

You Shouldn't-Nuf Bit Fish

George Clinton

With the electronic bait.
Man, his nuclear fission.
And the fish on his line.
Is bigger in his mind.
Than the reality of the reel.
He has to reel it in.
You shouldn't-nuf bit fish.
Last one to get away.
Is the catch of the day.
You shouldn't-nuf bit fish.
You took the bait.
It's too late to pray.
Now over you, they say the grace.
Lord bless this fish.
Bring on the chill.
Don't forget the spell.
We bit the fish.
Brother don't be so quail.
Heads or tails.
We ate the fish.
We ate the chill fifteen day.
And don't matter about who is fishin'.
Draw attention.
And then we take the bait.
We got to carry the weight. A long time.
Carry the weight along time.
A little baby waits.
With a line attached to his mind.
And a hook in his behind.
Who do you suppose will bite.
Like the fishman night.
Are you sleek, are you sly, are you stoned.
Or are you fishin' for a song.
All these smelly fishy ain't fish.
Oh somebody said "fish it's brain food".
Well I'm thinkin' about caviar.
Fish eggs on brain.
Have a little sanity.
Gonna raid your house.

Saturday night fish fry.
The Barracuda are still prime.
Do you suppose he will bite.
With the line attached to his mind.
And a hook in his behind.
Put up a good fight.
Gimme line, gimme line.
Give him time.
Last one to get away.
Is the catch of the day.
You shouldn't-nuf bit fish.
You took the bait.
It's too late to pray.
Lord bless this fish.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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