

Takeoff Pt. 2

Plies

Ay, don't you get it fucked up, nigga
This ain't the first one, nigga
This that "Take Off", part two, motherfucker
A street anthem, nigga
Y'all niggas better see about this young nigga, dog
The streets told me y'all can't fuck with me, dog
I'm not no lyrical nigga, dog
I done tell you what's going with me, nigga

I'm still here, nigga, seven indictments later
I don't owe a nigga shit, nigga ain't never gave me a favor
Done ran through my share of hoes and seen my share of paper
My brothers told me from prison it was gonna get greater later
That 745, nigga, I bought it for you haters
So many dead homies, can't count them on my fingers
So many of my niggas in Feds, it'll take too long to name them
If you a fuck nigga, you some kids and man, I don't claim you
Fuck what it look like, nigga, I'm a real nigga from all angles
You one of these fuck niggas who don't like Plies? Well, I don't
t blame you
But if I was broke, pussy nigga, you will love me ainna
I work for a millionaire, managed by a killer
They say that apple fall too far away from the tree, nigga
I'm a hundred percent real nigga, mean it don't get no realer
I don't give a fuck, I could care less 'bout being the best rap
per
The most respected by the streets, nigga, is what I'm after
Ain't been to the motherfucking studio in five months
Last time Slip-n-Slide seen me, I was in my dump
Next time they see me, I park my 745 in the front
I could drop a motherfucking classic whenever I want, nigga

I don't really do this shit, homie
I fucks with this rap shit every now and then, homie
The streets just told me I was that motherfucking nigga