

The Plot (8am)

Cautious Clay

They saying you as dry as ice
Spooky as you sound
Thinking you the only one in town
With a laugh like a mask
You were tryna get your way, yeah

You in and out of my life like sunspots dancing on skin
Or better yet, a scratch to win
Calling me drunk as fuck
In your homegirl's truck
So you who thinking of
When the plot get tough?
Was I crazy, crazy, crazy enough
To keep it all a buck?
When the plot gets tough

I ain't never seen balance in rage
I ain't never seen fights come in stages
So if you want that race car back
Quit tapping out like springs on a mattress
I'm relying on my face card so I can take part in
We just wanna play ball
We been lying our face cards
Knowing this all could be the end

In and out of my life like sunspots dancing on skin
Lucky as a scratch to win
But we better off drunk as fuck
In your homegirl's truck
So you who thinking of
When the plot get tough?
Was I crazy, crazy, crazy enough
To keep it all a buck?
When the plot gets tough

Ooh, Momma, you spooky as you sound
Did it for the plot, but a dream was found
A dream was found
Ooh, even if we run this to the ground
I did it for the plot till the dream was
I did it for the plot till the dream was

Found