

The Plot

Smoke DZA

My day just started

God hours

Uh, uh, uh

Come home with me

Early 2000, 3rd period bouncing

I was running through housing low

Trying to stay away from crowds with yosh

But that's another story hundred million miles ago

Paper on the streets wasn't funny money yet

Youngins by the check, cashing plotting for them summer yummy checks

Pebble beat, set up the net right by the doorway

Was too young for the short stay then

Fast forward to dice game shootings adrenaline buzz

Lil' homie took 60 and he grinned at the judge

The streets came and turned father

Young black targets

Kingpin conspiracy charges

Card swipers and con artists

Feds got the block looking like a scene from Law & Order

Just got some news I was dreading

My man got snatched he a felon

Nothing to do with it wait, somebody's telling

Bitch you guessed it no blindfold

I've seen this play before with my eyes closed

Either he buried in the system or he crept through a pothole

Cause in the streets for shawty its too much churassaco

Another Harry from Goodfellas

He put his man down too he was real jealous

It all started one jittery night

He sold dimes, son sold weed and fucked bitches he liked

Deal gon' bad you could see it was tight

Now he 'bout to jam something got the scenery right

Son had no clue oblivious to it, staying local

Now its domino effect, daughter that son never met

Baby talking reckless on the internet

The only he benefit is son salty like vinaigrette

That's a well known fact, dead on trap

Got son stuck like nail on wax

Fell on back, took a L on that

Master Splinter he a well known rat

Words spread ain't nothing to say to him

Sent a kite got him left in the day room