

## Fish Grease

**Boldy James**

I was only 10 when I jumped in the fish grease  
Serving junkies on 6th street, wasn't on yet  
Now it's come get a 16th I confront you with zip cheap  
Turned 11 twice Kevo did a 12 piece, way before I was 13  
Verse 14, nigga ever touch  
Earned a cup with the morphine, now I'm 15  
Phone full of fiends, this was way before lean  
Watching Jay's banging, shooting up, sharing needles  
Soaking them in chlorine  
Turned 17 I was shooting gems, 18 had a half a slab  
19 when shit hit the fan, fled the crime scene with some sheet  
rock  
Aged 20, wasn't one in man, now we high-  
speedin' through the speed knot  
Speed ballin', tryna do the speed limit, state troopers in them  
speed traps  
21, I was cornered off, fighting for my life in the court of la  
w  
Bonded off, I'm not guilty, know they're sick, they gotta run m  
y cheese back  
22, had a pill run, 23, almost got done in  
24, a nigga lost swat, 25, had a couple run-ins  
26, I had my first child, 27, when I first slowed down  
28, now we touchin' heavy weight  
Been applying pressure through the whole time  
Where we at with it?

10 tenths, that's a Graham cracker  
One and a half, that's a half track  
Three five, that's a ball of soft, no kitty plop  
In the class act with the oil gel, scale it up, seven soft, six  
hard at a quarter till  
Gift wrappin' up them strip dentists, had to re-  
wrap it with the glad wrap  
Trash bags full of dirty money, nearly stacked up in rubber ban  
ds  
36 by 28 by two, equal out a hundred bands  
Flew the cali-  
dro to Arizona, soon as I touch, caught a flight back  
Plus, sent it with a postcard, that being broke is funny, you a  
wisecrack  
Saw the split pop a 2,500, slow rollin' biggies for the five ra  
cks  
Keep a big pun with a kick drum, stepped on the bricky like a h  
i-hat

From Morgantown to the Jordan Dimes  
Turned the rhyme with a ho on a sweet Georgia brown

Remember grinding in the rain, nice and it was pouring down, now I'm in the range  
Hydroplaning, work wider than a dinette napkin  
Hood call me Sir Brick Van Nexle, aka Mr. Pyrex Chapman  
Clio banging off a lilac, phone slapping like a telethon  
Set the plug a couple hundred thou, got me touching down like I  
'm Megatron  
Had to switch the route up