

Fish & Chips

Young Nudy

Yeah

I'm from the Eastside, right?

You know, we ain't have no handouts (Uh-huh)

We ain't have no big homie (Ah, yeah)

We ain't come from no really low, low drug dealin' communities

We come from, you know, gun slangin', gangbangin' (Ciupe)

You feel what I'm sayin'?

That's how you get it, nigga, rob, and they gon' take some money

You know what I'm sayin'? It's a few niggas that trap

We salute the ones who trap, you feel me?

Shoutout to the niggas that trap (If you gonna hate, be a hater, nigga)

If you on the Eastside then you really know what the fuck goin' on

Damn

I heard these niggas mad 'round the fuckin' city

(I heard these niggas mad 'round the fuckin' city) For what? I made it

Damn (I'm tellin' y'all)

Niggas mad 'cause we didn't have to sit in the trap (Sit in the trap)

I made five million, pussy nigga, just off rap (Just off rap)

I heard a pussy nigga mad 'cause he rap and he trap (Rap and he trap)

I remember all the times, shit, I had to rap and go trap (Rap and he trap)

I had to wrap up my strap, had to turn 'em to a napkin (Yeah)

Fold a nigga up and disappear shit like magic (Magic)

Drop shit on niggas' heads, shooter go super savage (Savage)

Cliques up with some pussy niggas, now they mad 'cause we have it (Yeah, we have it)

Damn, that bitch got slumped, did haram, he in traffic (Damn)

I sent my shooter, man, my shooter get dirty and nasty (Yessir)

My main shooter, rich shooter, damn, that nigga have it (They have it)

They mad 'cause we come from the Eastside, ain't no trappin', just blastin' (Yessir)

These niggas trappin' off the porch, gangbangin' and crashin' (What's brackin'?)

We didn't have no big homie to do no mothafuckin' handlin' (Uh-uh)

We had to get it on our own, do you bitches understand it? (Uh-huh)

If any nigga started trappin', he would rap before it happened (Yessir)

This shit get poppin' on the Eastside, they'll do you real nasty (Do you real nasty)

First they'll catch a nigga slippin', leave a bitch in the past (Damn)

These niggas runnin' 'round with switches, they'll shoot you real fast (Yessir)

I love the city, don't fuck up, they let me slide and get up outta (Damn)

I walk around with number of robbers and some trappers (Trappers)

All the trappers got their pack from fuckin' with the robbers (The robbers, yeah)

And we work together gettin' money, not a problem (Nah)

Everybody got to eat, nigga, ain't nobody go starvin' (Nah)

Why you tryna creep, lil' nigga? (Hol' on) No, you not no robber (Not no robber)

All the internet gangsta shit need to stop (Stop 'em)

All that "Mask out" shit, that's how niggas pop 'em (Pop ya)

I call niggas bitches in they face, it wasn't no problem (Uh-uh)

And I make they homie go away, it wasn't no problem (No problem)

And I smoke his bitch-ass while I'm rappin', bitch, no problem (No problem)

Tell them folk to catch up with this smoke or we gon' solve 'em (Gon' solve

'em)

All I see is red, and like a sign, I'ma stop 'em (Yessir)

And I'm bangin' blood (Blatt)

Got out the streets, I got out the mud (Yessir, blatt)

Nigga don't understand when you bangin' blood (Uh-huh, murder)

Gotta use your hands when you bangin' blood (Yo)

I get hands on with niggas, put 'em in the mud (Uh-huh)

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