Fish

Ghostface Killah

Hey yo, you know they're killers themselves
Hey, hey, hey, 46 people die
For them you know, guys that I fooled with
Were killers themselves how you
Want it? How you want it? Stop that, stop that
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, tossed salads and make rap ballads
The biochemical slang Lord'll throw the arrows in the dope fiend
Vocal chords switch laser beams my triple sevens
Broke the slot machines out in queens, grey poupon is rebel on rap
Smack on, swing like batons
Most want niggas smoked like Hilshire farms
Check the gun we sew, 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 heroins, primatine mist is afraid of my lungs
Turn my channel, it'll blow your whole bench off the panel
Like 80 roman candles that backfired then slammed you
Every day is like a video shoot, check this shit
I take you back to Playboy, stash guns and whips
Picture Afro, big shish, ka bobs and daishikis
1000 civil marched blazed their fists in early sixties
Now check this one, you must have been stupid to miss this one
'Donna shogunnin' flip a ton of fashion
Destination be the cash when I step past one
Don't make me blast one, I'm cold like Eskimo flow
Cappadonna 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 motherfucka, I'ma do mine

Now, where I come from cats be carryin' marryin' drug money
Fuck up your wife, get four to life, claim we handling
Midtown niggers scramblin', moving examine the fly shit
Plus quick to buy shit chef, yeah, you know the whole gods
Asterick, Fidel Castro suits plus depositin' cash rule big time
Play it like Canadian wine, Rza's the rhyme now, the sacredness of
One's true mind now let's get colorful like money green
High roller coaster, sosa, million dollar nigger roaster
Yeah, god, be havin' my whole steez laced
Now let's wrap our tapes, connect dots
Aim glocks train style, figaro fly jewel
Tri color cubans swervin we'll pow with germans in suburbans
24 niggas with vests's on, my own restaurant
Dons sendin' my sons membership forms
They still gettin' this paper scraper
Fake haters from Jamaica, wizards be passin' like Lakers
And if you comin' from Lex, Lewis, rich Liberace
Fetus style and block your goals like hockey

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