

# The Plan

Wiz Khalifa

I looked in the mirror today  
And seen the realest nigga I ever met in my life (laugh)

I done smoked weed where they said I can't  
Got rich when they said I can't  
Got high and got on the plane  
And brought all my niggas when they said I can't  
Went shopping places they said I can't  
Bought some shit that they said I can't  
Jumped on the road and did all them shows  
Cause I was poppin' places they said I ain't  
Went hard in places they said I can't  
Promoters call and try and set up dates  
Bought the car with that yellow paint  
Go to parties now and they set up drinks  
And it's first class so I'm private plane  
Nudie jeans with my Get Up Mane!  
Rollin' papers and Mary J  
I made eleven mill and I'm still the same

What's with all these niggas and they feelings, man?  
All of this and I'm still the man  
Thought of this when I was just a fan  
But all this money wasn't in the plan  
Now it's all about them Benjamins  
Ballin' hard and you in the stands  
All this money I'm a business man  
Out of all these niggas I'm the realest man  
(2x)

Out of all these niggas, they callin' me the realest  
Started underneath the floor, now my money through the ceiling  
Always staying on my grind, turned nothing to a million  
Used to just tryna live, now a nigga make a killin'  
Gold rollie on my arm, ten rings like a don  
Cuban links in my chain, Zigzag on my charm  
Champagne on ice, good weed in the jar  
Everything Armans, Chanel seats in the car  
When you all know; them fuck niggas start hatin'  
Talkin' bout what they gon' do but I'm waitin'  
When you getting rich they doubt you  
Shout out my gang and my brother Will cause I couldn't do this without you  
For real!

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Eighteen racks I paid it though  
To send them goons straight to ya door  
To show you niggas what's real

And let you meet that .44  
Run your mouth you in the trunk  
Glock to your head nowhere to run  
Catch you niggas when you by yourself  
We gon' hit you niggas with a hundred drums  
Both low no bad bitch  
Good drink I'm famished  
Bank account outlandish  
Big wrist stay sittin' on Lamb bitch  
Niggas out there tryna test me  
I put the AK where his chest be  
Don't fight with hoes, don't fight with niggas  
No security bitch so don't test me  
Double cup full I be sippin' up  
My niggas man real criminals  
If a nigga find you they gon' hit ya up  
With a Bin Laden chopping the switcher up  
All these hoes be jockin' tryna get with us  
They gon' swallow this nut, no spittin up  
Your niggas get murked your niggas in jail  
My team gettin' money stay full of drugs

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