Fisherman (Instrumental)

Yancey Boys

Yo, Frank'up in this motherfucker
Dilla J up in this motherfucker
Yes, I grew up in this motherfucker, yeah!Hey yo, don't talk, we ain't listening!
Don't need no lies, change listening!
Wanna listen your hoe, the fisherman
It's over once we apply pressure, man!
So, breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe out
Apply the pressure, man!
Uh, I'm reigning the hitch on top of the world
My brain is sick, I'm out this role
She sip my dick up on this world
I'm afraid to take a piss!
My wrist is '. out of this world
You can see me from another galaxy
Gotta be real flashy for that to be
Possible, but in my world the impossible it's possible
Tell them like dealer, tell them to take you straight to the hospital
Wanna feel the beat all up in my soul
Fill the streets with my songs
Put my feet on the road
Call the beetle, trouble's over
Cause I'm stunting, yeah I'm stunting,
I'll be stunting, yeah, I'm on the road
Are you frightened, you're just frightened
Cause your status level O!
Level zero! And my flow the'. is never O
And emo, oh, oh
Cut my sleeves up, cause our whole team '
You're just mad cause you had to put your dream on hold
And you think how could you be so cold?
Every time you say, my delicious vinal team blow cold
Vinal pressure with my Scarface, Al Pacino flow!
Don't talk, we ain't listening!
Don't need no lies, change listening!
Wanna listen your hoe, the fisherman
It's over once we apply pressure, man!
So, breathe in, breathe out

Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe out
Apply the pressure, man!Man, I tried to tell them that this ain't no regular'
Got them over-aggressive them niggas under competitive
Talking a whole lot of nothing, end of discussing
As soon as I said it' the same purpose is said it!
These, they're so simple, they're repair it, they need to get aired it
They know I'm mad at 'em, they're like, 'man, who let this nigga in?'
My chain glisten, but main listen
Me being here was never a lain mission
Me going against the'
I was sending dames and lane switching
Check your chains, moving the powerful, apply my position
Everything you be itching, you get it
You listen and fix!
I got light in the palm of my hand, I'm.
I can't be the antidote, I'm leaving these niggas sick
Like I already quit
Nigga you wish, I'm on my shit!
Shit! And iller told me tell the niggas, shhhDon't talk, we ain't listening!
Don't need no lies, change listening!
Wanna listen your hoe, the fisherman
It's over once we apply pressure, man!
So, breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe out
Apply the pressure, man!Uh, boss man on deck!
I can write raps, rap tracks and sign your checks
I'mma pillow of respect, nigga, who you gonna care?
I've been living like dealer, got the role from'
I'm sorry you niggas fell off, view from the bleaches
And now them boys special, need more time with the teachers
Please, can't you teach us, sit your ass down!
I come from an era where we just beat up the class clown!
Get in or get down, I catch you in class later
My name is Frank' but you call me the curator, motherfucker!Don't talk, we ain't listening!
Don't need no lies, change listening!
Wanna listen your hoe, the fisherman
It's over once we apply pressure, man!
So, breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe out
Apply the pressure, man!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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