

The Plot

Brotha Lynch Hung

The plot

You know I'm off the Mad Dogg 20/20 I'm plottin' for money
This old man greedy he tryin' to keep shit for me I live him stiff as a mummy
What become of me I'm desperate 'bout to let it spit unless he break bread
I want the lettuce and cheese whole sandwich you know it
I should be pounding switches down the streets and plannin'
No head is how you found him there's was plot

The spot's surrounded by pitbulls and rots' you get past them you get shot
It was about 9 o'clock I was at the grindin' spot Niftted got the word where he work at
It's time to get that 9-millimeter heater and hurt that believe I squirt that
Led in your life deadin' your wife with the led pipe redding your white sheets
With said in your life you might as well snipe 'em writin' obituary rippin'
Scary punk ass bitchinary stichin' you carry is complimentary of SiccMade Musicc
We keep it crackin' automatics we rappin' niggas of cellar

That's right before the 4th of July I didn't make it somethin' was off
'Cause I saw it in my sleep wake up coughin' dripin' sweat almost couldn't breathe
Took a minute to accept just had to get calm and collect'd wipe the sweat up off my face
Then felt the blood on my neck just like invasion don't wanna give the police no statement
Look around see if maybe a drugged somebody to the basement couldn't recall
Guess I dunk too much of that Madd Dogg last night 20/20 like 3, 2, 1 I blast off
Back in the day when I use to ride the train I saw a couple of events I say I wish I never seen
So I feel like anytime I gots to leave my house I got to get my pistol and have my pitbull keep look out

See now it's a dirty situation you makin' don't be mistakin' I shakin' scrapping 'em off the concrete to the Lincoln
I should've raped 'em they rapin' me fuckin' me like a hotel slut even though he dead I put the .12 gauge in his butt (boom)
No matter what I ain't goin' to the pen this Uthazim I use to get for material now I poison his cereal

I was a good kid turn'd bad (good kid turn'd bad) never had a d
ad and I sent fire to his pad (too his pad)
Broke into his home and if he was home (home alone) hustler so
good but this thing not ready here we go
I rather load up the Ooh to remove his mind to spaghetti Zigg Z
agg you know

And I had realized how I let off on his wife also figured out t
he blood on my neck was from his knife
He come to get my man from what I guess better be my bless that
's right 'cause if I catch 'em
Now it's goin' be a mess not even 2 days next after that I hear
d the news
Record company know for flexin' got gunned down with a deuce-
deuce gotta watch my back now
'Cause I did his wife [?] took I large chunk sratchin' hoppin'
on an early flight met up with Lynch Hung
COS told him what happened well it looks like they could've gue
ss'd it already know what's crackin'
Close to a meal ticket that what we should have knockin' and th
e third of profit
That's goin' straight into my pockets (That's right)