

## The Planes

Nipsey Hussle

7 days a week, 7 different freaks  
But I got tired of fucking hoes so I just smoke and count my cheese  
Watching Godfather, leather couches, flat screens  
I say I'm on this marathon, she ask me "what does that mean? "  
Ain't no puff and pass please, roll your own I do the same  
Girl, get on that Marlon Brando and stop tryin' to pick my brain  
Yo boyfirend is a lame that's why you're not used to this game  
And if you looking for me, I'll be first class on a plane  
Ex named my landing gear cause I don't need no runway  
My final destination is some clouds and a oneway  
Fucking with them streets, ain't no stranger to this gun play  
But I now I eat these beats and I don't ever take this lunch break  
Back to back swisha sweets, never grown no sober shit  
Post traumatic stress, I feel like that's what I'm coping with  
So I smoke the best, impossible not to notice this  
30 thousand feet up, I cross the atlantic ocean with a pack of Swisha's  
[? ] and I ain't even open yet  
I'm tryin' to live my life so when it's over I got no regrets  
Keys to success, multiply what you approach it with  
Got to roll a dice but the first time that you can go legit,  
Seize the opportunity, believe and take control of it  
Than get on your marathon and grind it till it's over with  
Napa Valley Dolce, my cup runneth over with  
My trunk is in my roof eh, you know who you rollin' with  
  
O know a place we can go  
Where you can be yourself  
You ain't gotta worry  
And we ain't gotta rush, cause we ain't in no hurry  
You can't be afraid to let go  
You gotta let go of yourself  
But you ain't gotta worry, cause this gon take some time  
But we not in no hurry