

Fish And Bread

Freddie Gibbs

Yo, ugh, yo man, I lo-, I love writing raps man, spittin' over tracks man, t
his shit is just, it's too easy man
You know what I'm sayin'?
It's my bread and butter, you know what I'm sayin'?
My fish and bread, you know what I mean?
It's hot man I just, feel like this
Ugh, alright let 'em know

Yo, yo fish and bread keep the poor man fed
But that lobster and shrimp, that's the meal for a pimp
A sandwich ain't a sandwich without miracle whip
And the track ain't on fire 'til I spit my shit

Lay my verse, show my game
I don't gotta keep sayin' it, you already know my name
But, if you don't then hi my name is Fredrick
I spit rhymes and entertain just like Cedric
And I ain't talkin' 'about no comedy show
I'm for real, y'all fake like monopoly dough
Man I'm tryna have that lottery dough
But these haters outta Gary, Indiana they don't want me to blow
I'm bringin' pain to the game and I'm only bein' honest
Givin' rapper the big hurt like Frank Thomas
I hit home runs, you don't hit that many
Only grand slam you ever had was at Denny's
I spit so sick I can make you hurl
I'm so handsome that I can come and take your girl
Give her somethin' that she used ta
Cause she love the way my cock stay up all night, just like a rooster
I'm a winner, one in a million like Aaliyah
I'm not thugged out but I'm jiggin' in a beah
Who dat? who dat is? it's ya boy Freddie Gibbs
Spittin' game like a pimp, I'm so cold on a bitch

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Well gon' spit yo' shit
Nigga you spit yo' shit
Gon' spit yo' shit
Nigga get off my dick
Gon' spit yo' shit
Nigga you spit yo' shit
Gon' spit that shit
Nigga get off my dick

Now fish and bread keep the poor man fed
But I'mma lace the muthafuckin' track with' some lyrical lead (woah) You bet
ter off smokin' on PCP (why?)
Cause I got the recipe ain't no contestin' with' me
You want the drama I'mma bring it to you COD
But when it's over with', said and done, I'm chargin' a fee
You ain't, when you spit you like a hoe with' VD
And your purpose is worthless to the whole hip hop industry
Think ya tight on the mic with that? I disagree

You got ya hair pumped up watchin' AJ and Free
Like I can do dat, but ya ain't ready for BET
I'm aggravated, get assassinated like Kennedy
Now what is it
Henny done got me ready to grip the semi
Maybe the Remy gon' tempt me out those slugs like a frisbee
Look what you done did, you see the MD
You shoulda took ya mama's advice and stayed out the street
But take it from me, ye ain't got enough skills to compete
Anotha thing, don't touch the boy I-V-O-E
I'm through dealin' with' wack cats, lames collapse from my tool
See I'm a big boy in this game, I got more food than a mule
Dude I'm blazin' the booth (what?) I'm hotter than fire
And I'mma keep goin' 'til the world expire
Freddie Gibbs and Ivoe, ridin' on rivals
We got cash with' lyrics and you grippin' the bible (Jesus)
Kickin' shit like karate and you weaker than Taebo
Lobster and shrimp what a pimp got and that's how it goes

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You have just witnessed, lyrical detonation
By Freddie Gibbs and Ivoe
That's how it goes in the murder capitol nigga
Tell 'em som' Gibbs
Get off some dick, sons of bitches
Bitches, you heard what the fuck he said
That's how it goes down
Over another production
Get off some dick man
Resolve the issue my nizzle
That's how we goin' in the mad Midwest
My fish and bread right here man, you know what I'm sayin'?
This my shit, this shit is real, real easy
Y'all muthafuckas make this shit difficult, you know what I'm sayin'?
[?] what the fuck it is? get yo' shit up dude
Get off some dick
Fish and bread keep the poor man fed
Fish and bread keep the poor man fed
Lobster and shrimp, that's the meal for pimps
Fish and bread muthafucka
Lobster and shrimp for a pimp