## Future, Chickens (feat. EST Gee)

Woah, woah (Wheezy outta here)
Woah, woah
Woah, woah
Keep all my money, chicken
Woah, woah
Married my money, chicken
Woah, woah

Chickens, chickens (Put up the rings)
Chickens, chickens
Chickens, chickens (Pour that 'deine)
Chickens, chickens
All I talk it is chickens, chickens (All I, all I talk 'bout racks)
Chickens, chickens
Chickens, chickens
Kitchen

Sit down and stay down until you come up Go fuck an M&M up on the truck Snatch up a Bentley truck just off the row Without this Richard, my swag up to par Over three M&Ms just on the car Ballin' like everyday, night 'til tomorrow Give me a Sprite, I'ma fill it up with dope Totin' the fire, nigga, I hope you don't choke What you do? Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey All the bitches, they calling me Chamberlain New millennium, look like an alien Put a mil' on the scale, gotta weigh 'em in I take off, see the fire out the tail end Tell the troops up and load up a caravan I maneuver, but I got a ratchet Had the bulletproof whip, we'll crash it (Crash it) When you dealing with demons, we careless Different levels to hitters and bad bitches I was geekin', I smashed on a catfish I was leanin' and stopped all the Xanax I been meanin' to cut back on ecstasy I been thinkin' 'bout findin' an exit On the E-way, I know you can't catch me Ain't go nowhere without pourin' the Tuss' up Get together in leather and cut it up Black foreign automobiles, Wakanda And ain't goin' nowhere, we fuckin' this shit up every single summer Like when I was sellin' coke inside the trenches, know a nigga go bonkers (Wheezy outta here) How you gettin', nigga, what you doin'?

Chicken, chickens
Chickens, chickens
Chicken, chicken
Chicken
All I want it is chicken, chicken
Chickens, chickens
Chickens, chickens
Chicken, yeah

Pluto been fuckin' this shit up, goin' Yeah, I ain't goin' nowhere without my tool

Yeah, you ain't got no sack, you rappin' 'bout your partner pack On me even OT like I don't know how to lack This ain't '03, I ain't Jeezy, leave with it, can't bring it back Slime language, phone might be tapped Five racks make her lay on her back
Pop me another one, try and relax
Save the opinions, I just want the facts
Do your opps die? Yeah, all the goddamn time
Do them shots fly? Yeah, arm, chest, neck, mind
How much more I gotta buy to get the price to twenty-five?
I'm the real thing, I been a plug, can get it to you still
This that pure 'caine, you add the soda, it won't fuck up the feel
Used to cook Hank, the vinegar, it swell, keep the smell
Take a heap from out that block, I know his drop 'cause he can't tell
On my block, yeah, I'm like Pac, but I ain't dyin' or goin' to jail
Used to serve lows with my pops, he had the spots, I had the mail
I found life inside a pie, a bust down AP watch as well
She know I'm rich but sittin' here pissed like she ain't leaving 'til I pay her, crazy

Chickens
Chickens, chickens
Chicken (Wheezy outta here), chicken
Chicken
All I want it is chicken, chicken
Chickens, chickens
Chickens, chickens
Chicken, yeah

Pluto been fuckin' this shit up, goin' Yeah, I ain't goin' nowhere without my tool

Yeah, yeah, chicken Yeah, kitchen, yeah, yeah, yeah