

Plug

Royce da 5'9"

Yeah

Minus in the place to be

Grinding in the trenches, cooking in the kitchen
Sweating, washing dishes, I was struggling for a living
Had a grand hustle vision, hindsight that's a bitching
She don't say a fucking word unless I give her ass permission
I can tell you what it is but you'll probably think it isn't
Had an open mind folded, shit it ain't a competition
If it was, can't a motherfucker touch what I been pitching
I'm the plug, motherfucker

Good God almighty, I done put shit in my body
That was toxic, kamikaze got me riding
Like I'm looking for a death wish, breathlessness, a zombie
I be on your neck, bitch, I'm a threat, tú no sabes mi problemas
Got these vendettas, they done copied everything
From the flow to the bio in the lobby of my website
At the headlight, they be knocking with a lead pipe
Till they dead like they ain't walking, go to bed like red light
Sleeping at the wheel, they ain't fucking with me still
[?] feels like some headlights
I can see these dirty motherfuckers making deals
On the back of hard work that I would build, I was there like
I could recognize what it is, it ain't hard to really tell who's a snake
And I'm reminded by the smell right (yeah)
I was really in the field putting [?]
[?] these motherfuckers knowing I was damn right
Dropping on these bitches like Geronimo
Tenfold listeners, I gotta go
Tell me it's improbable but I ain't got a problem with it
As long as I got a percentage, believe me I know that it's possible, uh
I been talking shit on the back nine
Knowing I'ma sleep the opposition like it's nap time
They don't like me as a competition for the fact I
Put them in the coffin, it was awkward, I was that guy

Grinding in the trenches, cooking in the kitchen
Sweating, washing dishes, I was struggling for a living
Had a grand hustle vision, hindsight that's a bitching
She don't say a fucking word unless I give her ass permission
I can tell you what it is but you'll probably think it isn't
Had an open mind folded, shit it ain't a competition
If it was, can't a motherfucker touch what I been pitching
I'm the plug, motherfucker, give it up, take a listen, ah

Grinding in the trenches, sitting with my henchmen
It's not a intervention, it's [?]
You niggas all playing, this shit is all planned
Switching blog brands, division broadband
I don't do the hurting, see my own blood run out
I just do the verses till my bone thugs come out
Neck to neck on records with Shady, Royce is nice
You neck to neck with necklaces made of moist and ice
No-fly zone, nigga don't play yourself
Or you and your guys going home on conveyor belt
Get a barcode for the ants in the rat race

Trading y'all souls for advances in cachet
All men wanna stand on ten toes
[?] folk ain't your kinfolk
Everybody ain't praying for the info
Everybody ain't playing with the insults
It's my time, niggas better tell these cowards
White light nigga, these the petty hours
Side eye niggas out to Eddie Bauer
Looking like Freddie Gibbs on a set of power
I took a few hits, took a nigga missus
You went and took a shit looking in her mentions
Getting riches, took it with a tipping
Point is, my point is I'm cooking in the kitchen

Grinding in the trenches, cooking in the kitchen
Sweating, washing dishes, I was struggling for a living
Had a grand hustle vision, hindsight that's a bitching
She don't say a fucking word unless I give her ass permission
I can tell you what it is but you'll probably think it isn't
Had an open mind folded, shit it ain't a competition
If it was, can't a motherfucker touch what I been pitching
I'm the plug, motherfucker, give it up, take a listen, ah