

## Gone Fishing

Flying Lotus

Damn it's really you, look how much you've changed  
Still remember all the nasty things you had hidden in your closet  
Pause, and let's go back to the first day  
Cautious, but you was ready to play  
Roses? I know you thinking he lame but fuck it the day's about to end  
And buckets are filling like Shaq  
Shag pad courtesy of mom, don't tell her though that'll be the bomb  
Bitches love a nigga like LeBron and fuck it the day's about to end  
Dumb, thinking I would get trim based on money and fashion  
Couldn't tell the difference from a ho even though I thought I was a pimp  
Fish for the best fish, not the ones swimming next to all the slugs  
Now she mad, now she hold a grudge, but she said she she gon give it up  
Fun when you live with no regrets, but she sitting by the floor to stretch  
You asked now you got a little girl, question is, is that her name, "bitch"?

Fish, fish, fish

I hate it when the day escapes  
This planet of the bathing apes  
Never thought I'd see the great face  
They say we mirror what the game makes  
Find me lost in my conscious mind  
Strange are the kind of things that you'll find  
Look behind the signpost  
And see my mind's toast hard to boast  
Rather brag about dick sizing  
Or better yet my cock arising  
The way I think about my life I go chub  
Thank God these hoes show love  
How you doin, booby? Can I call you that?  
Never call you back  
I'll never ever think of think of you outside this room  
I think you feel it, too  
Oh never mind, this happens every time  
I leave my girl behind  
She don't know that she don't know  
That she gon, she gon get, she gon get with him  
And she'll shit on me, so that shit repeats  
Such a shame, leave her be

I don't know the fucking thing to say  
I've never learned to fish this way