

Gettin' Fishy (feat. Scy Jimm & Wizz Havinn)

Luh Tyler

Yeah, nigga
Ayy, nigga, yeah
Ayy, nigga, rrr
(Vince, pull up to the stu', man)

Runnin' them racks up, perfect timing
Jump on the beat, get paid by rhyming
Nigga, they creep, watch how they sliming
Lil' goofy-ass nigga went broke on diamonds
Nigga, when I step, my bros behind me
Bro sip that drank, he turn to a zombie
Just stack your paper, boy, just keep grindin'
We gon' run the racks up, go see Johnny
We gon' run the racks up, nigga, just sit back, stack, young nigga gon' get to the bag
Brodie wake up, bust down in the trap, nigga, ain't no nap, gotta get off them bags
I be runnin' laps on a nigga while you in the house on the couch, nigga, get off your ass
Young nigga jumped in the booth, no pen, no pad, niggas know I'm finna gas
Young nigga chasin' them blues like Nipsey
Yeah, pop out, bitch, I'm sticky
Bro make niggas run just like they Ricky (Frirt)
Bro in the cut with that switchy
This bitch got ass on her just like Nicki
Lil' bitch give top, tell the ho, "Don't kiss me"
Dump a bag on a Cuban, don't want no Richy
These niggas be creep, man, shit gettin' fishy (Nigga, yeah)

Ayy, freestyled this shit off the head
Play with the gang, you dead
Ayy, run up, send shots at your head
Know you f*ck niggas heard what I said
I'm countin' pink and blue money, but somehow still seein' red
Mmm, that boy went broke on a chain, 'fore I go broke, I'm goin' fed, nigga
Ayy, beat the the pot
These niggas flat, I keep a knot

Keep that fire, these niggas plot
f*ck nigga play, we lettin' off shots
Mmm, I can't trust no thot
Ice my wrist, they say I'm hot
Ayy, cheese, we get a lot
They know I'm him, he mad he not

Ayy, I'm supposed to be in the stu', but I'm in here beatin' the pot
Yeah, talkin' cheese, we get a lot
Stackin' it, I let it rot (Nigga)
Nigga be workin' with cops (f*ck)
These hoes be f*ckin' the opps (Damn)
You broke and workin' the clock
You don't even know how to serve no rocks, nigga
Every day I wake up, nigga, I'm beatin' the block down (For sure)
Country boy comin' from Georgia, he finna score like five pounds
Nigga play up in this bitch, I up this fire, hit five rounds
Free my nigga True, he finna jump, he in that countdown

Take your bitch to pound town, we headed to the top, can't hit the ground
These niggas be broke, they dumb, they clowns
My niggas step out, drip water, don't drown
Bro jump in the trap, he gettin' off pounds
You ain't tryna get a bag, get your ass from 'round
When you hear that, "Frirt," tell a bitch get down
Lil' bitch, I'm the king, don't need no crown
Nigga, yeah, ayy, get that money, look out for my brother, bitch
Niggas, they know what it is
Go get that bag, stand on that biz
These niggas cap, they work at Lids
I got your lil' bitch doin' tricks
I'm chasin' that bag, don't chase no bitch
Let's get in that mode, bitch, I'm finna glitch