

## Slow Motion (Master Plan)

Nelly

Coasting in slow motion, going on this west coast  
Trippin off this potion, tryina come out with a master plan  
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Music high, lights low, cup full, smoke go  
Yeah I'm leanin, but I ain't feel yet  
I heard the people's watching, but I ain't went to jail yet  
I'm tryina get it like I never did, call the auction, place a hundred million dollar bid  
Bill gates and Donald trump now who a nigga is  
I don't knock no more, they just let a nigga in  
My gps set to that promise land, stay focused I promise man  
Look back, I ain't promised and I got a master plan, that's a plan to win  
Hater then, they gonn hate again, problem with me, better say it then  
If not, then shut the fuck up  
While I'm

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Too much on my mind, ain't got too much time  
Won't catch me going broke, specially for on hoe  
Street shit all I know, can't put trust in no bitch  
Westing it's pimp c, I miss that ugk shit  
I might not usually say shit, I mind my own bindess  
Got my own money, fuck my own bitches  
Feed my own stomach, take care my own children  
Long as I keep hustling, in this [?]  
Can't keep my hands clean, still got my dirty ways  
My head fuck that thang so much about my dirty days  
I'm at a certain age, where I can't make mistakes  
Can't end up locked up in no cage, where ain't no escape  
I gotta find a plan, I gotta find a way, I'm just contemplating

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