

Plottin

Maino

I can feel you watching
I can feel the hate
I can see you plottin' on murder man
Word on the streets is that you want me for dead
I can tell you're talking, I can hear the lies
I know you won't forgive me, want end my life
Word on the streets is you want me for dead
But when the shots start fire
Everybody won't stop fire
Really bloodshed 'pon your empire
[?] want me for dead
When the choppa start rise up, off with your head
Shot'll cause a riot
All me see is red busting my tire
[?] want me for dead

I can feel lots of deceiving, niggas scheming
I could see them, I'm not dreaming
But I got defense like the Heat bench
One word I can reach them by the cement
Many men gonna plot many try
Many men shot, many more gonna die
Run up on me then they better kill I
But they rather swallow gasoline then look me in the eye
Niggas want to see me hooked to an IV
Doctors standing over me, my mama yelling Why me?
Is it really beef or do it come to jealousy
So I got the nine spraying death to all my enemies
I got guns like Contra, look me in the eyes
Who want to test the rocket launcher
Left right get punished like Broner
Step into the danger zone you a goner

I come from the projects but no longer live there
You couldn't tell me I wasn't gon' get killed there
I made it out boy but it wasn't easy
Fuck being hungry I had to be greedy
Aggressive and fouling, yeah I was all that
What you see in gangsta movies I did all that
Let's talk about big chains and Rolies I own
I don't talk about [?] shit over my phone
I'm in my red Benz they call that my Blood whip
I'm in my blue Porsche they call that my Crip whip
Shots fired, man down
Me and Main run New York hands down
With some day one niggas that won't put them grams down
And some A-1 niggas that'll pull them vans 'round
You hear that choppers busting, feel like Scarface
Get too fucked by the repercussion
But I ain't dying at the end
I see the niggas coming