leave, they'll laugh at you
And on your knees you crawl

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Oh! Oh, oh, oh!
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