

## Plan Went Sour

B.G.

Picture, I'm always plannin kaperz tryin to come up on cheese  
But my kaperz goin sour for the Lil' B.G., peep me

I was born a loser, a stank pussy abuser  
Murders I'm accused 'cause I'm a AK user  
Struggle for my stat to be phattest on knots  
Pack Glocks wit 17, keep a nigga off my block, it's hot  
'Cause it's bumpin, got nothin but dope traffic  
Six figgas what I'm after, can't be play'n and laugh'n  
Young wit good sense, bent behind the tents  
In front of this baller house that I'm 'bout to go in  
I got it mapped up, it's planned all out  
I demand you denied, them lights goin all out  
I done scoped for 3 weeks, been broke for 3 weeks  
Hope inside they got a bird of coke and 10 G  
The niggas in the project come in black like always  
Invisible wit the mack, it's dark in the hallways  
Creepin so slow, 'cause it's on the second flo'  
I gets up there, they got a crack in the front do'  
I push it wit ease  
Nigga freeze  
Get on yo knees  
No keys, no G's  
I find dead bodies  
Two wit head shots, one nigga still breathin, he bleedin heavily  
I'm leavin a made G  
Get back to the car, tryin to get far as I can  
Nigga planned what I planned, my gun shakin in my hand  
It's one way goin gettin money and the power  
Gotta think again 'cause my plan went sour

That's cold, I'm tryin to hold money and the power  
Everything I do goes sour, hour after hour  
I don't wanna sale flour, I want a office in a tower  
Sittin on G's wit 30 keys of powder

I lay back and think again, tryin to come up on cheese  
Do what I gotta do, nigga it's all on me  
Just like it's all on you to chose right from wrong  
Might be a power move to go in this nigga home  
I'ma handle my biz, plan it out and shit  
Ain't killin no kids, but I'ma split his wig  
If I have to spank his bitch, I'ma spank the ho  
Get off the motherfuckin flo' and take me to the coke  
Now where the stash at, where the cash at, where the grass at  
Look at this chopper in my hand, I'ma blast that, pass that  
Green shit wit Ben Franklin on it  
I'll spill you nigga, ain't no need for thankin on it  
I gots to have it, up it busta, real fast  
Fo' I get to the point, fuck it buster, and I'll blast  
You play with fire get burned, fuck wit B.G. get burnt  
I'ma hustla 'til death, be trill to my last brat  
I let my nuts hang, I'm bout money and the power  
Thinkin again 'cause my plan went sour  
That's cold, man that's cold  
My plan went sour

I planned this and I done planned that  
But every time it go sour, I can't stand that  
I want money and the power in my hand black  
I'ma end up leavin the game, what the fuck is that?  
I done kidnapped, I done jacked, I done slung the mack  
And everytime the kaper over, I bring nothin back  
I have no paper and I'm sober I ain't havin that  
Any high-roller got what I want, then I'm grabbin that  
All I got is my rap folder tryin to make a mill  
But they got niggas even colder tryin to make a mill  
I just be real and hope B.G. hit the jack pot  
Put on the spot, every tape we drop, hit the store hot  
We got a plan and we clique tight on the rise, I come out Juvey ride  
Hot Boyz come out, we all ride  
I'm 'bout mine and ya know to progress, gotta struggle  
Do what I gotta do, gotta rap hustle  
Ya playa hate, I pluck ya, fuck ya, hoes jock ya mail  
You know I gotta duck, but I'm tryin to bring up tape sales  
'Cause I got a plan, I got a plan to go platinum  
Holdin my dick, G's and a strap in my hand

Nigga, respect that  
All these niggas puttin on they black mask  
Dressin up to get dey cash, ya heard me  
Don't go in that kaper if it ain't planned right  
'Cause it ain't gon' come out right  
You ain't gon' come out wit no mail  
Make sure you got it down pat  
I done been through it  
And I ain't bring nothin back  
But I'm bringin this shit to the fuckin distribution people  
And they sendin some shit back, ya heard me  
It's all gravy, Ca\$h Money Records, Black Connection on the rise  
All the time...