

Plan of Attack

Curren\$y

I came for the dough, you came for the hoes, we ain't on the same thing
You got five bitches attracted to bust downs, you got smart ones noticing pl
ain janes
She paid me for all of the game that I gave her and that's simple and plain
Mama, I put you on like some pinkie rings, I put you on, carve you out a lan
e
An avenue to go get paid, big lights on the centerstage
Got a duffle bag full paper laid across the backseat like a twelve gauge
Now lay it down, lay it down whenever the G's around
I send to my pilots on the ground and then I step off into the town

Checkin my traps, collecting my racks, and planning attacks wherever you at
We'll put them hitters on your back, haters will never get to relax
Checkin them tracks, collecting my racks, and planning attacks wherever you
at, nigga
We'll be on a vacation and you'll be nervous hyperventilating

My niggas ay, my niggas stay, my brothers, never turn my back on em
King shit, yeah Makaveli, show up to the show in all black on em
Got a hood bitch that hit it so good, can't front had to double back on her
Dope boy, real dope boy, you see every track I spit crack on it
Puff that, pass that even though the doctor say it's bad for me
Mama say I'm hard headed, had to take a chance for that cash money
Crash dummy, not me, hit the plug, order me a three piece
Smoke gas, straight gas, only strong, Hercules, Hercules
Trap star going to get it on a mission, motherfuck waiting for it
No fronts, pay up front, cold world, man they say she praying for me
Wrist game, sick mane, whip game make that bounce
I'm rich bitch, Rick James, for the pain smoke me an ounce

Checkin my traps, collecting my racks, and planning attacks wherever you at
We'll put them hitters on your back, haters will never get to relax
Checkin them tracks, collecting my racks, and planning attacks wherever you
at, n
We'll be on a vacation and you'll be nervous hyperventilating

Yeah, yeah
On the creep, keep quiet
Real niggas move in silence
All my niggas out here wildin
We in the streets steady mobbin
Super Villain I'm a problem
Little fuck boys don't want no problems
Hatin on me cause I'm shining
Chain got them water wet diamonds
Couldn't get a bag with em, now I'm touching bands on my own without em
All my hoes done got finer, loud pack done got louder
Bossed up like Scarface, first you get the money, then the power
Making racks every hour, real nigga, never been a coward
I got the juice like Bishop, call my hitters up if there's an issue
Ain't shit for me to push up on your set, check you with the pistol
In the kitchen with the cook up, residue on the dishes
Garbage bag full of money, counting hundreds up, getting to the riches

Checkin my traps, collecting my racks, and planning attacks wherever you at
We'll put them hitters on your back, haters will never get to relax
Checkin them tracks, collecting my racks, and planning attacks wherever you

at, nigga

We'll be on a vacation and you'll be nervous hyperventilating