

Fish in a Pita (feat. Tech N9ne & Krizz Kaliko)

Tech N9ne Collabos

Got me fired up
Might wanna keep that tied up
Get up (get up)
And get goin' right now
Ain't feelin' right, feelin' wrong right now, hold up
Don't need her, don't need ya, won't eat ya
Fish in a pita
Alright then (alright)
I ain't trippin', I'm slidin', wait a minute
She pulled up in car at the crib
This was way before the Nina was a star and I lived
At my Granny's, the girl that stepped out the car she was a whammy
Tight jean shorts, no panties, and her booty was uncanny
Went to school together, how 'bout some food endeavors
I wrote it smooth in a letter
She wrote back cool, whenever
So this is the day
Hopped in the car wit' her to a kissin' display
Later for eatin' now I'm on a mission to spray, okay
Hopped in the backseat
Movin' toward her with that heat
Between her legs, the wings are spread
I'm yearnin' for that cat meat
I'm wishin' to beat her
But I got sniffin' her skeeter
Through her clothes
I quit because she had the fish in the pita, ugh
Got me fired up
Might wanna keep that tied up
Get up (get up)
And get goin' right now
Ain't feelin' right, feelin' wrong right now, hold up
Don't need her, don't need ya, won't eat ya
Fish in a pita
Alright then (alright)
I ain't trippin', I'm slidin', wait a minute
Big chick, pretty face
Okay I wanted to find out how them huge titties taste
Can't remember what city, state
I wanted the kitty space
But I did this dizzy date on the bus after my show with a bigly shaped
Bitch, kissin' on me, chick is only
They told my hissin' homies

Dissin' on me, ya'll trippin', nigga this a pony
 They laughin' while I'm dashin' to the back
 Finna be smashin' my pretty fat friend
 Till her ass need a aspirin (hol' up)
 Strippin' down, my dick is now (swole up)
 Smells a fish and now my stick outta commission how (tore up)
 I assume she hate to groom, funk illuminates the womb
 Can't believe she let fish in the pita fumigate the room, ughGot me fired up
 Might wanna keep that tied up
 Get up (get up)
 And get goin' right now
 Ain't feelin' right, feelin' wrong right now, hold up
 Don't need her, don't need ya, won't eat ya
 Fish in a pita
 Alright then (alright)
 I ain't trippin', I'm slidin', wait a minuteIf she sit on your lap and she got jeans on
 And you smell that fish in the pita
 She ain't a bring home
 Definitely mean the stream wrong
 It seems strong to be comin' through her garments
 So why would you want that fishy cream on your ding dong
 Some women need just to stop treating their twats cheaply
 If that's between you we're not eating it's not freaky
 So stop mistreating you're not feeding me hot meaty
 Fish in a pita leaking to ziti, or tzatziki, ugh
 I know you women thinkin' this awful
 But you know who you are and you're livin' unlawful (if you're stinkin')
 Fellas I don't know if anybody eva' taught you (fish in the pita)
 It's hard as hell to clean it up off you
 JesusHey man, what's happenin'?Alright then (alright)
 I ain't trippin', I'm slidin', wait a minute

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>