

# Chris Brown, Chickenhead

(chorus)

bwok bwok, chicken chicken  
bwok bwok, chicken heads (boy please whateva)  
bwok bwok, chicken chicken  
bwok bwok, chicken heads  
(x4)

(Project Pat)

Bald-head skally-wag, ain't got no hair in back  
Gelled up weaved up, yo hair is messed up  
Need to get bout a hustle mission  
Get up on loot run to beautician  
Run game until the game is gravy  
That don't mean spend cheese fo tha baby  
(bwok bwok) on a stalk stalk for a bootleg  
(bwok bwok) pretty walk walk givin out head  
Ain't a thang eat a chicken wang  
Got some gold teeth, at the club tryna shake that thang  
Tryna get a piece, chicken chicken always into some dumb shit  
Shoulda paid ya light bill, you bought a outfit  
Stay at ya mammy house and keep a smart mouth  
It's Project Pat Memphis Tenn represent the South  
So pass tha dro-dro and we gone stay tickin  
Full of that mo'-mo' holla at a chicken

Chorus

(La Chat)

Yeah you like my outfit, don't even fake the deal  
I thought you said you had your girl on the light bill

(Project Pat)

Always in my face talkin this and that  
Girl I had to buy some rims for da Cadillac

(La Chat)

You ridin clean but ya gas tank is on E  
Be steppin out ain't no descent shoes on ya feet

(Project Pat)

That's just the meter broke youn't know'cha talkin bout  
Anyway them new Jordans finna come out

(La Chat)

Hate see ya in a club, ya mobbin wit a mug

Knowin that ya ridin wit ya boy, ya nothin but a scrub

(Project Pat)

But he was with me, that's when you hated  
cause when I got up on ya friend ya damn-near fainted

(La Chat)

I sho did in our face drankin on that "yak"  
Mouth fulla gold but yo ass need some Tic-Tacs

(Project Pat)

What? You need some gum, breathe like some thunder  
What you lookin at? I don't want yo phone number  
(boy please whateva)

Chorus

(Dj Paul)

Now these chickenhead hoes see this platinum thick as white gold  
See the 20 inch Pirelli's roll mane thank the vogues  
Dodgin all my foes ridin Caddy truck wit dvd  
A flock of broads follow me from the club to break they knees  
Knowin that's all I want straight out the club  
The rest ain't smellin right the last thang on they mind is freshin up  
It's goin down tonight, weave in they head  
Weed in they purse, still crunk  
Baby seats all across the back wit clothes in the trunk

(Juicy J)

I been known to hold my own  
I been known to ride on chrome  
I been known to flip a platinum watch wit the diamond stones  
I'm the fool supplyin tha dro  
I'm the fool supplyin tha blow  
I'm the playa who got u chicken heads knockin at my do  
Tellin me that you diggin me  
Tellin me I'm yo man to be  
Girlfriend its gone cost a fee  
Get yo ass and work the streets  
Pay ya boy and make me rich  
So we keep them swisher's lit  
Pay yo fees we count them G's  
Cashin it from all you chicks

Chorus