

# Fish n Grits (feat. Travis Scott)

## 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 you  
You ain't sucking pussy or fakers down  
Real G nigga, it's elementary, nigga  
Doja 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 niggas... winning

Yeah, woo! Never seen a night like this

Won't you take a drag, another hit?

Whippin' up the 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>