

## 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 c  
hecks  
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 swippers 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