

## Yo Gotti

### "Fishcale Dreams"

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[Yo Gotti:]

Co co cocaine caine co co cocaine maestro on the beat  
Yo Gotti on the mic fishscale dreams all night  
N\*gga this that cocaine music homie don't you confuse  
it  
Lames gone cope it d-boys gone abuse me...  
See n\*gga it's a difference between a documentary in  
a movie  
You know what I mean it's cocaine music 4.5 real life  
non fiction  
You n\*ggas characters you n\*ggas actresses  
You n\*ggas playing in movies you n\*ggas b\*tches!

[Verse 1:]

Co co cocaine caine co co cocaine meastro on the beat  
Yo gotti on the mic fishscale dreams all night  
N\*gga this that cocaine music homie don't you confuse  
it  
Lames gone cope it d-boys gone abuse me hit the gas  
on my 454  
Got to let my pipe breath 24 with floaters on that b\*tch  
Look like I'm riding easy wet paint candy now a later  
flava  
White on white leather for the head  
Ewww marshmallows lemonade in the chain twins  
Cause my watch look the same ice cream cutlass seats  
red velvet cake  
Somebody blow the candles out today my rims birthday  
Wood grain gripping will I'm swerving in slabbing doors  
open  
Yawning like they just finish napping 16 soft white like a  
napkin  
Birdman sent them so you know they coming flapping

[Hook:]

Aye aye aye this that cocaine music homie  
Don't you confuse it lames gone cope it d-boys gone  
abuse it  
[repeat]

[Verse 2:]

Cocaine yeah I hear voices you don't hear swag taking  
off like like  
I'm flying in a leer street n\*gga cred dopeboy of the  
year  
Cocaine music realest shit your gonna hear my rims  
doing jumping jacks  
Tops doing sit ups man let's just say my whole car on a  
fitness plan  
You still getting fronted you still owe the man  
Let's just say your whole life been finance 30 months  
small payments  
Can you handle pressure I get so many of the things  
I can't afford to test ya but f\*ck ya feed 'em beans  
Let starve cause he the type to say that he got robbed  
liar  
If I pull that trigger the coroner goin have to get him  
His family gone have to miss him I swear to god  
I ain't want to kill'em damn my brother looked me dead  
in my eyes  
Told me never let these pussy n\*ggas slide so f\*ck'em

[Hook:]

Aye aye aye this that cocaine music homie  
Don't you confuse it lames gone cope it d-boys gone  
abuse it

[repeat]

[Dj drama:]

Let's paint another scenario so you made it out the  
streets  
You got on real quick glue then the hype was spend all  
that money  
Ain't got nothing to show for it all you got is the  
memories

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