

Fish (feat. Cappadonna & Raekwon)

Ghostface Killah

These are the men who lead the crime families of America
I control 26,000 men. Except for dope, we operate in all aspects
Of organized crime. And if there's one thing I'm sure of
It's that drugs destroy your mind and destroy your home
In the end it'll only lead our country into ruin We eat fish, toss salads and make rap ballads
The biochemical slanglord'll throw the Arabs
In the dope fiend, vocal chords switch laser beams
My triple sevens broke the slot machines out in Queens
Grey Poupon is Revlon rap, smack pawns, swing like batons
Most my niggas smoke like Hillshire Farms
Check the gummy sole, underneath my shoe lies the tap
That attract bow-legged bitches with wide horse gaps
In steel mills Iron he'll smoke the blow on duns
You run errands, Primatene Mist is afraid of my lungs
Turn my channel, it'll blow your whole bench off the panel
Like eighty roman candles that backfired then slammed you
Every day is like a video shoot, check this shit
I take it back to Playboy, stash guns in whips
Picture afro picks, shish kabobs and dashikis
Thousands civil marched, raised their fists in early sixties Now check this one, you must have been stupid to
miss this one
Donna shogun-ing flip a ton of fashion
Destination be the cash one, I step past one
Don't make me blast one, I'm cold like eskimo flow
Cappa villain stay chillin' take shots of penicillin
Clean out and let the steam out, she fiend to blow out
But I'm equipped with mad white, Morris The Rap got nine lives
I'll take a few hundred thousand dollar dives
And then I still never go down
Until the last round I shine
When RZA do his thing motherfucker, I'mma do mine Now, where I come from cats be carrying, marrying drug
money
Fuck up your wife, get four to life
Cream we handling, Midtown niggas scrambling
Move and examine the fly shit, plus quick to buy shit
Chef, yeah, you know the whole gods astral
Fidel Castro suits plus depositing cash rule
Big time, play it like Canadian wine
RZA's divine now, the sacredness of one's true mind

Now let's get colorful like money green
High roller coaster, Sosa, million dollar nigga roaster
Yeah God, be having my whole steez laced
Now let's rap a taste, connect dots, aim Glocks, train stop
Figaro fly jewel in', tri-color Cubans
Swerving we'll pow with Germans in Suburbans
Twenty-four niggas with vests on, my own restaurant
Dons sending my sons membership forms
And still getting this paper scraper
Fake gators from Jamaica, wizards be passing like Lakers
And it be coming from Lex Louis Rich Liberace
Fetus style and blocking goals like hockey

Songwriters

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