Plan B

Fine me in the bay, find me in the bay Made 20 k, spend it in a day No time for a hater, go that way I'm the biggest thing since mac dre Same afro, same mojo All that dough you don't throw, tony romo Everything shine, everything grind, fool You can tell I smile, bada-bing slime, fool Put my city, put my city, put my city on You wanna hear about my closet, I need 50 songs Tryna gut a hustler, hard work, art work Tell these niggas freeze like fosters, they impostors Fake rappers, they need oscars, check the raster White collar money from concerts, money bonkers Started from the bottom but ended up in the tonsils We ain't playing with you, squares, this ain't a consult

No, I ain't got a plan b I'm full time, understand me I'm on the grind, understand me Count the money, split it up with my family I mess up, I ain't got a plan b I'm full time, understand me I'm on the grind, understand me Count the money, split it up with my family I mess up

Losing ain't an option When you see me I'm thinking green Probably with the team Probably with your main Yeah, I made money and I'm balling Every day styling I do magic city, I don't do the little darlings Daddy to these rappers, they my offspring All I do is gas 91 octane Riding in the fast lane, catch me if you can See 100 grand, do the running man Straight to it, direct, all I do is fines Crest dress to the death of me Cook it up, got the recipe Yes, I'll beat, adding extra cream Kill the beat, may it rest in peace Every day I ball but they ain't seeing me, catching me I believe that I'm fly, I believe that I'm high It's mostly divas till I got parenthesis for my eyes Understand that I'm trill, never needed to lie Hbk be the gang, I'mma hold it down till I die

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lamsu!

I mess up

21 mb, I'm making a statement I'm losing patience and I'm ready to make replacements Been tryna fill that position for ages On this rampage since nelly wore a band aid I'm out here, nigga, this out here We full throttle, full time, call me to wrap american idol Let me be like michael before the 45 in the finals Let me get on top of shit, I heard they want confidence Lord knows I'm about to blow and it's not because of my wardrobe But I'm fly as hell so I might as well Can't you tell I'm ready for action without the talking Sold out shows, toured the world till I'm exhausted Watch that, don't stay smoking, drinking, the knowledge bag You want some hits, well that ain't shit, we got a lot of that He from the desert with the effort and the flavor If I tell my plan b is to do plan a better

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