

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