

# Plot Thickens

Lil Wyte

Surrounded by stoners, alcoholics, and pill poppas  
A product of my environment still I built off her  
The percentage rate of me doin' any of this shit is  
Slim 2 nun but I understand every motherfucking bit of it  
The name W.Y.T.E. alone is in the know  
And I have children that will spread my knowledge long after I go  
And if I don't get a chance to write whatever it is that I'm tryin' to say  
Tho prolly let it be clear 10 times in 20 different ways  
On ya road to success distraction will lie in ya path  
Even a bite from a snake in the grass can leave ya gaspin'  
High steppin' round this muthafuka  
Failure not an option  
Cut they head off keep walkin'  
Don't look back jus finish talkin'

I ain't been thru everything, but I done seen alot  
Friends became bitches wit some homies I forgot  
If I can tell em anything then I prolly would not  
I got betta shit to do like finish thickinin' the plot

And I got some stories that I can't put in rap form an its for good reason  
MPD tryin' to crack a case on me for like for 24 seasons  
They ain't never gonna catch me with my hands dirty  
Killers on my payroll, they wont ever tell ya heard me  
I gotta tight circle no knots in my rope  
I swear to god the first one to lose focus gets a knife to throat  
I'm sic of bein' a nice guy they bout to feel the weapon  
They don't understand that they only reason they still breathings cause I le  
t em  
Boss Wyte believe in karma but I'm so close to satan  
Fuck em with a dick I got five racks to get em out my way  
No I'm jus kiddin' I got bigger plans for those  
I gotta all access pass to hell and I will personally visit them hoes to let  
em know

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And you ain't help me out then, then why the fuck would ya start now  
I had a tragedy happen to me you were no where to be found  
I pick myself up off the ground, started mobbin' harder than before  
I'm not the type to look back I keep my head straight and go  
No soul on the planet could imagine my pain  
I got scars in my memory bank that bleed on my brain  
And I will never forgive n e negativity brought my way I got shooters in the  
bay  
That's been waitin' on me to say  
Get em, get em now but make watch they own death  
Meanwhile I thicken' the plot, til I am on my last breath  
An I ain't been thru everything yet but for now I keep it movin'  
Stayin' on my job stakin' my bread  
What the fuck is you doin'?

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Friends became bitches wit some homies I forgot

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