

# Getting Fishy

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 fuck 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  
Fuck 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 (Fuck)  
These hoes be fuckin' 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