

Chicken

Sleepy Hallow

Chicken wing, chicken wing, hot dog and bologna, chicken and macaroni, chill in' with my homies (It's Great John beats baby)
(Great John on the beat by the way)
Chicken-chicken wing, chicken wing, hot dog and bologna, chicken and macaroni, chillin' with my homies
I'm doing shit you imagine, ayy
I used to trap, flip, we doing shit you imagine, ayy

I used to trap, flip, we doing shit you imagine, ayy
Ran up at Saks Fifth, I spent a brick on the fashion
My body different, that's all she could say when we kick it
I just seen the opps, had them dodging and dippin'
Popped a Perc' and that shit had me trippin', ayy
Run up, ayy (Run Up), I get you done up
I ain't trusting a soul, that's a set up
Told lil' bro let off shots, never let up
If they slip then we slide, get wet up
You ain't really outside, then shut up
No, you can't sit with the gang, gotta get up
Pull up with gang, we got fifty or better, ayy
Fuck around make it hot in December
I know my heart cold, I was born in the winter
And this ice on my neck make 'em shiver
Told lil' mama come fuck with a winner
Had my shooters pull up in the sprinter
Boy you food, then we looking for dinner
They can't see in this whip 'cause it's tinted, I'm smokin' on dope, this is not for beginners, ayy

We getting chicken, chicken
That's the reason why she's splittin', lickin', ayy
You know they don't love you, hey
They just tryna get the riches, ayy
Get it (Huh), flip it, if he talking down I'ma lift it
Niggas participating in snitching, you can't take the heat better get out the kitchen

Ain't no contemplating, get to clicking
You know I'm picky, don't know who I'm picking
(Sleepy why you outside of this club?)
Cause they said we can't get the grip in
No feeling, John gon' cook up the beat, I'ma kill it
I can't fuck with the fake, I'm the realest
Big EBK, shoot your shot, then we dippin'
Ayy, boy we steppin'
If he move incorrect, I correct him
He get popped like a cork when we test him
Rap with the opps, we throw shots at the session
Ayy, that suppresser
Rubber band on the clip, I'ma stretch him
Rubber band on the bread when I check in
Drop me the addy, I bet I address it
Ayy, never stressin'
Just make sure that I get all my credit
We shoot bullets like butter, we spreading
All over blocks at the opps 'till we bloody
Ayy, never settin'

Choppa burn him like Usher, I let it
If he beef with the gang, ain't no deady
It ain't no peace with the gang, that's a lesson, ayy

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cihc ,gniw nekcihc-nekcihc
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