

The Plan

Gucci Mane

(Authentic or nothin')
Never trust
Nobody (SpiffoMadeIt, bitch)
Hey

I met this lil' bitch
Yeah, she say she from Atlanta
Say she move like Danny Phantom
I told her, "Let's get it
You know how to use a hammer?
Put that nigga on a banner?"
She said, "What the mission?
Foogi, tell me what to do
We can do it me and you"
I said, "Point the tool
If that pussy nigga move
Make that nigga hear the boom"
I said, "This the plan
You gon' get him to the spot
Make sure that you off the clock
'Bout 2 o'clock
Get to reachin' for his cock
You'll be pullin' out the Glock
I'll take it from there
I'll be comin' up the stairs with a drum that's hittin' like a snare
He ain't no bear
What we ask him, he gon' tell
The beam on him never fail"
She said, "Foo, I got it
Boy, let's go and get this profit
He move wrong and he get bodied"
I told her I like her
When we done, girl, I'ma pipe her
Hit you with the Roddy Piper
Now this how it go
All-black Tahoe
That be posted at the store
You hit the door
Ask the nigga for some smokes
Then show somethin', you make him choke
You give him a smile
Look that nigga up and down
Ask that nigga for a gram
He give you a dub
Blowin' kisses for the love
He reachin' out, he want a hug
You give him a squeeze
Tell that nigga you don't tease
Reach down and rub his knee
He ask for your number
Get his phone and type your number
He don't know he in the thunder
He hit you later
Tell him that you 'bout your paper
He say he got plenty paper
You tell him to prove it
Where you at and what you doin'?

Pull up, boy, let's make a movie
He said, "Girl, I'm comin'
Damn, baby, but you're rushin'
Make me think you're up to somethin'"
You say, "Nigga, please
When I gave you that lil' squeeze
I told you, nigga, I don't tease
Now what you gon' do?
Come here, nigga, or it's through
I got better shit to do
You say you got money?
Well, this pussy cost some hundreds
Too expensive, stop your frontin'"
He said, "Where you at?
You'll call a nigga's bluff
I like that, baby girl, what's up?"
You drop your location
Mask on like I'm Jason
He don't know I'm in the basement
He pick her up
Same black Tahoe truck
Thirties on it, lifted up
Take off to the spot
He start flexin' plenty knots
Steady lookin' at the clock
It's 'bout 1 o'clock
Nigga say he got a drop
Partner pull up with a Glock
He drop off a pack-ah
Then he leave, but he was lackin'
Get the pack and he unwrap it
Bales of the gas
Peepin' out, I lift my mask
Made my heart start beatin' fast
He walk to a room
He come back, he got a broom
He sweepin' up the residue
'Bout a bag and a half
Then he hand her a big bag
Tell her, "Go and get some cash"
She drop the bag
Tell him, "I don't want no bag
Nigga, I just want the cash"
He tell her, "Come here"
He start kissin' on her ear
Rubbin' all up on her hips
She say, "Where my money?
Hundreds, fifties, and the twenties
You must thought that I was frontin'
You flexin' them bags
I don't care nothin' 'bout no bag
You could be the middleman
Don't fuck with no Patrick
You a Patrick if you cappin'
Thought you said you had them rackades"
He go to the safe
Put them hundreds in her face
Heart beatin' like I ran a race
She look at the clock
Action time, it's 2 o'clock
Let's turn this shit here up a notch
He goin' up the stairs
They start walkin' up the stairs

He grab her ass and pull her hair
She say, "Get my guap"
Turn around, he count a knot
He turn around, he see the Glock