

Part Of The Plan

Swizz Beatz

Trying hard to speak and
Fighting with my weak hand
Driven to distraction
So part of the plan
When something is broken
And you try to fix it
Trying to repair it
Any way you can

The time was the late 80's
Every block had a stray dog with rabies
Feens threw away their crack babies
Arguing with my brother
To see who pick the mouse up
Walk by open up the oven door to heat the house up
Everyday, police would swarm
Coming home from school
Your brains on your uniform
I wish I could fly away like a unicorn
I'm from the ghetto
And everyday a human born
So who cares if I'm stretched out on the scene
Surrounded by homicide forensic team
Yellow tape... (mmm)
Haters glad that I'm dead
Pedestrians walking by
And they just shaking their heads saying...
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What's hot, what's not
What should, what shouldn't be
Come on ya...
Who to say what couldn't be
Look at me...
I'm nicest not the ices
Sometimes I wake up and ask God
Who life this is
I look at these eyes
I'm only in this body
If you only could understand
The vision that I carry
White actors will be like
Puff Daddy when he interned
Men play with fire
Men get burned
To talk about this
The only thing I earned
I can rap talking about killing you like this
Or putting a whole in your head the size of that
But that would be cheating myself

And I can't do that... (Man)

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Man...

It all ends up on a back street
In abandoned buildings
Where the crack heads meet
All you hear is (coughs & sniffing)
And lighters flicking
Busy smoking
Baby dead
Rat poison in the kitchen
They so high
Walking by thinking she sleep
Don't even put her in the crib
Just cover her with a sheet
This is me in the building
17 with the bundles
and a gun up on me
And I shoot any n- run up on me
And for 2 years my momma looking for me
Crying running up on other kids
Thinking it's me
By now I ain't got no heart
N- I'm a gang member
Suited up and ready to start

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