

B.G. "Plan Went Sour"

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Picture, I'm always plannin' kaperz, tryin' to come up on
cheese

But my kaperz goin' sour for the Lil' B.G., peep me

I was born a loser, a stank pussy abuser
Murders I'm accused 'cause I'm a AK user
Struggle for my stat to be phattest on knots
Pack Glocks wit 17, keep a nigga off my block, it's hot

'Cause it's bumpin', got nothin' but dope traffic
Six figgas what I'm after, can't be playin' and laughin'
Young wit good sense, bent behind the tents
In front of this baller house that I'm 'bout to go in

I got it mapped up, it's planned all out
I demand you denied, them lights goin' all out
I done scoped for 3 weeks, been broke for 3 weeks
Hope inside they got a bird of coke and 10 G

The niggas in the project come in black like always
Invisible wit the mack, it's dark in the hallways
Creepin' so slow 'cause it's on the second flo'
I gets up there, they got a crack in the front do'

I push it wit ease, nigga freeze, get on yo knees
No keys, no G's, I find dead bodies
Two wit head shots, one nigga still breathin'
He bleedin' heavily, I'm leavin' a made G

Get back to the car, tryin' to get far as I can
Nigga planned what I planned, my gun shakin' in my
hand
It's one way goin' gettin' money and the power
Gotta think again 'cause my plan went sour

That's cold, I'm tryin' to hold money and the power
Everything I do goes sour, hour after hour
I don't wanna sale flour, I want a office in a tower
Sittin' on G's wit 30 keys of powder

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I lay back and think again, tryin' to come up on cheese
Do what I gotta do, nigga it's all on me
Just like it's all on you to chose right from wrong
Might be a power move to go in this nigga home

I'ma handle my biz, plan it out and shit
Ain't killin' no kids but I'ma split his wig
If I have to spank his bitch, I'ma spank the ho
Get off the motherfuckin flo' and take me to the coke

Now where the stash at, where the cash at
Where the grass at, look at this
Chopper in my hand, I'ma blast that, pass that
Green shit wit Ben Franklin on it

I'll spill you nigga, ain't no need for thankin' on it
I gots to have it, up it busta, real fast
Fo' I get to the point, fuck it buster and I'll blast
You play with fire get burned, fuck wit B.G. get burnt

I'ma hustla 'til death, be trill to my last brat
I let my nuts hang, I'm 'bout money and the power
Thinkin' again 'cause my plan went sour
That's cold, man that's cold, my plan went sour

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I planned this and I done planned that
But every time it go sour, I can't stand that
I want money and the power in my hand black
I'ma end up leavin' the game, what the fuck is that?

I done kidnapped, I done jacked, I done slung the mack
And every time the kaper over, I bring nothin' back
I have no paper and I'm sober I ain't havin' that
Any high-roller got what I want then I'm grabbin' that

All I got is my rap folder tryin' to make a mill
But they got niggas even colder tryin' to make a mill
I just be real and hope B.G., hit the jack pot

Put on the spot, every tape we drop, hit the store hot

We got a plan and we clique tight on the rise
I come out Juvey ride, Hot Boyz come out, we all ride
I'm 'bout mine and ya know to progress, gotta struggle
Do what I gotta do, gotta rap hustle

Ya playa hate, I pluck ya, fuck ya, hoes jock ya mail
You know I gotta duck but I'm tryin' to bring up tape
sales
'Cause I got a plan, I got a plan to go platinum
Holdin' my dick, G's and a strap in my hand

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Nigga, respect that, all these niggas puttin' on they
black mask
Dressin' up to get dey cash, ya heard me, don't go in
that kaper
If it ain't planned right 'cause it aint gon' come out right
You ain't gon' come out wit no mail, make sure you got
it down pat

I done been through it and I ain't bring nothin' back
But I'm bringin' this shit to the fuckin' distribution
people
And they sendin' some shit back, ya heard me, it's all
gravy
Cash Money Records, Black Connection on the rise, all
the time

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