

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