

# Fish

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, Primatec 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 nigger roaster  
Yeah God, be having my whole steez laced  
Now let's rap a taste, connect dots, aim Glocks, train stop  
Figaro fly jewelin', 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