

# Fish

## Ghostface Killah, Cappadonna & Raekwon

Hey yo, you know they're killers themselves  
Hey, hey, hey, 46 people die  
For them you know, guys that I fooled with  
Were killers themselves how you  
Want it? How you want it? Stop that, stop that These are the men who lead the crime  
Families of america, I control 26, 000  
Men except for dope, we operate in all aspects  
Of organized crime and if  
There's one thing i'm sure of, it's that  
Drugs destroy your mind and destroy  
Your home in the end it'll only lead our country into ruin  
We eat fish, tossed salads and make rap ballads  
The biochemical slang Lord'll throw the arrows in the dope fiend  
Vocal chords switch laser beams my triple sevens  
Broke the slot machines out in queens, grey poupon is rebel on rap  
Smack on, swing like batons  
Most want niggas smoked like Hilshire farms  
Check the gun we sew, underneath my shoe lies the tap  
That attract bow legged bitches with wide horse gaps In steel mills iron he'll smoke the blow on  
duns  
You run heroins, primatine mist is afraid of my lungs  
Turn my channel, it'll blow your whole bench off the panel  
Like 80 roman candles that backfired then slammed you  
Every day is like a video shoot, check this shit  
I take you back to Playboy, stash guns and whips  
Picture Afro, big shish, ka bobs and daishikis  
1000 civil marched blazed their fists in early sixties  
Now check this one, you must have been stupid to miss this one  
'Donna shogunnin' flip a ton of fashion  
Destination be the cash when I step past one  
Don't make me blast one, I'm cold like Eskimo flow  
Cappadonna stay chillin' take shots of penicillin Clean out and let the steam out, she fiend to  
blow out  
But i'm equipped with mad white, Morris the rap got nine lives  
I'll take a few hundred thousand dollar dives  
And then I still never go down  
Until the last round I shine  
When Rza do his thing motherfucka, I'ma do mine Now, where I come from cats be carryin'  
marryin' drug money  
Fuck up your wife, get four to life, claim we handling  
Midtown niggers scramblin', moving examine the fly shit  
Plus quick to buy shit chef, yeah, you know the whole gods

Asterick, Fidel Castro suits plus depositin' cash rule big time  
Play it like Canadian wine, Rza's the rhyme now, the sacredness of One's true mind now let's get  
colorful like money green  
High roller coaster, sosa, million dollar nigger roaster  
Yeah, god, be havin' my whole steez laced  
Now let's wrap our tapes, connect dots  
Aim glocks train style, figaro fly jewel Tri color cubans swervin we'll pow with germans in  
suburbans  
24 niggas with vests's on, my own restaurant  
Dons sendin' my sons membership forms  
They still gettin' this paper scraper  
Fake haters from Jamaica, wizards be passin' like Lakers  
And if you comin' from Lex, Lewis, rich Liberace  
Fetus style and block your goals like hockey  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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