

# 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

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