

Sic 'Em On a Chicken

Zac Brown Band

Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken and watch them feathers fly Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken. Bring out the butter and the flour we're ready to fry. My dog Pete is the
smallest dog of all the dogs in my yard
He's a mean son' bitch
Drinks Beam and water from a broken mason jar Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken and watch them feathers fly Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken.
Bring out the butter and the flour we're ready to fry.
I heard this awful noise coming from the woods
I heard chicken screams
Know it ain't gonna be good Well I think we lost the chicken
Think we lost the chicken
Think we lost the chicken because I just heard him cry Think we lost the chicken
Think we lost the chicken
Think we lost the chicken but you can get another one for a dollar 79 In a couple of years his
spurs have grown
He wasn't safe to keep around the house
When he almost took an eyeball from Lonny's son
And I was sitting at home making fig preserves
And I'd seen where that rooster kicked him in the eye
And I knew that that was the day that chicken was going to get what he deserved So I chased the
chicken
I chased the chicken
I chased the chicken and Pete hit 'em from the side
I chased the chicken
I chased the chicken
I chased the chicken and me and Pete suppered on a home made chicken pot pie Sic 'em on a
chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken.
Sic 'em on a chicken and watch them feathers fly Sic 'em on a chicken
Get that chicken
I can smell the kitchen and it's almost supper time
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

