

God's Plan

Busta Rhymes

Step up in the spot, sizzle it to death
Always leave a mark like when the metal hit your flesh
Blessed muhfucka, everything about me fresh
Every time we do this shit, we doing it to death
We getting money too, this shit don't make no kinda sense
(Pop!) Make 'em run until they hop another fence
When I'm in the building, niggas know I always got 'em and
The way we keep on winning, how the fuck you gon' stop' em?
Bitch my money long, thicker than a waffle
Y'all know how we do it, everything colossal
Thirty karat diamond pink ring look like a marble
I don't mean to startle, making bitches argue
Put it in your mouth, stop the yapping, and gargle
Take over the whole shit, never do it partial
Fucking up the building till they call a fire marshal
Drop another classic, add a chapter to the novel
Pop a couple bottles, fuck a couple models
Rev it to the point where niggas bust open the throttle
You think you got a pot of gold? Got a couple potfuls
Could give a fuck about your shine, bitch I got a watch full

Them boys hot bitch, aw man
Make sure the penthouse suite got a ceiling fan
See, when I win, it's like it's God's plan
And when they see it, got these niggas saying "God damn!"
Shit changed nigga, chain hang nigga
Every time we drop, see how the shit bang nigga
We buzzing in the street until the shit sting nigga
We profit every time, that's why we rich, lame nigga

I'm bout my paper, I'm bout my dough
I keep my watch face twenty below
Bitch it's only three things you need to know
All three is "Can't no one fuck with J-Doe", aye
I'm getting mula, I'm getting cash
If I say "hi" to her, she give up ass
I got a Ruger, don't make me blast
My flow is too hot, why y'all listening to trash?
Aw yeah, I'm a beast lil nigga, off the leash lil nigga
I just bought a car that you can't even lease lil nigga
Don't reach lil nigga, just retreat lil nigga
Cause you looking like a muhfuckin' feast lil nigga

Aye, okay, wrist look Rollie, charm look trophy
Top three rappers: O.T., O.T., and O.T.
.45 on me so my shirt look pokey
Buss that muthafucka till that barrel get smoky
Diamonds Tropicana, got a bag like I am Santa
It's like 50 bitches wit' me and they all in my cabana
From the West Coast where these niggas throw they sets and wave bandanas
If that's at your neighborhood, you will go nail down from the hammers, I
Ride through any nigga hood in them GTs
No Bloods, Pirus, CCs
Selling Os, and I don't mean CDs
360 diamond chain, Butterfinger BBs, yeah

