

# 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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