

## Elvira

### "Soul Plan"

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God bless the child that can hold his own  
Against the man with the plan who got the whole spot  
sewn  
The type that's known to set the tone  
Just pass the microphone, I have the whole spot blown  
(Repeat 2x)

Check it, it's the player to examine  
My thought patterns are deep like canyons  
A tough companion that women won't abandon  
That's my steelo, lyrics conquer the street like Nino  
Lay incognito, because life's a gamble like ceelo  
That's what we know, forget what they know, or say yo  
I gotta do my thing, I can't be caught hanging like a  
halo  
Time to hustle, or get caught up in the shuffle  
Use brains over muscle, I'm seeing more chips than  
Ruffles

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I'm gigantic, coming hard like granite  
Forget where you're from, I represent the whole planet  
Not the sort lagging (sort lagging) never fought  
bragging (fought bragging)  
The way I make moves and mess up your whole  
thought pattern  
Opponents I check 'em, got skills out the rectum  
Display many styles like colors in a spectrum  
You can't escape the inconcealable  
Niggas is so wack, even people reading braille ain't  
feeling you (Right)  
I fell off? Come on, imagine it  
It's the sharp elaborate  
Type of nigga that's not having it  
On some new shit, some extra cool shit

The type to lounge in the crib all day  
Peeping pay-per-view shit  
Word, it's bugged, hops, I love props  
When I come to town, I'm under surveillance like drug  
spots  
'96, coming from the rear quick  
I'm on some ol' "hit the lotto & disappear" shit

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I use poetic psychiatric types of tactics  
Man, this rap shit got me seeing more green than St.  
Patrick's  
The tight player (tight player) with the right flavor (right  
flavor)  
That comes off like a life saver and slides like an ice  
skater  
Catch me shining from a mile away  
The kid with the stylish braids, doing my thing, sipping  
Alize  
You see me sinning with the money and the women  
You think I'm winning? Shit, I'm barely living  
Forget those goals, we got higher tasks to try and pass  
Brothers be fronting but I see through them clowns like  
fiberglass  
I roll with bomb squads, beyond hard, about making  
money, kid  
Fuck chasing chickens in the barnyard  
Word up, while you're still clowning  
I'm in the hills lounging, catching vibes off of Will  
Downing  
Living the life of a grown man  
Me and Dink, and Roy Ayers, we got the Soul Plan

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(Roy Ayers solos on the keys til fade)

