Fuckin' split minds

```
Yeah
Plan B
Its the epic rhythm, you get me!
More money
More cash
More flow
More dough
Even more so
Even more cash even more dough
More time to spit lines
hit lines, i can spit rhymes when I spit grime
Fuckin' split minds
More kick more snare more claps
More bass more synths make it more fat
More power more Bigger beats then
More speed more BPM
More people kicking back with the Jacks
On the crack with the jack knock it back two seconds flat
More people letting go if you feel my flow
Don't hold back, let it show from your head to ya
Yeah, from ya head to ya toes
Move to the beat, with ya feet, start shaking ya bones
From ya head to ya toes, move to the beat, with ya feet
I wanna see
More people in the club gettin' twist
More people spreading love when I spit
I wanna see
More people on the floor then there is
More people at the door being frisked
I wanna see
Less fights, less knives, less gats
More stacking on the floor where no-one at
More venues in the ends where it's at
More venues in the ends playin' rap
I wanna see
Less boys, less mans, less cats
More girls, more women, more gash
More gally who know how to act
When everything they got on show lookin' fat
I wanna see
Yeah, you know when we've had enough
Is when we say "More"
Cos' we can never have enough
We'll always want:
More money
More cash
More flow
More dough
Even more so
Even more cash even more dough
More time to spit lines
hit lines, i can spit rhymes when I spit grime
```

More kick more snare more claps More bass more synths make it more fat More power more Bigger beats then More speed more BPM More people kicking back with the Jacks On the crack with the jack knock it back two seconds flat More people letting go if you feel my flow Don't hold back, let it show from your head to ya Yeah, from ya head to ya toes Move to the beat, with ya feet, start shaking ya bones Can't dance, just do somethin' random All galdem All mandem Can't dance, just do somethin' random All galdem All mandem You can't dance, just do somethin' random All galdem All mandem Fuck it, nobody want's to dance no more Too much murder on the dancing floor Cos' we can never have enough We'll always want more Cos' we can never have enough We'll always want more And you know when we've had enough Is when we say "More" Cos' we can never have enough More money More cash More flow More dough Even more so Even more cash even more dough More time to spit lines hit lines, i can spit rhymes when I spit grime Fuckin' split minds More kick more snare more claps More bass more synths make it more fat More power more Bigger beats then More speed more BPM More people kicking back with the Jacks On the crack with the jack knock it back two seconds flat More people letting go if you feel my flow Don't hold back, let it show from your head to ya Yeah, from ya head to ya toes Move to the beat, with ya feet, start shaking ya bones Yeah, from ya head to ya toes Move to the beat, with ya feet Yeah

Yeah Plan B

Epic Man