

## Part Of The Plan

Nafe Smallz

Burn out the tires in the new coupe, in these new shoes, damn  
I'm what she desires, she can't touch this, she gotta wait, goddamn  
I'm with the riders, they on violence, scene all stare at my gang  
Gimme that cheque, I get lit, this was all part of the plan

All them man lose shit, I put the salt in it  
'Cause you never know where you gon' go with it  
Where I'm livin', I don't go on road with it  
But my family's still gotta stroll with it  
Put the VVs on, cold with it  
Pussy smellin' like a rose, innit  
Dive in it, out my zone with it  
Nah, she don't ever wanna go, nigga  
I'm a new breed, ozone  
And niggas still singin' my old flows  
It's Gucci, Coco  
The girl wanna be in my photos  
And these groupies loco  
But I ain't never takin' you home, no  
This movie in slo-mo  
My life's too lit cah I'm so zoned  
It's way too lit, we stay too lit  
The zone too lit, we take your bitch  
She rate this drip and take this dick  
Graveyard shift, can't wait for this  
Save my shit, that's what made me rich  
This month made about eighty quid  
41 and I face my spliff  
All of them nights I prayed for this

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I prayed for this, I worked for this  
I wake up cold, I smoke my spliff  
I earn my dough, I break my bread  
Pay my dues  
I wrote my script  
I drive through ends, I don't do tints  
They act surprised to see the kid  
I'm a born ten, I'm so cold with it  
And my Nike trackies had some holes in it  
They told me that they had no hope in me  
Now they tell me that I'm movin' dope, innit  
My old girl's still in love with me  
Dig her pussy like there's gold in it  
Dig her pussy like there's gold in it  
Ain't a rookie, I'm a pro with it

I been a pro, baby, I'm a soul nigga  
Out my zone, baby  
Spend a hundred K, still broke, baby  
Ain't nobody fuckin' with a old baby  
Took the Lamborghini for the weekend  
Her pussy wet, I'm in the deep end  
Loud sex, she freakin'  
When you see me, it's that new season, yeah, yeah  
She want Givenchy bags and new shoes  
Now I ain't stressin' like I used to

Follow my instinct like it's Blue's Clues  
Found my connection, ain't no bluetooth  
I woulda hit it but she too rude  
Get out my mixtape, put out new new  
They wanna burn me but I'm too shrewd  
Burn down the building, need a new booth

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