

## Fish n Grits

Wale

That post Rodeo flow, you know  
Folarin the genius, Scott the king  
Uh, look

Yeah, Cartier, what your wrist doing?  
In the Ace with my nigga whip  
Real nigga in that Will&Rich  
I ain't stopping 'til a nigga fifty mil'  
I ain't tripping 'til a nigga hundred mil'  
I ain't tripping 'til I'm five hundred mil'  
Funny, weighing on the money  
But I'm buying ice to let all of these niggas chill  
(Never ever gotta write a will)  
Niggas won't beat me like Emmett Till  
Niggas won't bite me like Holyfield  
(Might run it back on you, I'm in the field)  
Hey, that money be coming in, look  
Money be coming in, look  
(I just left the Rodeo)  
Then she riding my jawn again  
(She ridin' my jawn again, got up on again  
And bone her, bone her, bone her, bone her  
You know I'ma stoner, stoner, stoner, stoner  
You know I'ma loner, loner, loner, loner)  
Smokin' that dope, only Cali could do it  
Doing my shows, all the bitches gon' bump us  
Show off my car, there's living with no limit  
I could buy a house and a Benz in the morning  
This is important

Never seen a night like this  
Won't you take a drag, another hit?  
Whippin' up a pot, fish grits  
Never seen a night like this, yeah  
Never seen a night like this  
Won't you take a drag, another hit?  
Whippin' up the pot, fish grits  
Never had a night like this

Never seen nothing like this  
Yeah, don't make me hit the button, hit the nitrous  
Yeah, bang her right soon as the light hit  
Yeah, I tend to see the moon soon as the day flip  
Yeah, auto-auto-automatic  
Swerving, switching through traffic  
Every time I call your phone  
I'm picking up, hearing static  
Lobby looking like magic  
Living room on stadium

She ain't too far from the DMV  
From the DMV, I am the greatest one  
I'm not a killer, boy, don't make me one  
I'ma chill, I got a baby comin'  
My partner said it's gon' be tougher for me  
I ain't a sucker, pussy or fakers down  
Real G nigga, it's elementary, nigga

Douja rolled in a Swisher  
Bun B, Pimp C, nigga  
Bun B, Pimp C, nigga  
Bun B, Pimp C, nigga  
Had to change the line a nigga wrote because America just hate to sees nigga  
s winning  
Yeah, woo!

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