

Fishes To Fry

Show Me The Body

Only call me if it's bread, find Y in the 917
All that bullshit they talk we gon put it to bed
Can't sleep when the money don't rest
How the fuck you not eating shit is growing on trees
Triple R pull up army fatigues, catch a boot to the face
Here forever like a tat on your sleeve
I wouldn't pay you to stay but I'd pay you to leave
Fuck you my chain over the tee
Here comes envy, see people how I know em to be
Ash the spliff out in the street
Get the fuck out of New York, taking flights out of the state
Still young still living foul and I still eat pork, blow smoke
on the freeway
When the people know the truth ain't no way you could spin it l
ike a DJ

You not live Imma dumbout my face a make fox 5
Couldn't stop at the light I really write spray ya blood across
walls
You'll rock high like heaven spots I bring it to you if ya watc
h is nice
If you not on shit just don't listen my solid sound advice
Get pounded out with a mic
Can't stand the rain you only come outside when it's nice
Throwin' it down feel it in her windpipe
You'll roll a blunt but niggas never wanna roll the dice
Ayo we holdin' mics like stickup children blowin' holes for the
right price
I'll end up in front of the district like a rapper goin' to buy
semi valuable ice
Today's math ain't on youtube like podcasters
Once upon a time they use to be the rap battling type
Sincere know Tommy was wrong but they bond so strong
By the ending he started doing right
Its not a game but they called it the game of life
I got bigger fishes to fry bob whites my shorty on mobbwifes