

Chicken

Mark Battles

I'm a real deep thinker, you know?
Sometimes it don't even be about nothing serious
I'm just real observant; and I know this
Why do you niggas be hatin' man?

Baby mama's tripping cause I'm on a mission
Nigga on the grind
Trying to hustle for the chicken
I ain't really tripping, dog, I'm with it if you with it
Man I ain't worry 'bout a hater in a minute
Take it to the limit, I mean, why not
I really had to earn everything I got
Look back at 'em and I said, "bye, bye"
Laughing at these niggas like, "ha! ha!"

Why you worshiping money? What's close to a nigga
All hooks, no bars, I'm exposing you niggas
Scared to fall in love, they just ho's to a nigga
Hit it one time, she propose to a nigga
Let me get a chance
Fifteen my brother dies, wasn't in the plans
Step-pops in the fans so I've been the man
I'ma keep killing beats, let them niggas dance
Thinkin of the times I was starvin'
Homeless for my daughter but the pain make me harder
Jumping off the bench cause the game need a starter
Current top five bring my name up regardless
Bro you know you flow trashy
I don't like you nigga if you want it then get at me
Pretty boy style but I keep the hair nappy
Turn Kylie to a women
Have her stuntin' like her daddy
Got the hustle of an athlete
Keep your mind subtle you in trouble if you lackin'
It's practice, double up the madness
A budget for the fashion and a hundred for the taxes
Obama tryin' to jack us
Die for my tribe man these niggas got it backwards
No love for these bastards
Or for my ex she ain't never been a factor

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From Afghanistan where you never get a chance
And the rest of the world treats you lesser then a man
Doing what I can but the pressure in the plan
Homeless with a child, had to dress her in the Van
You wouldn't understand so just call me what I am
I ain't talkin' 'bout Drake, my nigga, Aubrey got the Grams

Tomorrow's never promised so I party with the fam
I need it more then you, I'm so sorry for this man
I'm feeling blessed lately, selling out shows
Now the ho's wanna date me
You don't like me now, I'ma probably make you hate me
Made my mamma proud, give a hell what you rate me
Yeah, now it's back to the basics
He gave me the vision, thankin' God for the Lasik
Praise every quote, so close, I can taste it
All I know is three's, 'tell them niggas learn the language
I met a chick out in Portland
Face wasn't nothin' but her lips were enormous
Tits made her gorgeous
The hips was proportional
Only call me daddy, think I turned her to an orphan
We gonna end up with a fortune
Scoop your gal up cause the engine full of horses
I pray we make it to the morning
Album number one, you can take it as a warning

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