

## **Dream Warriors**

# **"The Master Plan"**

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Featuring [Kandu](#)]

You want bigger and better and higher and larger and  
more shit

Peaches and cream

To each man his dream

Harvest crops and props

Teaches teens how to throw dice and pick locks

I wish you knew the issue

It's all wallet politics

Done it done it

Seen it seen it

We seen it done

No opposition to none

Cause they remember that story

Bout him puttin some fools hand in a blender

Cause first things first

Gotta hold his down like (?) purse

And school his team like Vince Lomardi

No noble cause

From sea to street

Entrepreneur genius

They try to take him under federal conspiracy laws

Probable cause

Damn, that's Rick the man

With the master plan

CHORUS: (2x) [[Kandu](#)]

Somebody told me to deliver this message (pass it on,  
pass it on)

It was the 7th of July

7 years have moved, like out of place

So we rushed it

Watched us run straight to the front door

Took 4 steps, then he took 1 more

He rocked timbos from his ankles to his big toes

Wouldn't get caught without the flyest of apparel

He knew the scoop on everybody from me

To Geraldine Ferraro

First love was a Ferrari

He played more games than your average Atari

He said call me Big, but really I ain't the (?)

Dips call me often

And pops call me Junior

Lo-co, at times  
I am the cream of crops  
Ripped clean of props  
Had the school imperials  
On his materials  
Everybody jackin so you know the scenario  
Cause if he heard word  
Well, not a word he'd utter  
If he spoke fast not a word he'd - stutter  
He never slipped into the pit of a gutter  
Cause cousin's butter  
You know there ain't another brother - similar  
He got into the scene with open hands  
And his love goochie  
Got him the booty  
But no (master plan)  
CHORUS (2x)  
Lookin at the sin, advance spin  
Reminds him of memories  
Of when he can't rest til he buries these  
So he remains alone in his room  
When his head hits the bed  
He sees visions of being dipped  
I guess you know a good thing til you lost it  
Tossed it  
The limelight of paparazzi  
Get a grip, don't trip  
Then cause if you trip  
You slip and pinstripes wasn't his shit  
So I guess he got a reason  
So he grabbed the number 9  
To define gettin even  
His definition was this  
A death wish, kiss Tish  
And told Cha-Che to hold the mayo  
Payo, payo was the sound of the oddo  
But little did he know another brick would be his motto  
(ha, ha, ha)  
In the wall, stretch limos  
And rose of eyes, in disguise  
Like stain glass windows  
With more flowers than I've ever seen  
Got the Visine for this thing  
You know, easy come, easy go  
You may think it kinda strange  
Since the beginning God's been giving in to angels  
But take back  
CHORUS (2x)  
Pass it on

