

The Plan

Wiz Khalifa

I looked in the mirror today
And seen the realest nigga I ever met in my life (laugh)

I done smoked weed where they said I can't
Got rich when they said I can't
Got high and got on the plane
And brought all my niggas when they said I can't
Went shopping places they said I can't
Bought some shit that they said I can't
Jumped on the road and did all them shows
Cause I was poppin' places they said I ain't
Went hard in places they said I can't
Promoters call and try and set up dates
Bought the car with that yellow paint
Go to parties now and they set up drinks
And it's first class so I'm private plane
Nudie jeans with my Get Up Mane!
Rollin' papers and Mary J
I made eleven mill and I'm still the same

What's with all these niggas and they feelings, man?
All of this and I'm still the man
Thought of this when I was just a fan
But all this money wasn't in the plan
Now it's all about them Benjamins
Ballin' hard and you in the stands
All this money I'm a business man
Out of all these niggas I'm the realest man
(2x)

Out of all these niggas, they callin' me the realest
Started underneath the floor, now my money through the ceiling
Always staying on my grind, turned nothing to a million
Used to just tryna live, now a nigga make a killin'
Gold rollie on my arm, ten rings like a don
Cuban links in my chain, Zigzag on my charm
Champagne on ice, good weed in the jar
Everything Armans, Chanel seats in the car
When you all know; them fuck niggas start hatin'
Talkin' bout what they gon' do but I'm waitin'
When you getting rich they doubt you
Shout out my gang and my brother Will cause I couldn't do this without you
For real!

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Eighteen racks I paid it though
To send them goons straight to ya door
To show you niggas what's real

And let you meet that .44
Run your mouth you in the trunk
Glock to your head nowhere to run
Catch you niggas when you by yourself
We gon' hit you niggas with a hundred drums
Both low no bad bitch
Good drink I'm famished
Bank account outlandish
Big wrist stay sittin' on Lamb bitch
Niggas out there tryna test me
I put the AK where his chest be
Don't fight with hoes, don't fight with niggas
No security bitch so don't test me
Double cup full I be sippin' up
My niggas man real criminals
If a nigga find you they gon' hit ya up
With a Bin Laden chopping the switcher up
All these hoes be jockin' tryna get with us
They gon' swallow this nut, no spittin up
Your niggas get murked your niggas in jail
My team gettin' money stay full of drugs

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