

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...