

# Fish Tank

Smoke DZA

Family with gangsters, broke bread with the lifers  
Fuck talking bout weed, instead I'm just getting higher  
Kicking up on the road, seeing more cream than Breyers  
I don't live with my mommy, in my crib I'm the provider  
Put work in the hood, when they was starving out there  
So you know if there's issues, I make that ass disappear  
Fifth talk, big gut, rap treating me well  
Told them meet me at the trap house, like my Plaza hotel  
Buy a pack or get a job  
Roll with the king or get embarrassed front' your broad  
You heard me, don't make me put you niggas in a scope (Interscope)  
No Iovine, go 'head think this shit is a joke, then try me

One, put you in a scope  
Two, clack, then the smoke  
Put you, put you in a scope  
Two, clack, then the smoke  
One, put you in a scope  
Clack, clack, then the smoke  
Three, scoop you up and put your body in an envelope

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Shotty got a body on it, anybody want it  
Seen the toughest cats get backed down on and run in  
Keep it one hundred, you know I love my money  
I love my money, gotta keep them dollars coming  
Like them fiends on the track  
War up in my hood, with them teens like Iraq  
They don't strap, just  
Bitch nigga, don't get robbed  
Nothing goes down unless the Kushed God is involved  
You heard me

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